

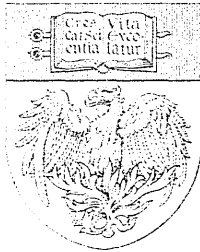
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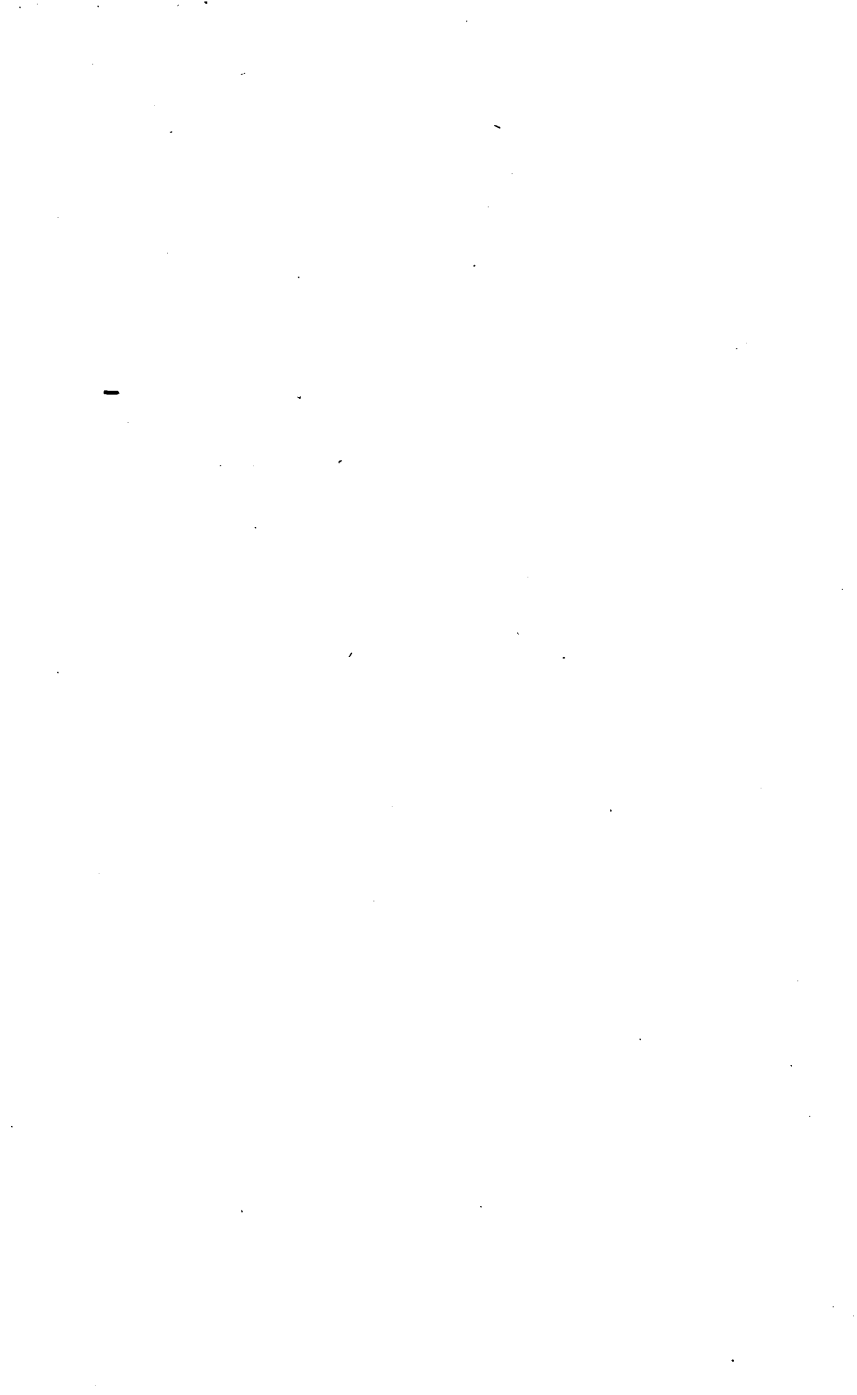


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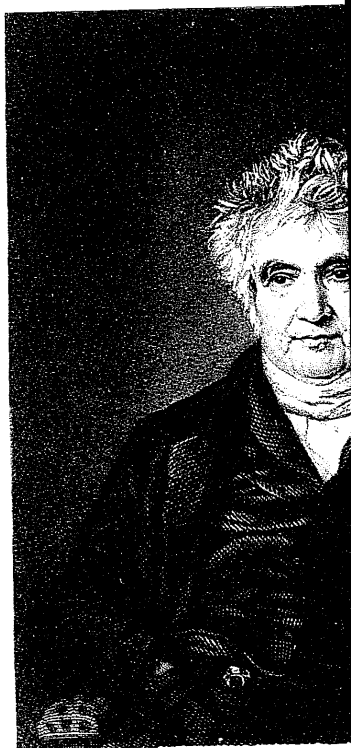




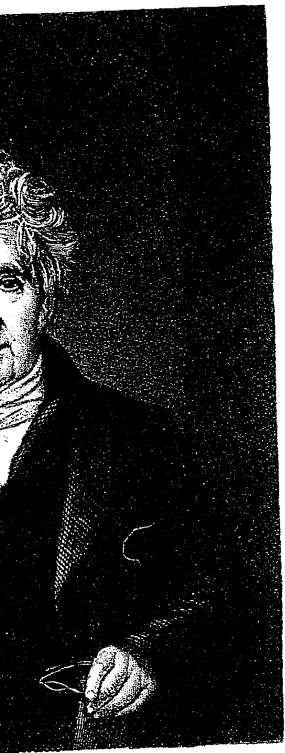








William



Wm. Jay

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
OF
THE REV. WILLIAM

WITH
REMINISCENCES OF SOME DISTINGUISHED
SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE
LITERARY REMAINS

EDITED BY
GEORGE REDFORD
AND
JOHN ANGELL

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.

NEW YORK
ROBERT CARTER &
No. 285 BROADWAY

1855.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM JAY:

||

WITH

DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARIES,
HIS CORRESPONDENCE, AND
OTHER REMAINS.

EDITED BY

DORRINGTON, D. D., LL. D.,

AND

GELL JAMES

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

LESTER & BROTHERS,
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1855.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

A M E R I C A N E D I T I O N .



HEATHENISM preserved the ashes of the dead, Christianity embalms the memory of the just. Such men as the REV. WILLIAM JAY belong to no body of Christians, nor to any particular nation, but to the Church and mankind at large. His simply beautiful devotional exercises have found their way to almost every land, until his name has become a household word, rendering any introduction to his life unnecessary.

Whilst living he deemed it proper to prepare an autobiography of himself, which his family have published at the earliest possible day. If to any it should seem imperfect, the reply is, so he judged best. Those who knew him, will be satisfied that it was done, as everything else was, with a desire to serve to the

utmost his day and generation, when he should be out of the reach of either censure or applause. With the remarks of the editors alone some alterations have been considered necessary, to render it suitable to readers in this country. Also, the American edition contains a considerable amount of matter not to be found in the English one.

PELHAM PRIORY, N. Y.

P R E F A C E .

THE Editors have a few words, and but a few, to express—and those chiefly for the satisfaction of the reader—that in the following pages he may feel assured he will read what Mr. Jay left for his perusal. It was the anxious wish of his family, and especially of his executors, that the manuscripts here published should pass precisely as he left them, into the hands of the Editors, one of whom was selected by Mr. Jay before his death, and the other subsequently by his family. To them the papers were committed entire, and without alteration, restriction, or condition, to edit them for the press, according to their best judgment, and to make such additions as might seem desirable to complete the narrative; carefully, however, distinguishing, as they have done, between such additions and the original work.

In undertaking this task they did not feel that they were required to write a Memoir, but simply to complete an Autobiography, which was necessarily left, as to time, unfinished; and to gather up such other portions of information, respecting Mr. Jay, and his course through life, as might seem desirable for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of so much excellence, usefulness, and wisdom. It has, therefore, been their main object to let Mr. Jay speak for himself; and to preserve such specimens of his mind and genius, piety and usefulness, at different periods of his long course, as might prove both gratifying and instructive.

They are well aware that a large circle of friends are waiting, with eager expectation, for a work which its author

had often promised should be forthcoming after his death, and which it was well known he had long been preparing. To such they trust it will prove all that they had anticipated from the pen of their esteemed friend ; and that to a still wider circle, though now dead, he will yet speak. Some persons may wonder at the delay of the publication ; but when they are informed that the whole of the manuscripts have had to be rewritten, from a handwriting requiring no little skill and patience to decipher, and then to be carefully compared and examined ; and that much new matter had to be collected to continue the thread of the narrative, and to carry it through the closing scene,—it will be evident that no time has been lost, and that greater haste could only have been attended with defects and incompleteness.

The Editors have now only to commend the work to the candid attention of the reader ; and the blessing of Him who alone can make this monument, his servant has inscribed to the glory of His divine grace, eminently subservient to the edification of His Church universal, and encouraging to the rising ministry, who have in Mr. Jay an example which they may do well to emulate, and an instance of success which they will scarcely hope to surpass. The portraiture and the history are now before them, and with equal talents, superior advantages, similar motives, diligence and devotedness, while they have the same Gospel to preach, the same world to preach in, and the same Master to serve, why may not the Church yet be blessed with many a young preacher who shall begin as auspiciously, proceed as successfully, and terminate as honorably, as William Jay ?

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PART I.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM JAY.



GENERAL INTRODUCTION

TO

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, REMINISCENCES, &c.

“THEY that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.” So speaks the Oracle of Sacred Truth, and all history elucidates and confirms it. When such moral benefactors of the world pass away from the scenes and labors of time, a lustre gathers around their memory purer and steadier than that which attaches to conquerors, statesmen, and princes. Even the honored names of poets, patriots, and philosophers, though sounded forth more loudly and widely by the trump of fame, are not so dear to mankind, nor do they exert so benign and extensive an influence upon the heart and character of survivors. This happy result seems to be secured by a law in the moral government of God which conserves for the benefit of future ages, whatever in human character is most redolent of heaven’s own goodness and pu-

riety. That law may be clearly traced in the history and experience of mankind, but is fully read only in the words of inspiration, "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the name of the wicked shall rot." Even the world itself, true, in this case, to its moral instincts, cannot help reverencing the one character, and despising the other, though unconscious of the law by which it is influenced.

Hence the fragrant memories of the good and great are claimed as the common property of mankind. They are the specimens of itself in which humanity glories; the types of what men ought to be, and living examples of what the grace of God can do with even a fallen nature. Men will not let such memories perish. They are the load-stars of life to many: luminaries to all eyes that never sink beneath the horizon. Or in another view, they become sacred spoils rescued by their own inherent immortality from the power of the universal destroyer, and consecrated by the pen of history to embellish and enrich future and distant ages. Humanity would feel itself poor without them; and history would want its greatest lights and best lessons.

These intellectual and spiritual treasures may remain embodied in the writings which such pre-eminently wise and good men bequeath to the world; or they may consist in the records which others preserve of their bright example, wise instructions, and useful

lives; and sometimes partly in their own writings, and partly in those of others concerning them. It is only occasionally and rarely that such persons embalm their own memories, for the benefit of their successors, in an autobiography; and probably it is chiefly due to the rarity of this species of composition, that the desire to peruse it has become so strong.

It is a difficult and a delicate thing for a man to write memoirs of himself, and the world is curious to see how he can perform it. There is strong reason, however, to doubt whether any artist could produce so good a portrait of himself as he could of some other person, or some other of him. At any rate we have seldom seen an autobiography which conveyed so accurate and complete a conception of the character of its subject as might have been conveyed by another hand; though in some lineaments it might have been more accurate and striking. There are doubtless many things in a man's experience and feelings which no one can understand and explain so well as himself—many facts in his history which no one can describe so well as himself—and perhaps some traits and some phases of his character which no one can harmonize with his individuality so well as himself; and if he be so thoroughly honest and simple-hearted as not to fear being “known and read of all men,” and so devout a worshipper of truth as to sacrifice pride and fame upon its altar, then he may produce an autobiography,

the accuracy of which would command the approving verdict of all competent judges, and the value of which every reader would appreciate. In that case we might place the portrait in the picture gallery and moral treasury of the mind, to be studied for imitation, as well as revered and guarded by honor and love. When the memory of the just has thus embodied itself in form, and embalmed itself in our affections, it only remains for us then to give to it that vital force and influence which shall enable it to reproduce its like in ourselves and future generations.

Whether our esteemed friend, Mr. Jay, showed more wisdom in writing memoirs of himself than he would have shown in leaving materials by which some other hand might have traced his history, and described his character, or whether he has comprised in his autobiography as much of himself and his history as his friends and the world will care to know, are both questions, we suspect, on which there will be a diversity of opinion, and which as editors it does not become us to decide. It is, however, quite certain that many interesting facts in his history are not noticed in the Biography, and that some of the most important and instructive come out in his Reminiscences of other persons: so that the reader must not expect to find anything like a complete narrative of Mr. Jay's life in his Autobiography.

While it is probable that many readers of this vol-

ume will feel some disappointment that Mr. Jay has not left us a history of his life at once more comprehensive and minute, yet the record of his matured opinions on various important subjects connected with the cause of Evangelical Religion, will by men of sound judgment be accepted as ample compensation for the lack of historic detail. Of how much greater value, in other memoirs of eminent persons, would such expressions of opinion have proved, than many of those ordinary incidents of every-day life which as they convey no important information, and elucidate no principle, serve only to swell the bulk, without enhancing the worth, of the volume, or it may be *volumes*. In the one case we are listening to the decisions of wisdom and experience, while in the other we are entertained with facts without interest, or garrulity without amusement.

Mr. Jay's *Reminiscences* often bear no inconsiderable relation to himself, and show the influences of early connexions. But there are many interesting and memorable facts relating to his personal history which he has failed to record in either section of his work, and which we have felt it our duty to supply as far as we have been able to collect information. In the matter of dates also in the Autobiography, where they were most essential, our friend has been totally negligent. There is scarcely one from the beginning to the end. Most of those, however, which were of any

importance, we have been enabled to supply from Letters, Magazines, Reviews, and other sources.

To us, moreover, it appears an inauspicious circumstance that Mr. Jay should have left his Autobiography to so late a period of life. The undertaking was frequently urged upon him by his children, but it was not until a very earnest Letter, in the name of the rest, was written by one of his sons, that he commenced it resolutely and at once. This was about August in the year 1843. He then wrote as follows:—

“At length I have begun in good earnest, having such good health and some leisure, besides what relaxation requires, to write the memoir. The sight of the Letter you wrote, dated August 6, 1842, urging it, fell in my way, and I yielded to it. My plan is to address it in a number of Letters to yourself,* like Mr. Winter’s to me, as I can go on by easy degrees. I have already written seven, but I send them not (not having copies), lest they should be lost; and I may like to revise them as I proceed. I am so happy I have hit upon this method, and begin to feel an interest in it. The fragments I wrote some years ago will occasionally come in with alterations and additions. Now tell no one this but your wife, till I give you leave. Should my health continue I hope to bring together a good number of these Letters; but I

* This was addressed to one of his sons, but he afterwards changed his purpose, and addressed these Letters to all of his children.

find I must not apply too closely, as it affects my head and my stomach.”

At this period Mr. Jay was in his seventy-fourth year, and though, as to his preaching abilities, possibly as lively and popular as ever, yet as to his recollection of dates, and the order of circumstances, it was scarcely to be expected that he could avoid some confusion, even if he retained vivid recollections of events and persons through so long a series of years. It does not appear that he had kept any diary or memoranda, and most probably had nothing to aid him but his memory when he first commenced his work. This, however, we believe applies solely to the *Autobiography*.—The “*Reminiscences*” were committed to paper much earlier, at least in part. Some of them were evidently written soon after the demise of the subjects of them. Many of these were persons of note and eminence in their day, whose friendship Mr. Jay highly prized; and all of them had some influence in the formation of his character, or in directing the events and circumstances of his life. Several of the most distinguished subjects of his *Reminiscences* have had copious and separate biographical works devoted to them. This, however, will not lessen but rather heighten the interest attaching to his recollections. They are entirely his own, and for the most part will be clear additions to the facts, already known, concerning those eminent and excellent persons. In

some instances a clearer light will be thrown on certain facts, some obscurities will be removed, and some mistakes or misrepresentations corrected. We are quite sure Mr. Jay's anecdotes will be highly relished by the admirers of those characters to whom they relate.

Concerning his correspondence we have only a very few observations to offer. It appears that Mr. Jay felt a great reluctance to engage in letter-writing. He refers to this so early in his history as the commencement of his acquaintance with Miss Davies, afterwards Mrs. Jay. The reader will find it confirmed in an early section of his Autobiography. He frequently alludes to it in the course of his correspondence, and in several other parts of his writings; sometimes alleging conscious distaste and incapacity, though at other times charging neglect and failure to the pressure of other claims and the multiplicity of public engagements. Yet we have had a very considerable mass of letters submitted to our examination, a fair proportion of them being long letters.

In a paper containing directions and suggestions to his literary executors, he writes thus: "With regard to my correspondence I now see I never laid sufficient stress upon letter-writing as the means of promoting social affection and moral pleasure and profit. I had naturally an aversion to letter-writing. My letters were therefore few and imperfect, and written in haste,

as if occupying time taken from more serious engagements. I therefore think none of them entitled to publication. Yet I would leave this, after my own expressed opinion, to the judgment of my executors."

While using the liberty here conceded to us for the gratification of friends, we have at the same time respected Mr. Jay's own opinion by making a comparatively small selection.

It would seem from Mr. Jay's high appreciation of the epistolary style of both Newton and Cowper, that he felt it difficult to realize his own *ideal* of excellence in this department. This may explain his reluctance to make the effort, while the eagerness of his correspondents to be favored with his letters attests how successful he was when he did make it. His own style in his letters scarcely yields in simplicity, playfulness, and ease, to the eminent examples at which he aspired. The frequent excuses and apologies he makes for delay clearly prove that he was not what is conventionally termed a good correspondent. In this respect he contrasts himself with his admired and beloved tutor, who was distinguished for the excellence as well as for the extent of his epistolary correspondence. Mr. Winter, he says, "frequently cautioned his young men not to follow his example. In one case, at least, this advice, I fear, was pursued to the extreme, and this he equally censured. The writer is the guilty individual. When, therefore, I had my

last interview with my venerable friend, he asked me—for he was willing, if possible, to learn of those he had taught—to sketch the outline of a sermon from the words, ‘His letters, say they, are weighty.’ I complied; but in presenting it expressed my wonder at the choice of the subject, and intimated that I could hardly deem it important enough for the edification of an audience many of whom could not write at all. He smiled, and I saw he had gained his object. In this way he had insinuated a mild reproof. He had drawn from me some reflections on the utility and importance of letter-writing, by which I own I was condemned.”*

An indiscriminate publication of a man’s letters is not to be applauded. A considerable proportion of all letters written by men of such publicity as Mr. Jay must be letters upon business or domestic occurrences, or entering into details of family matters or interchanges of friendship, in which strangers can feel no interest whatever, and from which they can extract no improvement. It is but rarely that men engaged in public life can sit down to discuss set subjects with their friends; and it is but very seldom indeed that such persons can afford time for more than prompt and brief replies to their correspondents. But sometimes their letters to their afflicted friends are highly valued, and may be appropriate to many besides those

* Mr Jay’s Life of Winter, p. 313.

to whom they were first addressed. We have made a selection of those letters to Mr. Jay's friends, and of some of theirs to him, which we have thought would be read with interest by others.

We trust the perusal of the whole work will gratify Mr. Jay's numerous friends, and through the Divine blessing promote that great and good cause to which our venerated friend devoted his long life and earnest endeavors.

LETTER I.

REASONS FOR HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN,—I duly received your very kind and respectful letter. The contents were both pleasing and humbling. I could not but feel gratified by the expressions of your filial affection and piety ; yet my conscience told me while reading them, how far short I came in fully exemplifying the qualities and excellences which your regard has led you to attach to your father.

The letter is too partial and flattering to be here introduced. But what can I say to the proposal it brings, in pressing me to write some account of myself, and the leading events of my life ? The application has a powerful claim in coming from those who stand in a relation so near ; and it acquires additional influence when, as you affirm, it is accompanied and enforced by the earnest wishes of my other relatives and friends, and church and congregation, and of many of the public.

But before I could determine on refusing or complying with the proposal, I had four things to consider :—

First, Whether such a memoir ought to be secured ?

This was a delicate question for the individual himself to answer, and some might suppose that *he* could not answer in the affirmative, without betraying self-importance. But humility is not founded on ignorance. A man may know and own what he is, without vanity or pride, if he can say, "By the grace of God I am what I am;" "Not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It would have been mere affectation (and it must have been *deemed* so), had I *seemed* unacquainted with my rise from an obscure condition, the earliness of my preaching, the degree of popularity attending my first efforts; the undiminished continuance of the favor shown to my labors; the candid respect I have received from the various religious denominations I have occasionally served; the friendly notice taken of me by some very significant personages; the number of my publications, with their acceptance and enlarged circulation at home and abroad; and the portion of usefulness, in serving my generation for more than half a century, which is generally attributed to my endeavors.

A *second* question was, Whether, if I refused this proposal, everything of the kind would be prevented from other quarters? The present rage for biography is excessive and notorious. Such is the voracity of its appetite, that it frequently waits not for the license which death is supposed to give. It falls upon its prey, and devours it *alive*; and many a man may be himself the reader of his own character and history, furnished by some anonymous or even known writer. A number of different sketches of myself have already appeared in periodical or separate publications in England and America. It is not, therefore, impos-

sible or improbable but some notices after my death may be attempted, either by the mercenary or needy grasping at gain, or by real friends, meaning well, but laboring often in the dark.

Thirdly. It was to be asked whether autobiography in some respects is not more desirable and preferable than information derived from extraneous sources? "Those relations," says Johnson, "are commonly the most valuable, in which the writer tells his own story." With regard to a man's talents and productions, and also those attributes and habits, the result and fame of which form so much of what we mean by character, the pen of another may be better than his own. But yet, respecting many things of an interesting nature, he himself must be the best witness, the best judge, and the best recorder. By a competent writer, the *public* life of an individual is easily supplied; but people are seldom satisfied without some insight into his more private retreats and recesses. They would know not only what he did, but why he did it. They would know, not only the direction in which he moved, but whether he was led into it by design or accident, and what retarded or aided his progress. They would not only contemplate his elevation, but learn by what degrees and efforts and instrumentalities he reached it; for there is nothing really unaccountable in such cases. The thing wondered at is, under Providence, the natural consequence of a series of events and circumstances. What appears a kind of impassable depth and distance between the early and later condition of the man is owing to an ignorance of the intermediate connexions in the passage. We see him on the opposite sides, but have not accompanied

him in the transition from the one to the other; but he himself knows that he passed, not by a miracle, but by means; that he was not supernaturally borne across, but gained his position by many alternations of hope and fear; by many a weary step, and by many a painful struggle.

But how is a man's more personal and interior experience, his original disadvantages or helps; what chilled his ardor or animated his diligence; what in his intellectual, or spiritual, or official career was found to be his bane or his benefit; with many other interesting and useful things;—how is all this to be known, unless from the communications of the individual himself?

A *diary* will not fully subserve the purpose. A diary regards chiefly a man's intercourse with God; and the variations of his religious views and feelings there recorded are designed to promote self-acquaintance, and not to divulge himself to others. Such a work is devotional rather than narratory, and will abound with much that is not proper for public observation.

Fourthly. I had to inquire whether, in such an undertaking, I could trust my own views and motives? While I knew how hard it was to be honest where self is concerned, and that nothing is perfectly pure that comes from man; yet I felt that I ought to be conscious of being so far actuated by a principle of truth, rectitude, and usefulness, as to be able to commend my work unto the Lord; and not only to implore his assistance in the performance, but also to hope for his blessing in the perusal of it.

These considerations I have endeavored fairly to ex-

amine; and though I do not say that I am perfectly satisfied as to the conclusion, yet there is nothing in it that, upon the whole, constrains me to decline attempting the engagement you urge upon me. Yet I fear I shall find the execution no easy enterprise. Some difficulty will be found in the selection. When a man looks back upon a life of seventy-four years, he sees a very extensive field; and what he is to detach for the notice of others asks for the exercise of judgment and prudence. Much *may* be, and much *ought* to be, passed over. Some love to eke out pages and volumes; but a brief account will generally comprise all that ordinary biography requires.

Two things should not be forgotten in the choice of articles. 1st. The influence they are likely to have on the reader in a way of innocent gratification, instruction, or improvement. And, 2dly. Their appropriateness to the character of the individual.

The insertions, therefore, should serve directly or indirectly to develop *him*—for it is of *him*—of *his* condition—of *his* changes—of *his* opinions, attachments, and doings, the reader wants to be informed.

But besides the selection of materials themselves, there must be some arrangement; and this also has occasioned thought; for here various modes have been employed, with perhaps equal propriety and success. *You* have neither recommended, nor suggested, any particular method. I shall therefore throw my narrative and reflections into a series of Letters to yourselves. In this I shall conform to the example of my honored tutor, Cornelius Winter, in the life of him which I have published, and which has met with so much success. This mode will best suit a man of

years and engagements, as it will allow of freedom in the expression, enlargement or contraction in the statements, and easy gradualness (not much affected by breaks and pauses) in the progress. The number of Letters the series will contain, must depend on the uncertainties of circumstances. But whether I shall live and be able to accomplish the design wholly or partially, rests with *Him* in "whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways." "But this will we do if God permit."

N. B. I had no sooner written the above than I was favored with a call from my esteemed brother, the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham. Upon being informed of my purpose, he not only very much approved of it, and zealously urged its execution, but begged that I would not limit myself, by aiming at too much conciseness; especially as to any parts and circumstances that would bear usefully upon the rising ministry (for that ministry whose improvement and excellency he has shown much anxiety). Hence some things which otherwise would not have been introduced, must plead this excitement and sanction.

LETTER II.

HIS PARENTAGE.—REMARKS ON PEDIGREES AND ANCESTORS.--
ANECDOTES.—EFFECTS OF SCENERY UPON HIM

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—In commencing this Letter I have one advantage which saves me time and trouble. I have not to trace a long and proud lineage. If any great and illustrious individuals have been found among my ancestors, they have not been ascertained, in my family, in my own time.* But were I mean enough to feel any mortification here, I could not console myself. Lord Bacon has remarked that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble “potatoes, the most valuable part of which is under

* Through the courtesy of the Rev. J. Ward, Rector of Wath, near Ripon, we have been favored with a considerable list of persons of the name of Jay, baptized, married, and buried at Milton Listebon, in Wilts. There is one marriage that may have been that of Mr. Jay’s father and mother: “1751, May 13, William Jay and Sarah Smith;” but we have no means of deciding the question. Mr. Jay has said very little of his parents. A Rev. Charles Jay was vicar of that parish in the year 1733, and died there 1761.

Mr. Waylen, of Etchilhampton, also has furnished many notices of the family of Jay in Wiltshire, extending back for nearly three centuries; but from which of them Mr. Jay of Bath descended, or whether from any of them, all authorities are silent, and probably William Jay was as ignorant as ourselves.

ground." When one of Lord Thurlow's friends was endeavoring to make out his relationship to the secretary, Cromwell, whose family had been settled in the county adjoining Suffolk, he replied, "Sir, there were two Cromwells in that part of the country—Thurlow the Secretary, and Thurlow the Carrier; I am descended from the latter." We have read of a man who, in prospect of his promotion, being asked concerning his pedigree, answered that "he was not particularly sure, but had been credibly informed that he had three brothers in the ark;"—but one of our most distinguished poets of obscure origin surpasses this, in his epitaph:—

"Princes and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Nassau or Bourbon go higher?"

My parents were very respectable, that is, they were *poor* and *religious*: *religious*, not precisely according to the theory and discipline of a particular party (for as yet there was in the place no society formed on professedly evangelical principles, nor had the preaching of such doctrines as yet been heard there); but really and practically religious; exemplifying the morality of the gospel under the influence of piety, or the fear and love of God; *poor*, not abjectly and dependently, but able by frugality and diligence to support themselves, and to bring up a family in the decencies and even comforts of village life.

My father was the son of a small farmer, but he himself was a mechanic, working at the business of a stone-cutter and mason. There was nothing remarka-

ble in him as to talent, or in my dear mother. They were both persons of slender education, but of good solid understanding, and of much common sense; upright, conscientious, kind, tender, charitable according to their means; and much beloved and esteemed in all the neighborhood. I was their fourth and only male child; but there were four daughters, all of whom are "gone the way of all the earth." Three of them married in humble life, but to husbands sober, industrious, and much more affectionate and attentive to their wives than many I have seen in superior conditions, and among those who are often called (for what reason God only knows) "*the better sort of people.*" The other, and who had a considerable share of wit and cleverness, was united to a man of property; and who possessed more capacity and knowledge than perhaps half the whole population of the place beside.

The presbyterian minister on whom we attended was a Clarkeian Arian, (but he never dealt much in doctrine,) a very dry and dull preacher, but a lovely character, and exceedingly tender-hearted, kind, and generous; denying himself almost to a fault, that he might have, out of his contracted income, to give to him that needeth; and wherever misery was, there was he. From my earliest remembrance, he kindly and gently noticed me; and when I was able to read, he presented me with the two first publications I ever called my own. These were "Watts' History of the Old and New Testament," and "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and never shall I forget my feelings at the receipt of them; for books (what a change has since taken place!) were then very scarce in villages, at least few came in my way. The schooling of the vil-

lage was of course very limited, and had nothing to awaken or expand the mind beyond the common elements of reading, writing and vulgar arithmetic. In this humble education I shared ; but I can say nothing more : to any literary or intellectual advantage or excitement I was a stranger.

It is perhaps commonly supposed that if a man is destined to make a little figure in the world, he gives some indication of it in childhood and even in infancy. Is this always true ? or is it true generally ? It is said the young calf and the young lamb begin to push and to butt before their horns appear. Metaphors alone prove nothing. Our Saviour speaks of some seeds, which fell on superficial soil, and forthwith they sprang up *because* they had no *deepness of earth* ; and the larger and more solid and durable trees are slower in their growth than more common ones. Thus the oak is longer in its rearing and maturing than the poplar or osier. Doth not mind both act and show itself according to particular periods, or rather occurrences, which seize and press and excite it ?

However this may be, to compare little things with greater, I know both from report and experience, that your father exhibited nothing like this early precociousness. I can well remember with what pains I acquired reading ; and my oldest sister observed, when questioned concerning my first years, " We thought he never would have learned." But when the difficulty by which I was depressed, and for which I was often reproached, was overcome, and I felt *encouragement* and praise, I soon made some progress, and soon wished to make more ; but what opportunities or helps did my situation afford ? It may be asked if I re-

member whether at an early season I had any workings of mind not growing naturally out of my condition, but having a seeming reference to my subsequent rising in life? I answer, I had, and not a few; though it would not be easy to describe them. But I always felt a strange love of withdrawing myself from my playmates and roving alone; and while pausing among the scenes of nature, of surrendering myself to musings which carried me away, and often left me lost, in doing or enjoying something indistinctly different from what I had ever actually witnessed. Our dwelling, which was my father's own property, consisting of a double tenement, too large for a cottage, had attached to it a proportionate garden and orchard. It was situated about an equal distance from Lord Arundel's, of Warder Castle; Pithouse, the seat of Mr. Bennet; and Fonthill, then the splendid mansion of Mr. Beckford. The village in which it stood was wide and varied, and abounded with lovely and picturesque aspects—

“And the sweet interchange of hill and vale and wood and lawn.”

It is impossible to express the intense pleasure I felt from a child, in the survey of the rural scenery, while standing on the brow of an eminence, or seated upon the upraised root of a branching tree, or walking through a waving field of corn, or gazing on a clear brook with fish and reeds and rushes. How vividly are some of these spots impressed upon my memory still; and how recoverable, at this distance of time, are some of the rude reflections so early associated with them!

Yet what probability was there that such a change as I have experienced would ever take place? No effort, no purpose of my own, or of my relatives, had the least concern in it. It resulted purely and entirely from the providence of God; and as it was not only so unlikely in itself, but so eventful, and such consequences hinged upon it, I will endeavor to state the case as it *was*, fairly and simply, without straining to magnify the remarkable into supernatural, or the extraordinary into miraculous. But this must be the subject of the next Letter. In the meantime,

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

HIS EARLY LIFE.—METHODISM AT TISBURY.—CONVERSION.—MRS. TURNER TAKES NOTICE OF HIM.—WORKS AT FONTHILL ABBEY.—MR. BECKFORD.—(EDITOR'S NOTICES OF MR. BECKFORD.)

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Mr. Thomas Turner, the memoir of whose eminently pious wife has been long before the public, and a second edition of which was published by Dr. Bogue, left Tisbury while young. He was then possessed of no substance; but he gradually succeeded in business at Trowbridge, and gained more than a competency. Being a truly religious man, he wished to do something to evince his gratitude to God, and promote the welfare of his fellow-men. He therefore determined to introduce the preaching of the gospel into his native village, and, if possible, to awaken attention to the one thing needful in those he had left behind him in ignorance and carelessness. He took a house and licensed it, and opened it for preaching. After some length of time, he built also a neat chapel entirely at his own expense; and a very considerable congregation and church were raised there, which have continued ever since; and recently a new commodious and beautiful chapel has been erected, which I had the pleasure of opening, and at the

dedication of which more than £100 was collected, after more than £700 had been subscribed among the people themselves.

Some persons love to talk of their being born again, and of their being made new creatures, with a kind of physical certainty and exactness ; and refer to their conversions not as the real commencement of a work which is to continue increasing through life, but as something which may be viewed as a distinct and unique experience, immediately produced, originated, and finished at once ; and perfectly determined as to its time and place and mode of accomplishment ; but I hope this is not necessary, for I have no such narrative or register to afford. A distinction is not always made between depraved nature and actual transgression. All are sinners, and all have come short of the glory of God ; but all are not profligate, nor in *this* sense do all speak of themselves, as if they had been the chief of sinners. Restraint from evil is a mercy, as well as sanctification and good works. I cannot speak as some do of going great lengths in iniquity, and thereby rendering a work of grace more sure and more divine. I bless God I was from my childhood free from immoralities. I remember, indeed, one act of gross transgression (it pains me now in review) ; it was the uttering of a known and repeated *falsehood*, accompanied with an *oath*, to carry a point, as I was intensely at play. For this my conscience so smote me that I was soon constrained to withdraw from my companions, and went home, and retired to implore forgiveness. But, though free from vice, I now began to see and feel deficiencies with regard to duty, and to be dissatisfied with the state of my heart towards God.

I also felt my need of something more than was held forth by the preaching I heard. Without knowing the nature of this good, I was just in the condition of mind that would welcome and relish the truth commonly called evangelical. Our minister, too, from some things which I had said (for he always allowed and encouraged me to speak freely), strangely put into my hands a letter, which he said had been written to a father by a young man who had (these were his own words) become a *Methodist*, and wished to *convert* him. I had never heard of the name before; but when, soon after, persons of this description were reported to be coming to preach in the village, my curiosity was the more excited; and, from the instruction and impression of the letter (which was a very striking one), I longed to hear them, conceiving and hoping it would relieve my concern of mind.

The private dwelling which Mr. Turner had purchased and licensed was first used for worship on the Saturday evening I attended. The singing, the extemporaneousness of the address, and the apparent affection and earnestness of the speaker, peculiarly affected me; and what he said of "the faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," was like rain upon the mown grass, or cold water to a thirsty soul. I scarcely slept that night for weeping, and for joy; and as the preaching was to be renewed the next morning at seven o'clock (not to interfere with the service of the Established Church), I happened to be the first that came. Mrs. Turner, who had come from Trowbridge to superintend things for the time, opened the door herself, and, taking me by the hand, benignly asked,

“Are you hungering for the bread of life?” She continued talking to me most winningly for some minutes, till others began to enter. But this seemingly casual and trifling circumstance was important in the result; for from that day forward she particularly noticed me; and, as I had been recently apprenticed, and was returning from my work, which was then at Fonthill House, in the evening, she often met me, and conversed with me till I reached home; and her information and addresses were more useful than many of the sermons I heard, as she adapted herself to the state she found I was in, and to the present kind of knowledge which I required.

[Reluctant as the Editors are to divert the reader's attention for a single moment from Mr. Jay's interesting narrative, they yet judge that this is the most suitable place for introducing a few facts which they feel assured will add interest to the narrative, and increase the gratification of the reader. The mention of Fonthill House a page or two before, and of Mr. Beckford, its accomplished proprietor and builder, is followed by the statement, that, when the lad William Jay was first noticed by Mrs. Turner, he was not only working as an apprentice to his father, but both father and son were actually working at the erection of Fonthill house; and further, that it was on his return, evening after evening, from that place, that Mrs. Turner met him, and talked with him in that instructive way recorded by himself in this letter. We suppose William Jay to have been then little more than fourteen years of age, and but recently apprenticed to learn the art of stone-masonry. It was just at this time that Mr. Winter came to preach at Tisbury, and was struck

with the comely countenance of the lad. About a year after, when Mr. W—— came again to preach at Tisbury on a week-day evening, there was William Jay in the chapel, just as he had left his work at Fonthill Abbey, listening to the good Cornelius Winter. After that sermon he was introduced to Mr. W—— for the first time, and, no doubt, wondered what the minister could want with him. Let the reader realize this scene, and connect with it the fact that he had been that day working at the mansion of a gentleman who afterwards, most probably with an utter unconsciousness that Mr. Jay had ever been in his employment, passed upon him as just and elegant an eulogy as perhaps ever was passed upon him; and frankly recorded the fact that he had been himself a learner from the eloquent piety and wisdom of William Jay. In proof of this we present the following interesting statement, which appeared in the Bath Herald immediately after Mr. Beckford's decease:—

“*The Christian Contemplated* had been perused with much interest by Mr. Beckford, as appeared from his numerous notes, written on its leaves; and from which the following is extracted: ‘This man’s mind is no petty reservoir supplied him by laborious pumpings—it is a clear, transparent spring, flowing so freely as to impress the idea of its being inexhaustible. In many of these pages the stream of eloquence is so full, so rapid, that we are fairly borne down and laid prostrate at the feet of the preacher, whose arguments in these moments appear as if they could not be controverted, and we must yield to them. The voice which calls us to look into ourselves, and prepare for judgment, is too piercing, too powerful to be resisted; and we attempt,

for worldly, sensual considerations, to shut our ears in vain.'

"Beckford told me that Jay of Bath, whom he had gone to hear *incog.*, was one of the finest preachers he had ever heard, and showed me his sermons; and, curious enough, he had a correspondence with Jay about the bad poetry, both in the church and among the dissenters, as exhibited in the hymns and psalm versions which they used."—*Closing Scenes, Second Series.* By Rev. E. Neale.

It will not be deemed irrelevant by those readers who have no knowledge of Mr. Beckford, if we state a few facts concerning him and the famous abbey which William Jay and his father helped to build.

William Beckford, Esq., was the proprietor, designer, and builder of the splendid Fonthill Abbey, which cost in its erection £273,000, and the pictures, library, and furniture of which were valued at more than a million. He was the son of the famous Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London, who reprovved King George the Third on his throne, when he insulted a deputation of the citizens. Mr. Beckford, the son who was placed, at his father's death, under the care of the first Earl of Chatham, became a most accomplished man and distinguished author. His gorgeous tale, entitled "Vathek," was written in French when he was barely twenty-two, at one sitting of *three days and two nights*. Byron said of it, that "even Rasselas must bow before it." He wrote also "Letters on Spain and Italy." "Observations on Celebrated Painters," &c., &c. He was universally esteemed a man of exquisite taste and keen discernment. His splendid fortune was spent in the gratification of his taste for the fine arts

and literature. Over his mantel-piece, in his dining parlor, was a picture of St. Catherine, by Raffaele, which cost him £3,000. One who knew him well says, "I had many conversations with him upon the subject of religion; for he was rather fond of controversy. I should say he was an orthodox Catholic; but, like many, professed a faith he did not practice."

He was famous for a most sumptuous entertainment which he gave to Admiral Lord Nelson. But though he was accounted in his day the richest commoner in England, yet he sustained, long before his death, immense losses of property, and the Abbey was sold to Mr. Farquhar for £330,000. The sale of its contents created an excitement throughout the nation, and during its continuance of thirty-three days, such was the influx of visitors that not a lodging was to be had for many miles round. It is recorded that between seven and eight thousand catalogues were sold at a guinea each.

After this calamity Mr. Beckford retired to Bath, where he ended his days at very nearly the same age as Mr. Jay, and where, probably, he availed himself of the opportunity of hearing him preach, and of carrying on the correspondence referred to in the previous extract. Such a correspondence is not unlikely, for Beckford was a proficient both in poetry and music. But we have found no allusion to this correspondence, and no trace of it, among Mr. Jay's papers.

To the fact of Mr. Jay's having been employed, apparently for more than a year, at Fonthill Abbey, we have his own testimony, yet he makes no allusion to any intercourse or acquaintance with Mr. Beckford,

nor does he give any intimation that Mr. Beckford knew of the fact of his having been employed at the Abbey. There appears to have been no mutual recognition, although in their later years they became near neighbors.]

And here occurred, what is mentioned without a name, in the life of Mrs. Turner, concerning "a lad who, after hearing a discourse enforcing family worship, besought his father on his return home to undertake it; and upon his refusing, on the ground of inability, offered to perform it himself. The offer was accepted with tears, and he became a kind of domestic chaplain." This lad was the writer. A little while after this, he was urged to pray at the private meeting in the chapel, which he did with no little backwardness, and also with no little difficulty. Connected with this, he cannot but mention a circumstance, as it affected him at the time with a shock of amazement, and has since aided him in not laying an improper stress on the figurative language of Scripture; and made him careful to avoid such views of the doctrines of grace as should exclude *any* from hope of salvation. It was this:—He had prayed that our name *may* be written in the Lamb's *book* of life; but a high-toned brother, from a neighboring congregation, *who saw things clearly*, took him aside, and rebuked him for the impropriety of his expression, saying, "You know that book was filled up from eternity; and if our names *are* not written there, they never can be now."

Bless God, my children, that from your infancy you have been familiar with a testimony too plain to be mistaken, "The Spirit and the bride say *come*; and let him that heareth say *come*; and let him that is

athirst come ; and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

I shall soon resume the relation, and notice another link in the chain of occurrences which drew me from my native condition to set my feet in a large place.

I am, &c.

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LETTER IV.

VISIT OF MR. WINTER TO TISBURY.—INTRODUCTION OF MR. JAY TO MR. WINTER.—HIS ADMISSION INTO MR. WINTER'S ACADEMY AT MARLBOROUGH.—MR. W'S. FAITH FOR PECUNIARY SUPPORT.—HIS STUDIES.—VILLAGE PREACHING.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—For several years there was no fixed minister at Tisbury, but the service was supplied by preachers of various denomination, each officiating for one sabbath only, but always coming early enough to preach also on the Saturday evening; and these men, after perhaps a long and trying journey, had not only to preach on that evening, but they had the following day to preach at seven in the morning, and at six in the evening, and also to go in the afternoon five miles to preach at a place called Ebsbourne; yet had they nothing to remunerate their toilsome but willing efforts. Among these supplies came the excellent Cornelius Winter from Marlborough, a distance of near forty miles. A year after the first time, he came a second; and calling on Mrs. Turner at Trowbridge on his way, he told her that when at Tisbury before, he had been particularly struck with the aspect of a lad in the congregation; that the impression had not worn off; and that he felt a strong desire

to have an interview with him before he should return. Not knowing however his name, he could not inform her who was the youth he intended. She immediately said there was a lad in the place she also much wished him to see and converse with, mentioning my name that he might inquire for me. Accordingly on the Saturday evening he desired the doorkeeper to ask for Billy Jay to come to him in the parlor after the service. Again while in the pulpit he was equally attracted with the appearance of *the* lad who had so impressed him before; and was eager to know who he was, and to have some talk with him. When the preaching was over, as desired, I followed him into the house, and was presented to him. I was in my simple village dress. He then perceived that the youth Mrs. Turner had mentioned, and the youth he had remarked, were the *same*. He was affected even to tears, and immediately kneeled down and prayed. I was of course amazed at the strangeness of all this; nor could I for one moment conjecture the design. He then began to talk with me, and in a manner which disarmed me of fear, concerning several things, and especially of my religious views and feelings. At this interview he proceeded no further, but desired me to come to him again after the service on the morrow evening. I again waited upon him; he again immediately prayed for a few moments; and then began to inquire whether I should not like, and did not long, to communicate to others what I felt myself. He observed that he had a small academy of young men for the ministry; and kindly invited me to join them, if after reflection and prayer my heart should be inclined, and my parents should be disposed to give their con-

sent. The invitation was after some time accepted; and I went to Marlborough, where for some years (they were far too few) I was privileged to live under the tuition and care of that incomparable man (Bishop Jebb calls him in a Letter, *that celestial creature Cornelius Winter*), whose life I have published; written indeed under a grateful sense of my obligations to him; but yet with no exaggerated praise, as all who knew him intimately have acknowledged.

In what I have stated I cannot be mistaken; and there are some still living (there were once many) to whom Mr. Winter related the transaction; for he was pleased to advert to it, especially after the encouraging success of his undertaking. Various things at first seemed unpromising and discouraging; my deficiencies were great. Mr. Winter had no certain provision for my support, his own income was very limited. He had therefore largely to draw upon the providence of God; and he was enabled to trust without fear or doubting. But he always affirmed that at the time he hardly knew how to justify the step he took, but from impression and impulse he could not decline it.

I leave the fact, having stated it accurately, to the candid judgment of my readers. The command is, "Let thine eyes look *straight on*, and let thine eyelids look *straight before thee*." "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy *goings* be *established*." And it is well for a man to feel the firmness of the ground he treads upon; and be able to give, to himself at least, a reason of his conduct in any measure of moment. And in general, no one laid more stress on prudence, and did more honor to the use of proper means, than the man of God before us. Yet he always had this

sentiment, (and I have often heard him avow it,) that there may be cases in which Providence having a particular end in view, will not, by some excitement or other, *allow us* to give up, or pass by the thing, though for the present we walk by faith rather than by sight.

Must we *always* condemn such faith as presumption? Is it enthusiasm to suppose that there may be cases in which the secret of the Lord is peculiarly with them that fear him, and fear him above many? Is there any rule that admits of no exception? Might not that which looks like a deviation from a principle, be found to be compatible with it, if we had knowledge to penetrate further, and to comprehend more? Let us not judge one another. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth. Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."

It will naturally be supposed that no one could have gone to an academy more destitute of many advantages than myself. But I had a thirst for knowledge, and a valuation of it, which would ensure *application* when opportunities and means were afforded. Mr. Winter's library was not large, but was large to me; and every moment I could spare from my studies I was searching it as for hidden treasure. It may seem strange, but the authors I was most struck with then, have continued to be my favorites ever since, and my views and taste with regard to sermons and preachers have no otherwise changed than as they have been enlarged and improved.

As our tutor rated learning very high, I was obliged to fag hard. At first, the difficulties were not only trying, but seemed to be insuperable; but in a little time I felt encouraged, and soon found pleasure in

ever: the languages. But my progress was not considerable; and the literary acquisitions of the students were not a little impeded by what the tutor deemed justifiable. The state of the country then was very different from what it now is, as to an evangelical ministry. The real laborers were few. The spiritual condition of many of the villages was deplorable, and the people were perishing for lack of knowledge. No one cared for their souls. (So it was with the vicinages all around Marlborough, and their spiritual wants if not their wishes cried aloud, "Come over and help us.") Mr. Winter, therefore, obtained and licensed various private houses to preach in, and not only went as often as he was able himself, but also sent his young men to instruct these poor creatures, and show unto them the way of life. In the milder seasons which would allow of it, we often addressed large numbers out of doors; and many a clear calm evening I have preached down the day, on the corner of a common, or upon the green turf before the cottage door.

These neighborhoods were supplied sometimes weekly and sometimes fortnightly, both on the week days and on the sabbaths. We always on the sabbaths avoided, if possible, the church hours; and on week days we commonly omitted the services during the hay and corn harvest, that we might not give reasonable offence to the farmers, or entice the peasants away from their labor before their usual time. I would also remark, that we did not always in these efforts encounter much opposition; indeed, I remember only a few instances in which *we* suffered persecution from violence or rudeness. This was much owing to the students being always recommended to avoid needless

provocation; our tutor enjoining us never to rail at others, or to *say* the gospel was not heard till *we* came; but leaving the hearers to learn this of themselves by comparison; and also to speak the truth in love; being always affectionate and kind, and endeavoring by our manner to show that we loved those we addressed, and were only concerned for their welfare—not anxious to make proselytes but converts. Yet Mr. Winter's horse was cruelly cropped and maimed at Adlington, where he had preached on the sabbath. And there were places, and not a few out of *our* own circuits, where, though there was little or nothing exceptionable in the preaching, the carnal mind showed itself not only in secret malignity, but in open outrage. The excitement of the ignorant populace was commonly produced by the clergyman, the squire, and some of the stupid and intemperate farmers.

The injuries inflicted on the preachers, and the houses in which the people assembled, might have been sooner terminated, had the sufferers (as they ought to have done) more readily availed themselves of their legal rights; but they often yielded to unwilling concessions and apologies, and were backward to prosecute, forgetting that the trespasser was a burglar; and that though we are to forgive private and personal offences, it is otherwise with the violation of the laws of the land established for the public safety and welfare. The best regard we can pay to a law is to obey its precepts ourselves—the next is to see its penalty executed upon the transgressors. But in general, the village peasantry (and of them only I am speaking) were disposed, *if left to themselves*, to receive and hear us; and it was truly interesting and delightful to see

how, after a little curious observation and surprise, they seemed to drink in the word, as rain on the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth. The testimony to the Messiah was "the poor have the gospel preached unto them;" and what right-minded and right-hearted being is there, but would rejoice that those who had so little of this world's goods and comforts should be able to realize the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and "walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost?"

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

HIS FIRST SERMON AT ABLINGTON.—CONTRIBUTORS TO THE EXPENSES OF HIS EDUCATION, JOHN THORNTON, ESQ., AND OTHERS.—(EDITORS' BRIEF NOTICE OF MR. THORNTON.)—PROPOSAL TO GO TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—PREFERENCE OF THE DOMESTIC SYSTEM.—LIST OF STUDENTS IN MARLBOROUGH ACADEMY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Great attainments and qualifications were not necessary in those rude villages where we made our first attempts to minister. But we knew enough from scripture and our own experience to “show unto men the way of salvation,” and to say, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

This early preaching unquestionably broke in much upon our studies; but the tutor did everything in his power, by rule and restriction, to lessen the injury, while there were some rather compensatory advantages arising from it. *First*, Hereby good was done in the conversion of sinners in many instances, some of which were very striking; and what is the gain of the whole world to the value of one soul? And, *secondly*. The usage tended, by its exercise, and by the preparation for it, to keep the minds of the students in the things of God; and it is well known, that literary application, and the free mingling of young men to-

gether, do not much befriend spirituality of mind. *Thirdly*, It was of great advantage to the young pupil to begin, before he knew too much, to feel certain difficulties, and to gain confidence and facility by practice. And thus, though the scholar was injured, the preacher was benefited.

In the review of the case, I cannot see how a man of God, (whatever his zeal for learning might be,) circumstanced as Mr. Winter was, could have conscientiously acted otherwise than he did; and much as I have always lamented, in addition to my original want of education, the loss of some literary advantages, I not only submit to what appears to have been the will of God, but upon the whole am even thankful for such a course of things as I passed through. God has not only a right to choose for us, but as he appoints us our stations and offices, and foresees all they will require, he arranges our trainings, and renders all our previous circumstances and experience preparatory to our fitness.

“Thy method cross’d my way, and young desire,
Which did to academic eminence aspire.
Fain I’d have sat in such a nurse’s lap
Where I might long have had a sluggard’s nap,
Or have been dandled on her reverend knees,
And known by honored titles and degrees;
And there have spent the flower of my days
In soaring in the air of human praise.
* * * * *
My youthful pride and folly now I see,
That grudged for want of title and degree.”

Some may be surprised at the *earliness* of my preaching, for I began a few months after I was placed at

Marlborough. Some, also, will doubtless censure it, and it is easy for them to say much in support of their censure. Yet I cannot in this case blame myself. It was not from my own forwardness, or of my own choosing; but I was under the authority and direction of another, and bound to obey, even if I could not entirely acquiesce. How sad is a spirit of resistance, especially in students for the ministry. They are best prepared to rule and govern who have previously learned to obey and serve. Why do not tutors expel for insubordination, as well as for error or vice?

I remember a circumstance hardly worth relating. Soon after I had begun my early career, I went to supply for a sabbath at Melksham. At this time was residing there an old gentleman from London, a very wise man, at least in his own conceit. I called upon him on the Monday morning. He received me rather uncourteously. He did not, indeed, censure my preaching, but rudely said, he had no notion of *beardless* boys being employed as preachers. "Pray, sir," said I, "does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' And, sir, you remind me of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador, and complaining, said, 'Your master should not have sent me a beardless stripling.' 'Sir,' said the youthful ambassador, 'had my master supposed you wanted a beard, he would have sent you a goat.'"

The first sermon I preached was at Ablington—a village near Stonehenge. The text was 1 Peter, ii. 3: "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." The division was, 1. The Lord is gracious. 2. The best way to know this grace is by tasting it. 3. Such

knowledge will have an influence over the possessor; for *if* we have tasted that the Lord is gracious it will induce us to love him—it will draw out our desires after more—it will make us anxious to bring others to partake with us, saying, “That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us.” “O taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in him.”

I was little more than sixteen when I began; and from this period I was called to preach with no little frequency; and before I was of age, I had preached, I believe, near a thousand sermons; for in all our places, then, we always preached three times on the Sabbath with some week-day services.

While I was at Marlborough, and after I had begun preaching, with considerable acceptance and success, it was inquired by some of those who had contributed to my educational support, and who were themselves moderate Episcopalians, whether it should be proposed to me to go to the University, and enter the church; but Sir Richard Hill and John Thornton the philanthropist* decided against it saying, “God has opened

* In an article furnished by Sir James Stephen to the Edinburgh Review for July, 1844, and entitled “The Clapham Sect,” is the following allusion to the subject of this note: “John Thornton was a merchant renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and consecrated to the reverence of posterity by the letters and poetry of Cowper. He was one of those rare men in whom the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion; and if faith be due to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as may invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion, yielding to every honest impulse.

the young man's mouth, and for years to come we dare not shut it, while there are so many immediate and pressing calls for exertion." But for this I have reason to believe Mr. Winter would have had *then* no objection to the proposal. As it was not made to my-

relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the Articles of their respective creeds."

Mr. Thornton was an Episcopalian, and an intimate friend of the Rev. John Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth. His benevolence was as unsectarian as his general habits, and "he stood ready," said Mr. Cecil, "to assist a beneficent design in every party, but would be the creature of none." Hence, in conjunction with Mr. Newton, and some excellent men among the Dissenters, he was mainly instrumental in establishing, and for awhile supporting a Dissenting Academy at Newport Pagnell, which was placed under the tuition of the Rev. William Bull, whose son the Rev. T. P. Bull, and grandson the Rev. Josiah Bull, continued till its recent extinction to conduct its studies; and who exhibited the very rare occurrence of men of three generations being pastors of the same church, and tutors in the same college. Mr. Thornton, as intimated above, extended his patronage and pecuniary assistance to the institution at Marlborough, under the direction of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, and thus was brought into connection with Mr. Jay, towards whose support he contributed while passing through his academic course.

Mr. Thornton spent myriads of pounds in the purchase of livings for Evangelical preachers; in the erection and enlargement of places of worship, both in the Church of England and among Dissenters; in sending out Bibles and religious books by his ships to various parts of the world; and in numerous other ways. Nor was his beneficence confined exclusively to religious objects. "Mr. Newton," says Mr. Bull, in a letter I lately received from him, "told my father, that while he (Mr. N.) was at Olney, he had received from Mr. Thornton more than £2,000 for the poor of that place. He not only," continues Mr. Bull, "gave largely, but he gave wisely. He kept a regular account (not for ostentation or the gratification of vanity, but for method) of every pound he gave in a large ledger which he once showed me. I was then a boy, and I remarked on every page

self, I was neither required to consent nor refuse; though, had I been, the latter I am persuaded would have been the result. My views upon some subjects have always been *firm*, though *moderate*, and allowing me to distinguish between preference and exclusion, and leaving every one to follow his own conviction.*

One of the advantages of a smaller academy like that at Marlborough was its assuming a kind of domestic character, and associating us more with the tutor himself. A freer and more intimate access to the tutor is sadly wanting in some, yea, I fear in all our public institutions. It is not enough for the student

was an appropriate text. With him, his givings were made a matter of business, as Cowper says in an Elegy he wrote upon him—

“Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food.”

Such was the man to whom Mr. Jay stood indebted in part for his support during the term of his education. The good Churchman, and the eminent Nonconformist, have met in that world where these designations have no place; and does the one regret that he lifted his hand above the ecclesiastical barriers to extend his beneficence to him that stood on the other side of it? Or does the other blush to recollect that he stood indebted to the Churchman for his love and liberality? Such mention as this is due to Mr. Thornton in the present volume.

* Referring to this subject many years after in a letter, he says,—

“Our preaching is too commonly of a cast I am sorry to say not the most calculated to do good. The mathematics and classics are good in their places; but unless men have something else, they will never make ministers of the New Testament. How thankful I am that I did not when a student (as some of my Episcopalian supporters recommended) leave Mr. Winter’s to go to Oxford, where I must have been five or six years before I could be ordained; when during that time I was preaching the gospel to thousands, and saving souls.”
Bath July 14, 1846.

to hear his tutor regularly and formally lecture. There are things of great importance, especially to his experience, and conduct, and character, some of which are too delicate, and many of which are too minute, to be here brought forward. These can only be supplied properly by personal intercourse and converse. In this respect (oh that I had profited more by it!) I had a peculiar privilege; for, as I was so young, Mr. Winter felt a more parental relation towards me; and, besides the freedom we all had in the family, he never walked out in the morning or evening but I was always by his side. I frequently also accompanied him when he took an excursion for a few days from home. With what gratitude do I look back to these hours, and thank God for my distinguished intimacy with such a celestial spirit, and how often has it led me to exclaim—

“When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
’Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

I am, &c.

[As an appendix to this letter, we should have been happy to supply notices of some of those who were in the Marlborough Academy along with Mr. Jay. But his allusions to them are neither clear nor numerous. We are not informed how many students at a time were under Mr. Winter’s care. Several of those who were there during Mr. Jay’s term or afterwards became ministers of great excellence; and one at least

of the number attained a degree of popularity and usefulness only inferior to that of Mr. Jay. We refer to the late excellent Mr. Griffin, of Portsea, of whom a separate memoir was published some years since. The following List of Students in Mr. Winter's academy is most probably incomplete; but it is the best we can furnish:—

Rev. W. Jay	Bath.
“ Mr. Surman	Chesham, Bucks.
“ “ Yockney	Staines, Middlesex.
“ “ Wood	Died while a Student.
“ “ Hogg	Entered the Church.
“ “ Cliff	Frome.
“ “ Sloper	Plymouth.
“ “ Golding.	Fulwood.
“ “ Griffin	Portsea.
“ “ Underhill	
“ “ Richardson	Frampton.
“ “ Daniel	Kingswood.
“ “ Lane	Wells.

LETTER VI.

APPLICATIONS FOR "THE BOY PREACHER."—INTRODUCTION TO REV. ROWLAND HILL.—FIRST VISIT TO SURRY CHAPEL.—HIS INTERCOURSE WITH REV. JOHN NEWTON AND REV. JOHN RYLAND.—INVITATIONS TO SETTLE IN LONDON.—HIS INTRODUCTION TO MISS DAVIES.—RESIDENCE AT CHRISTIAN MALFORD.—HIS FAREWELL SERMON, AND MR. WINTER'S ADDRESS TO THE READER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I hardly know how it was that I succeeded in preaching from time to time in such a degree as I did. But I could not be ignorant of the acceptance I met with, and the numbers who followed me; nor did my too fond and partial tutor keep from me so often as he should have done, the applications he had for "the boy preacher." I am convinced my motives at this time were right; for gain and fame seemed perfectly out of the question. This simplicity of intention much helped me in studying and speaking; for it is only as the eye is single that the whole body is full of light.

After having for some time been confined to village efforts, I was *elevated* to preach occasionally in some of the respectable congregations both in the neighboring and remoter towns. Here also I found favor; and from report and observation I began to think I possessed something *more* than I had formerly been

aware of, and I supposed (I trust I may say this without arrogance) what it was, and that it might be improved; and that it would be my wisdom to adhere *chiefly* to it. I knew some attainments were not in my power; and that few individuals ever had talent enough to excel in *many*, or even in *several* things. A remark had struck me in reading Johnson's Life of Watts, in which he says, "The reason why the ancients surpassed the moderns was their greater modesty. They had a juster conception of the limitation of human powers; and, despairing of universal eminence, they confined their application to one thing, instead of expanding it over a wider surface."

I cannot deny that even at this time I felt enough to excite and encourage a moderate hope that by the blessing of God in the diligent use of means, I might become a preacher of some little distinction. The work also appeared the noblest under heaven, and to be a sufficient employment in *itself*. To this, therefore (not entirely neglecting other things), I resolved more peculiarly to *dedicate* myself, keeping as much as possible from encroachments, and endeavoring to make everything not only subordinate but subservient to my chosen and beloved aim.

Nor, though it may seem vain, could I state things truly and fully unless I observed also that I perceived some common failings in preaching which I thought might be avoided, and some sources of attraction, impression, and improvement, that might at least be essayed with propriety. Of course I refer more immediately to the state of the pulpit in the religious connections in which I moved. It is probable my meaning will be explained and exemplified before the close of

these letters. But in what I have here intimated I am certain I judged from my *own* views and feelings. I also left nothing to mere speculation. I tried the case, in some humble degree, and my conviction was increased by a measure of success.

As I was now leaving Mr. Winter, after too short and imperfect a course of preparation, I came in contact with the Rev. Rowland Hill, who, with the permission and approbation of my tutor, engaged me for a season to go to London, to supply Surrey Chapel. This indeed was a formidable engagement, but I was carried through it far beyond my expectations. The place, though so large, was soon crowded to excess; and when I preached my last sermon, the yard before the dwelling-house was filled with the lingering multitude, who would not disperse till I had bidden them farewell from the window.*

This visit to London was, with regard to myself, a very important and influential event. It gave me an enlarged publicity.† It led to a friendship between Mr. Hill and myself which continued till his death.

* As nearly as we have been able to ascertain by a comparison of dates, this first visit to Surrey Chapel, which had so important an influence upon the subsequent career of Mr. Jay, took place in the year 1788.

† In the Preface to the Sermon entitled "The Wife's Advocate," Mr. Jay relates the following fact relative to this visit:—

"When the author, if he may be excused a reference to himself quite a youth, first went to London, and was all anxiety to hear the preachers of the famed metropolis, he was told by a friend that if he wished to hear a good doctrinal sermon, he must hear Mr. ———; if an experimental, he must hear Mr. ———; and if a practical, he must hear Mr. ———. And he well remembers simply asking, "But is there no minister here who preaches all these? I should rather hear him."

It involved me in an engagement to supply Surrey Chapel for a number of Sabbaths annually. It brought me into a very intimate intercourse with, and subserviency to, that extraordinary character, the Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, the father of the late Dr. Ryland, of Bristol. It placed me under the notice, and gave me a share in the affection, of that most estimable man of God, the Rev. John Newton, rector of St. Mary's, Woolnoth; and it also laid the foundation of my acquaintance with, and admiration of, your entirely beloved and esteemed mother.

Before I left town I received applications to settle; but owing to my youth, and being anxious before I became a pastor to secure more preparation for the office, I declined them all, and retired to Christian Malford, near Chippenham. This was a small but to me an interesting village, as I had often preached there while a student, and as here Mr. Winter himself for some time had resided, and labored in his earlier ministry, as may be seen in his memoirs. My salary was to be £35 a-year; but my wants were few, and a considerable tradesman (who had married Mr. Winter's niece) promised to board me gratuitously. Here I was rich compared with the prophet in the house of the Shunamite, who had only "a little chamber on the wall, and a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." I was therefore as to accommodation and provision perfectly satisfied, and free from all worldly care.

Here (it was much my wish in going there) I hoped to find abstraction, and to pursue my improvement. But my design and expectation failed me in no small degree. My own stock of books was very scanty, and there was no public library to which I could have

access. My purse did not allow me to buy, and there was no one from whom I could borrow. I had also become previously too well known in most of our neighboring congregations to be left unsolicited when they had a lack of service. I was, therefore, urged constantly to preach abroad, and I had not the courage and firmness which time gives one, to say "*No*," to importunity; for, as Mr. Cecil remarks, "A minister should never be to be had."

Here in my little volume of life you will have to turn over another leaf. In the meantime,

I am, &c.

[The reader will, we trust, not be displeased at an interruption here for the purpose of introducing to him some extracts from the sermon which Mr. Jay preached and published on the occasion of quitting this his first station. The fact of the very early appearance of this sermon in print, is of itself interesting; but the great excellence of the farewell words from so young a minister will gratify all who admire Mr. Jay's character and writings, but few of whom can ever have seen that sermon. It so pleased his excellent tutor, that, though he had before dissuaded him from printing when urged by partial friends, yet he not only consented to the publication of this sermon, but himself wrote a prefatory address to the reader, which, as it is an expression of affectionate regard for Mr. Jay and a relic of the excellent tutor, we shall insert it entire, together with so much of Mr. Jay's sermon as refers to the solemn farewell.]

EXTRACT FROM HIS FAREWELL SERMON PREACHED AT
CHRISTIAN MALFORD.

[Mr. Winter's "Address to the Reader," prefixed to this sermon, is so interesting in reference to Mr. Jay, that we are persuaded our readers will be happy to read it.]

Mr. Winter's "Address to the Reader."

SOON after Mr. Jay's public appearance several of his friends were desirous of reading some of those sermons which they had heard with pleasure. I had influence enough with him to overrule the motion, and my reasons for interfering may easily be conjectured. The subjects were common, and in a variety of forms had been treated by the most able ministers, whose years and experience gave weight to their observations.

The sermon preached at the opening of Mr. Tuppen's Chapel at Bath, however, found its way to the press, through the request of many who heard it. The subsequent sermon is published at my particular desire. On being informed of the impression it made at the time of delivery, I desired to read it. I cannot but think it will gratify some, as it did me,—no doubt it will those who heard it preached. It was the production of a Saturday evening, and the writer had not the most distant thoughts of its coming abroad. A special notice taken of, and an address made to, individuals of a congregation in the body of a discourse such as Mr. and Mrs. Prior received, is unusual, but local circumstances justified it on the present occasion ;

and it may serve as a specimen of the difficulty with which the Gospel is supported in many of our villages. My principal design in this advertisement is to take the blame of the publication to myself, if it deserves any, and to screen the youth from reflection. Whether it will be thought wise or weak by the speculatist is not, I am persuaded, what Mr. Jay will be concerned about, so much as whether it may conduce to answer the end he had in view when he preached it,—the profit of many that they may be saved, and for which he is willing to renounce the praise of man. If I mistake not, the sermon is expressive of a proper spirit, and may safely be imitated by young men, who too frequently break their first connections with acrimony and reflection, that betrays resentment of injuries, either real or imaginary, and impatience of contradiction.

Like all other congregations, that at Christian Malford has those in it who are not properly sensible of the blessings of the Gospel,—are prone to cavil at what they have, and to want what they have not. But the best and the greatest part are otherwise minded. It is a poor congregation, which has undergone many revolutions, and includes a small society over which I was ordained; and with which, from my great attachment to rural retirement, I had a desire to live and die. Though I left them of necessity, I intended to give them all the assistance I could, and when I opened my little seminary, I had my eye upon them as a proper people with whom my young friends might with advantage make their first exertions. They have shared as largely in Mr. Jay's affections as they have of mine, but I never supposed he would continue with them.

He who stations the stars, has the disposal of his ministers ; and in subordination to his wise and righteous appointment, the qualification of ministers should determine the propriety of their situation.

Men of the most distinguished ability, if disposed to exert themselves, might diffuse their light where it would be improper for them to fix their residence ; and by their occasional services might help such indigent country congregations as that at Christian Malford to advantage. The necessity of raising and preserving such societies is obvious to a thinking man, influenced with proper zeal for the spread of vital godliness. Parochial instruction is, in general, too superficial and abstruse. It does not enough respect the first principles of religion ; and what it does inculcate is without that solemnity, fervor, and perspicuity that is necessary to render it effectual. As the poor want more condescension than in common is shown to them, so their minds require more labor than in general is bestowed upon them. An attention to this I always inculcated upon Mr. Jay ; and, blessed be God, he has learned to stoop to the child. If I detain the reader a moment longer from the sermon, it is only to add a hint on the importance of my brethren in the ministry making such congregations as that we refer to the object of their benevolent attention, as far as circumstances will admit. The tedious hours of many old people are hereby well employed, and their minds fed with knowledge. Mothers of young children, who by maternal duties are prevented from going far distant from their habitations, partake of the benefit ; and servants who are restricted in their time find their advantage from it. The glory of God and

the salvation of souls are concerned in it. By this means living expositors supply the place of printed expositions; and a proper attention being paid to the narrow capacity of the poor illiterate peasants, their understanding is informed, while their affections are animated. By the blessing of God upon our endeavors, they acquire proper ideas of a church, and without engaging in the clamors of controversy, silently and modestly organize themselves into such societies as they have examples of in the Sacred Records. Though they may be destitute of the splendor of the world, they have the sanction of God, and the neighboring minister or evangelical student—for they are incompetent to support a pastor—finds pleasure and profit. But every such village has not the advantage of a student disposed or permitted to lay out himself, and bestow the first fruits of his studies upon its inhabitants, and the accomplished academic thinks it too great a stoop for him to make. The luxuries of the study, the laborious attention given to the turning of the period, the ceremonious and time-wasting visits, and the large portion of time spent in decorating his person, prevent attention to the pursuit after souls in this humble way. We admire, then, the providence of God that selects from the laity, men of genius and spirituality more than sufficient to supply their place, nor do we startle though they should be called Methodists. By the effect of their labors, we perceive them to be the servants of the Most High God, who show unto men the way of salvation, and contribute to the common cause of Christianity. That a reserve of such a blessing may be always made for the people who heard, and now may read, the subsequent sermon; and

that the word may be preached in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, is the prayer of their affectionate and devoted friend,

CORNELIUS WINTER.

CONCLUSION OF MR. JAY'S FAREWELL SERMON, AT CHRISTIAN
MALFORD.

We are now dissolving a very tender connection, and it yields matter for mutual humiliation. My success has not equalled my acceptance. It becomes you to inquire what on your part has prevented it; and with sorrow to lament that you have not improved the help you have enjoyed. But all the blame is not yours, and, upon a review of my labors, I need not wonder that so little good has been done. Pride and levity—the want of spirituality of mind, zeal for God, and love for souls, have corrupted my services, and rendered them unsuccessful. Infirmities, natural and sinful, I have had many. I repent that I have had no more fervency and importunity with you about the concerns of eternity. O, eternity! eternity!—that thou hast been no more on the lip of the preacher, and in the ear of the hearer! Yet, blessed be God, I have the testimony of my own mind, and I hope of yours also, that I have not walked in craftiness, nor handled the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commended myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Those principles only have been inculcated upon you which I believed to be consistent with the oracles of truth. Having explained the doctrine, and enforced the practice, of the gospel—having paid equal regard to the moral and spiritual part of the Word—and having kept back nothing that was essen-

tial for you to know or do, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." Having described the guilt of sin, warned the sinner of his danger, directed him where to flee for refuge, and testified repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, "I take you to record, that I am pure from the blood of all men." What my doctrine and manner of life have been is known to you; and what my aim and intent has been is known to God. Respecting the former, I have endeavored "in simplicity and godly sincerity, not by fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, to have my conversation in the world; but more abundantly to you-ward." Respecting the latter, I have had the salvation of your souls at heart; "for God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that you may be saved." With this view, I would now close the subject by reciting a few doctrines, giving you my thanks, and expressing my wishes, fears, and advice.

The doctrines which you have heard, and which we pray God may ever sound from this pulpit, include man's depravity, the redemption of the soul by the blood of Christ, justification by his obedience, and sanctification by his Spirit—or faith and holiness. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Where there is faith there will be holiness, and true holiness always springs from faith in Christ. The believer disclaims merit, but delights in obedience, and walks before God in newness of life. It would be easy to prove of what importance such doctrines are. Be well grounded in them, and pay more attention to *them*,

than to those which are of less moment, and which have furnished the world with matter for endless controversy. "Contend earnestly for" these important articles of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and beware of hearing or receiving a man who opposes them, lest ye be partaker of his evil deeds. "Be ye not carried about with divers and strange doctrines, for it is a good thing for the heart to be established with grace."

My thanks are due for the respect you have paid me, and for your desires of my continuance. While the love of many cannot be overlooked, it would be very remiss, were I not to notice the kindness of some present, which reflects the greater honor on them, and lays me under peculiar obligations. Our united thanks are due to our dear friends with whom I have resided. Under God, we have been indebted to them for my coming and continuance here. Being unable to support a minister yourselves, I could not have lived among you, had they not generously invited me to their house, and given me my comfortable subsistence. Nor are they unwilling of my continuance; but have earnestly desired me to continue my connection with their family. "That which was lacking on your part, they have supplied; for they have refreshed my spirit and yours; therefore acknowledge them that are such." There can be no impropriety, my honored friends, in making this public acknowledgment, "for this thing has not been done in a corner." You have exerted yourselves to the uttermost in the cause of your Redeemer; yea, and beyond your power you have been willing to discover the sincerity of your love. "Now he that ministereth seed to the sower, both minister

bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness." Remember, "God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith, and labor of love." Beloved, I wish above all things that you may prosper in your body, soul, and family. May your dear children "know the Lord God of their parents, and serve him with a perfect heart and willing mind!"

My wishes respect your welfare as individuals, and a society; that you may order your conversation aright, and love one another with a pure heart fervently; that there may be no root of bitterness springing up among you; no divisions and contentions; but that you may live in peace, and the God of peace be with you; that religion may be visible in the power and practice of it, and that you may neither be barren nor unfruitful in the kingdom of God! May the seed which has been sown yet spring up, and bring forth much fruit; may the Lord provide a supply for you, and render future labors more successful! While I am thus expressing the wishes of my soul, may you be able to say, "The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfil all thy petitions!"

My fears are great and many. I fear lest I have bestowed labor upon you in vain. I fear you have been instructed, warned, exhorted, to no purpose. I fear that while you have been hearing of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, there are many of you who have no part nor lot in the matter, but are still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost. And are there none among you to whom this Gospel is hid? Hid as to the light?

Hid as to the power of it? Are there not many blind minds, hardened hearts, ungodly lives? But, God be thanked! there are a few, who, though they were the servants of sin, have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered them. O that it was the case with you all! I would not leave one unconverted person. O how happy would it be to leave you all in a fair way for glory! But I cannot depart from you so. O, then, ye blind souls, upon whom the light has shined in vain; ye hardened souls, upon whom the Word has made no impression; ye deluded souls, who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof;—I fear for you, and I will weep in secret, when my tongue cannot reach you. Let my concern be yours. How is it that you are so unalarmed? Can you rest secure under such a load of guilt? Can you expect a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and be unconcerned? What! are there so many Sabbaths, sermons, exhortations, gone never to be recalled, and not afraid? Like the jailer, may you fear, and tremble, and cry, “What shall I do to be saved?” But this is not the case. I have then another fear that I must rise up in judgment to condemn you. Dreadful! What! be the means of increasing their condemnation whom I would gladly save? Soon we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of our preaching and hearing? May each of us then be able to do it with joy and not with grief! It would yield a minister much pleasure, had he reason to conclude that all the people now committed to his care would then prove his joy and crown of rejoicing. But, should he be unsuccessful, yet if he be faithful, he shall not lose his reward. “Though

Israel be not gathered, yet shall he be glorious in the eyes of the Lord." "For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish; to the one we are a savor of death unto death, and to the other a savor of life unto life."

My advice respects you as sinners and saints. If you are sinners of any description whatever, I exhort you to inquire into your true state, your heinous guilt, your dreadful danger. Lay yourselves open to your inspection. View yourselves in the glass of the law. Believe that you are what the word of God represents you to be,—“miserable, and wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.” Pray for the wisdom that cometh from above, that you may know the value of your immortal souls, and the excellency of Jesus Christ. Search the Scriptures with prayer for an understanding heart. Depend on Christ alone for salvation. 'Tis at your peril you neglect him. There is none other name by which you can be saved. But in him you will find plenteous redemption. Come, and welcome. He will not cast you out. He waits to be gracious.

And you, my dear young friends, what shall I say to you? My heart feels for you. The enemy of souls eyes you as his prey; disappoint his hope. Beware of the snares of the world, and particularly of an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Give up yourselves to the Lord by an early dedication, and you will find that his ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths peace. Your tears now at my departure show your affection for me. You have given many evidences of it. Give one more. 'Tis my parting request. Recollect the many exhortations I have given you. Remember your Creator in the

days of your youth. Seek him early, and you shall find him.

I can rejoice with those of you who know the Lord. You have begun well, but you must go forward and hold out to the end. Pray for an increase of grace. Let the Lord always be before you. Converse much with him, and keep up a holy, happy communion. Live in continual dependence on his mercy and power for every supply you need. Act for his honor and praise. Prefer this to all pleasure and interest of your own. Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God. Grow not indifferent in his service, but be zealous for every good word and work. And, as you would be happy in time or eternity, be ye holy in all manner of conversation and godliness, looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Herein I give my advice. Were these to be my last words, I know not what I could press upon you of greater importance. Let me prevail with you to have a proper regard to what has been said, and remember it has been given out of love to your best and eternal interest. 'Tis not because I seek myself, but your salvation, that I thus speak. I utter the dictates of affection. Let, then, the parting advice of one who sincerely loves you be received and followed. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord. Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel, that whether I come and see you, or else am absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast

in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. Finally, brethren, *farewell*. Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace, and the God of peace shall be with you."

LETTER VII.

MEETS WITH LADY MAXWELL:—SUPPLIES HOPE CHAPEL AT THE HOTWELLS:—ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. T. TUPPEN:—PREACHES DURING HIS ILLNESS:—OPENING OF ARGYLE CHAPEL, BUILT FOR MR. TUPPEN:—EXTRACTS FROM HIS SERMON ON THE OCCASION:—DYING CHAMBER OF MR. TUPPEN:—UNANIMOUS INVITATION OF MR. JAY TO THE PASTORATE:—ORDINATION SERVICE:—MR. JAY'S CONFESSION OF FAITH:—EXTRACT FROM MR. WINTER'S CHARGE TO THE PASTOR:—ADDRESS BY MR. JAY PREFIXED TO THE ORDINATION SERVICE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—After more than a year in the situation I have described, and where my improvement was not great (though it might have been greater with more prudence and diligence), I met with Lady Maxwell in Bristol, to whom now belonged Hope Chapel at the Hotwells. I hardly know how it was (for I did not feel entirely convinced of the propriety of the measure), but she prevailed upon me to supply this chapel, which had not been very long opened. My preaching always filled the place, and I hope good was done. I not only heard of various instances of conversion, but three of those who were awakened by my labors while there became preachers themselves, were ordained over congregations, and died in the faith of Christ.

Here I continued about twelve months, and here it

is probable I should still have continued (as I was pressed both by her ladyship and the people to become the stated minister) ; but a difference with the sub-governess, who managed, during her ladyship's absence in Scotland, the temporal concerns (and who had no objection to interfere with the spiritual), actuated me to resolve to withdraw. Perhaps there was mutual blame, as there generally is in such cases ; and therefore the apostle says, "forgiving one another," as if it were necessary for the pardon to pass from side to side. However this was, I certainly considered Mrs. C. an excellent woman, and I respect her memory, and am not ignorant how God blessed her endeavors with her children. But, with all my regard for the sex, and submission in domestic affairs, I do not plead for female ecclesiastical rule, whether supreme or subordinate.

The Lord determines the bounds of our habitations ; and the events that move us from one place to another are as much under the direction of his providence, as the fiery cloudy pillar which was the conductor of the Israelites in the wilderness. But on what apparently casual and slender causes do consequences the most interesting in our history often hinge ! At the very time of this difference came an invitation from the Independent Church at Bath, then destitute by the death of their very able and worthy pastor, Rev. Thomas Tuppen. This (as I was no stranger to the place and the people, having several times preached there during their pastor's indisposition) I soon accepted ; and so my residence was fixed in that far-famed city.

I know not whether it is common for persons not to seem to themselves at home till they are in the proper

places designed for them. I know it was thus with me. I never felt that I was where I *ought* to be, or was likely to remain, till I became, as a preacher, an inhabitant of Bath; but from that time I said, "This is my destination, whatever be its duties or trials;" and it was additionally satisfying to understand that this was the conviction of all my friends and brethren in the Gospel. This being the case, and as I have been there for more than fifty-three years,

"Preliminary to the last retreat,"

and as so much of my ministry is connected with it, it may be expected that I should notice what led to it.

Here, again, I am not going to insinuate anything supernatural, but several rather striking circumstances concurred to produce the result; and "whoso is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

During my first visit to Surrey Chapel, already mentioned, Mr. Tuppen happened to be in London, and frequently heard me there. After his return to Bath, he spoke of me with much kindness of manner to many of his people. Hence, when he was laid aside by sickness, the deacons applied to me (being then at Christian Malford) to supply for a season their lack of service. I complied; and considering what was to follow, my first text has been since frequently remarked: it was,—"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Mr. Tuppen after a short time revived, but soon relapsed again, and his illness was severe and long; yet some fond hopes were entertained

of his recovery, and this occasioned delay in the opening of Argyle Chapel, which, encouraged by the promised help of Lady Glenorchy, and excited by his growing success, he had been induced to build; for he naturally wished (and his hearers also) that he who had been the instrument to rear it, should open it himself. At length, however, it was deemed expedient to wait no longer for the dedication; I was therefore applied to for this purpose, and preached both parts of the day. The sermon, particularly suited for the occasion, was from the words, "The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—John, iv. 23, 24. This sermon was, by desire, published. (The service took place, Oct. 4, 1789.)

[The insertion here of two or three extracts from this sermon, will not be displeasing to the reader. It was the first of all his publications, and displays a maturity and correctness of judgment, as well as earnestness and simplicity of manner, truly admirable in a minister so young, being then little more than twenty years of age. How gratifying is the consideration that this early promise of excellence was so fully realized, and so long, in the very place, the opening of which so unexpectedly devolved upon him! Little did he conceive or imagine that that was the beginning of days to him,—that he was opening his own and his only chapel, and commencing a pastorate unusually long, happy, and useful!]

“ When that universal revival and spread of religion shall commence, by which the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas ; we may expect to come nearer to the worship of the inhabitants of the upper world, and more intimately partake of their joys. Before that eventful period, 'tis more than probable, many congregations of worshippers will successively occupy this house. Those who at present use it should be concerned to know that they are in the number of the *true* worshippers, lest they should be repulsed when most sanguine about their acceptance, and be denied admission into the company of those ‘ nations who are appointed to worship God before the throne.’ ”

* * * * *

“ You will soon change your place, but not your employment, only you will worship without weariness, imperfection, or end. If now you can turn to God and say, ‘ Lord thou knowest all things, I have loved the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth, your souls will not be gathered with sinners, nor your lives with bloody men.’ God will receive you to himself, advance you to his temple above, that where he is, there his children may be also. His gracious properties recorded in his word, are not only descriptive of what he has been to his people of old, but of what he is, and of what he will be to his children forever.”

* * * * *

“ God is not confined. He is no respecter of places or persons ; ‘ but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him. There is now neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian,

bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all. For in Christ, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.' It argues our exceeding ignorance when we should limit the Holy One of Israel to temples made with hands; and when our bigotry and attachment to any particular society lead us to exclaim, 'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we!' Nothing makes a people dear to God but their conformity to him; nor a place of worship sacred, but the Divine presence. In point of external sanctity, all places are equal to Him, who hath said, 'The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me,' &c., &c.—Isaiab, lxvi. 1, 2."

"O thou God of all grace, send out thy light and thy truth, that all may know thee, from the least even to the greatest! When the Jew shall be called in, with the fulness of the Gentiles, and when neither in this nor that place only shall men worship the Father, but all shall worship him in spirit and in truth.

"Let us bless God for revelation, and the extent of its discovery; for the predictions and promises yet to be accomplished; for the Gospel which sounds in our ears; for the ordinances upon which we attend; for every convenience for his worship; and that 'we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid.' He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord."

* * * * *

"This being the house of prayer, and the place where the attention of sinners is called to the living God, we have reason to bless the Providence by which it has

been raised; and the expression of our gratitude must be enlarged, when we reflect upon the blessing and success that has attended the ministry of our honored but afflicted friend; by whom a worshipping assembly has been collected, and for whose convenience this building has been erected. We by no means confine the Lord and his work to this house, or suppose the place has any holiness in it, any more than 'tis dedicated to God, and appropriated to his service. 'Tis not built in opposition to our fellow-christians of different persuasions, but to promote the common interest of Christianity. The population of this respectable city increases, and with it, blessed be God, 'the number of believers are multiplied.' Should this house be one of the nurseries of heaven, the end of its erection will be answered. We take it for granted, that the grace of God will prevent our fellow-christians from looking upon it with an envious eye, and lead them to pray for its prosperity; and that 'if Christ is preached, they rejoice and will rejoice.' To the lovers of Catholicism, and those who regard the honor that cometh from God, it must be pleasing to find here a house where the minister of Christ may deliver what he has received from the Lord, though he does not choose to appear under episcopal sanction. May the man of God, through whose instrumentality it was first begun, and whose eyes see it occupied, live long to sound his Redeemer's praise therein, and find the fruit of his labors in the conversion of sinners, and increase of grace to all that believe."

[Mr. Jay continues his letter thus:]

When Mr. Tuppen's recovery was quite despaired

of, the deacons of the church repaired to his dying chamber, and expressed a wish to have his advice and recommendation with regard to his successor, observing that though his opinion might not absolutely determine the choice of the people, it would tend much to influence, unite, and guide them. He only and instantly mentioned my name; and as this fell in with the conviction and wish, both of the members and the attendants, I was immediately invited to take the pastorate. I accepted the call, and was in due time ordained over them in the Lord. At this solemnity my venerated tutor prayed, (I think I hear that prayer now,) and gave me the charge, while the Rev. John Adams of Salisbury preached on the duties of the people. Some things usual on such occasions were waived, and the order of the service altered as well as curtailed. For this some of my brethren censured me; and for which I have, nearly ever since, censured myself. The alteration originated in nothing commendable,—I was for the moment improperly influenced by the friendship and talents of a man who was wanting in sobriety of mind, and often affected singularity. But it is better to gain distinction by regularly going in “the king’s highway,” than by tumbling on the road, or breaking through the hedge. I much approve of the usual method of ordination among our dissenters and their fathers before them. It is lawful, it is expedient, it is profitable, and falls in with the spirit and principles, and rule and mode of the New Testament. I have long been afraid of whims and vagaries, and new discoveries in religion; and have been content to go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and to walk in the good old way. I have felt increasingly

disposed to tolerate rather than innovate. I may not admire everything I find in my own party or denomination; but I would not divide from them for every trifling difference of opinion. I must not, indeed, sin in violating the convictions of my conscience; but in how many cases may the question and the admonition be safely applied, "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God." I am, &c.

[This is the proper place for introducing into the narrative some extracts from the very interesting service of Mr. Jay's ordination—particularly his address to his congregation, which is prefixed to the pamphlet—and his own statement of principles, technically called the Confession of Faith. As both these documents have an intimate connection with his autobiography, are not now to be obtained, and possess great intrinsic excellence, we have thought it desirable to preserve them entire, with a short extract from the charge by Mr. Winter.]

AN ADDRESS TO THE CONGREGATION, PREFIXED TO THE
ORDINATION SERVICE.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIENDS.—Though I was as forward as yourselves for the publication of the other parts of the service, I was averse to the publication of the several thoughts I delivered on the same occasion; nor should I have sent them abroad, had it not been for repeated solicitation, and for the sake of those important instructions which were not to make their appearance without them. My reluctance did not arise from an over-nice delicacy, or from a fear of the dis-

covery of my creed; but from a persuasion of its utility, my sentiments having been all along fully known, and the design of the work of the day equally answered without it. The intention of it was not to bring to light our proceedings—it was not to make a pastor or declare a person to be one—it was not to unite us or to ratify such a union—much less was it to invest with any new power, or authorize an administration of the ordinance. The simple design of it was to receive instruction, in order to impress us with a sense of our mutual duties, and to implore the God of all grace to bless us “with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.”

As I had taken no minutes of what I delivered, I feared I should be unable to recollect it so far as to give satisfaction; however, I may venture to say from several testimonies, that the address which you now see is the same which you lately heard. I did not absolutely determine to say anything on the occasion. I left it to the freedom of my mind, and finding inclination and liberty, I spake freely, regardless of the studied plan of confessional system.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God our Saviour is the great object of our attention as minister and people; this only am I allowed to preach, this only are you allowed to hear. If I mistake not, the substance is to be found in the following pages. Some, probably, will deem my creed deficient; such should remember that I have not here delivered all my sentiments, or everything relative to one of them. It is enough if I believe in my heart and confess with my mouth Jesus Christ and him crucified. The apostle determined to know nothing in comparison with it.

He began his ministry by delivering "first of all, that which he also received, how that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and was buried, and rose again according to the Scriptures." And it is more than probable he ended in a similar manner, saying, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He is "the author and finisher of our faith;" his obedience and sacrifice the alpha and omega of the Gospel. No other foundation can any man lay than that which is laid. "Now if any build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire." Blessed be God, many of you know and are assured that the fall of man, the redemption of Christ, the work of the Spirit, and many other things inseparable from them, far from being opinions, are facts—facts which may be opposed—facts which can never be overturned. Perhaps some of you are poor and illiterate, are not able to dispute their truth, or solve the objections with which they have been loaded,—but you are as satisfied of their reality as those who may possess a capacity competent to both. While others are controverting as a *notion*, whether you are disordered, and whether you are incapable of action, you do not hesitate for a moment; it is a fact you see, you feel, you groan beneath the sad effects of your deep-rooted malady. While others are controverting as a *notion*, whether there is such a thing as the sun in the firmament, and whether he benefits the earth, you entertain no doubt it is a fact; you see its light, you feel its heat, you rejoice in its pleasant influence. To drop metaphor. You are not captives to a blind be-

lief, nor is your faith the child of folly. You do not receive your religion without proof; for while others who are able may judge from outward, you judge from internal evidence;—while others who are able may determine from the conviction of the mind, you judge from the conviction of the heart.

If you “hold the head,” you will not be “carried about by strange doctrines.” While others are “ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth,” “as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so” you will continue to “walk in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.” A disposition for novelty in religious truth is the spring of error running through the flowery field of speculation into the gulf of apostasy. It is the mark of a bad palate when a man is forever seeking fresh food; and it is an indication of a corrupt mind to despise and neglect common truth. Happy in the possession of what others seek for in vain, you will be satisfied with the word of life which you have known, handled, and tasted. Content with this provision, you will feed and “grow thereby,” and be nourished up in the words of faith and sound doctrine. While others are strangers to a peace of understanding, their understanding being perpetually on the search, not knowing where to settle, you will come to a point, and be able to make an absolute, unhesitating conclusion. And while their mind “like a wave of the sea be driven to and fro and tossed” on the ocean of uncertainty, till dashed on the rocks of scepticism or infidelity; you will continue in the things which you have heard, knowing of whom you have learned them; and “your

hearts will be comforted, being knit together in love, unto all the riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, of the Father, and of Christ."

You will remember, that by the things which you have heard you are saved, "if ye keep in memory what has been preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain." They are the chief sources of comfort and the principal motives to duty. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It unbinds the captive soul from the chains of sin, and releases him from the bondage of misery. Other doctrines may bring a few persons on the cold legs of custom to a place of worship, and keep them from some enormous crimes; but they are not effectual "to turn a sinner from darkness to light, or the power of Satan to God;" nor can one instance be proved of any nation, society, or individual experiencing a moral change of nature where these truths have been renounced. Therefore, we do not plead for them as mere notions, but truths; we do not plead for them as mere truths, but as truths essential to our holiness and happiness. If people will show us other doctrines which will better answer the purpose of reforming the wicked, of purifying the heart, of supporting the mind under the sorrows of life, and of enabling the soul to rejoice in the dark valley of the shadow of death with joy unspeakable and full of glory, we will believe.

But you will observe, that no system of doctrine will serve in the stead of that grace by which the heart is to be renewed, and the life sanctified. Purity of sentiment followed with wicked practice is only "holding the truth in unrighteousness." Faith with-

out works is as the body without the spirit, "dead being alone." He that cherishes it is a "vain man." Would God we knew not where to find such a character! But alas! how numerous are the instances of professors discovering immoderate attachment to "the present evil world;" and instead of confessing themselves to be "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," seeking a naturalization into its prohibited customs and delusive honors! Hence so little savor of grace in their conversation—so little spirituality in their devotions—so little holiness in their lives! Be not conformed to them. "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things." Let your practice praise your creed, and your lives do honor to your heads. "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called, as heirs of the grace of eternal life; joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment, striving together for the faith of the gospel." In our present connection let us never forget our duty and privilege. "O house of Israel trust thou in the Lord, he is their help and their shield. O house of Aaron trust thou in the Lord, he is their help and their shield. The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us, he will bless the house of Israel, he will bless the house of Aaron. Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass." "O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our

hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

[Mr. Jay's confession of faith delivered at his ordination, January 30, 1791.]

A VIEW OF THE GOSPEL; OR, THE PRINCIPAL MATTER
OF AN EVANGELICAL MINISTRY.

"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also you have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I have preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."
—1 Cor. xv. 1.

The sacred business in which we are engaged is to commemorate, solemnize, and sanctify by prayer and instruction, the union which the minister and people of this church for a considerable time have formed.

Such an union should always be formed with a cautious regard to the Divine will, an affectionate concern for immortal souls, and a pleasing hope of being helpers of each other's joy. It is a work of the greatest importance because of its consequences, for it is not so much a natural as a spiritual connection; not so much designed for time as eternity; not so much to be approved, judged, or censured in the present state, as in the future day, when we must all, in our individual, relative, and public capacity, "give an account of ourselves unto God."

"To save us with a holy calling not according to our works, but according to his purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began," has been the one grand aim of Jehovah, adhered to in

every age, in every state of the present system, and universally pursued though all the course of nature and order of Providence. "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord." It is his own work. Nor does he detract from his glory as the Author by using instruments to accomplish it. He could have easily done without men, but he is pleased to act with them, and hence some of them are called saviours, the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, because under his Divine influence they communicate spiritual advantage. To make us love one another, which is a great design of religion, God has appointed us to be the means of communicating his blessings, and under the law made men priests, and under the gospel made ministers "having infirmity."

He has not commissioned any of the higher orders of intelligences, "thrones or dominions, principalities or powers," "the angels that excel in strength and do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word," but descending to earth he has sent forth the sons of men; "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "He gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the work of the ministry, for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of his body the church."

He will never fail in his instruments while he has any purpose to bring to pass. He may and he does produce changes in his church, removing one and another; yet he has always a reserve of instruments in his secret intention, and in the due time they are made manifest. He will never leave his work without wit-

nesses, or suffer those to perish for want of provision who "commit the keeping of their souls to him" "in well doing."

I hope, my beloved, that you have seen the truth of this remark in the several steps you have taken since your social connection, and that on the present occasion you are ready to utter the memory of his goodness, in the words of the restored Jews, "He hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Indeed it becomes me to speak with proper modesty on this subject. I am not going to intimate that the Lord has fully repaired your late and deplorable loss.* I am not about to flatter him who now addresses you by placing him on an equality with your dear departed pastor. No. As I am inferior to him in years, so I am inferior to him in grace. As I come behind him in succession of labor, so I come behind him in every natural endowment, in every acquired help, in every spiritual qualification, that can make the shining man, or adorn the illustrious minister.

I hope, therefore, none will consider the hint which I am going to drop as in the least tending to make you insensible of your affliction in the death of the great man who has fallen in this Israel. While creatures decay and die, "the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding." Immutably in his nature, unfrustrable in his designs, "his council shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure." The loss of no instrument, the loss of no set of instruments, shall render his purpose of none effect; "the thoughts of his heart endure to all generations." Separate from his bless-

* The Rev. Mr. Tuppen, Mr. Jay's predecessor.

ing no good can be done ; and, as all success depends on him, he can work with one as well as with another. " Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? So then neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one ; and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."

On this occasion I suppose it is expected that several things will be delivered relative to myself ; and believing that it is not only looked for but desired, I have no objection to it.

Fully satisfied that personal religion is necessary to perform every office in the church with propriety, I should not have entered on the ministerial work in general, or the pastoral charge in particular, without some satisfactory hope that God had called me by his grace, and revealed his Son in me. An early dedication to God made way for an early dedication to the work of the ministry. I cannot help tracing the hand of God in the whole of this affair. Born to no secular honor, possessed of no fortune, bred up in the shade of obscurity, I had not the least qualification for the work, or the least probability of being brought into it. But the Lord by providential circumstances opened the door, and I was placed under the care of my dear and honored tutor, Mr. Winter, the best friend I ever had ; to whose character I would bear my public testimony ; whose amiable temper, generous disposition, condescending carriage, unceasing friendship I could enlarge upon with pleasure were I not forbid by his presence ; properties which, having been displayed in

general, and in particular towards me, will ever render his memory dear, and apologize for my feelings on the present occasion.

By him I was gradually introduced to the ministry, and went out preaching from place to place as opportunity offered, refusing offers of settlement on account of my age, and satisfied that in due time the Lord would make plain the way, and open a door for stated labor. And I cannot help concluding that he has made plain the way to, and opened a door in, this place; our attachment has been mutual from the beginning, our affection has increased upon acquaintance, and I hope our love will flourish through time, and shine bright to all eternity.

As I have believed, so have I spoken. I have advanced no doctrine from the pulpit which I was not satisfied of in my mind; nor have I kept back from you anything that I conceived profitable for you to know. I never aimed to deliver my ideas to you in ambiguous terms. I never thought I had a tongue given me to cloak my creed and puzzle people. What I have embraced as true, I have without fear or shame openly avowed. Therefore you must fully know my doctrine already; however ready "always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear." "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I have preached unto you, which also you have received, and wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."

"He that cometh unto God must believe that he is." This is the foundation of all religion. If there be no

God, there is no divine law ; if there be no divine law, there is no difference between virtue and vice ; and if there be no difference between virtue and vice, morality can only be, considered in the highest light, a civil thing established by human authority.

Without an overruling providence we can have no confidence in the Supreme Being : if saints, we shall want the principal solace in adversity ; if sinners, we shall want the principal restraint in prosperity. If we pervert this necessary doctrine by denying a particular providence, we destroy a particular confidence, a particular source of comfort, a particular motive to duty, and give our actions only a general rule of reference.

As we "believe in God, we must believe also in Jesus Christ." Man stands related to God and his neighbor. The Divine law considers him in this light, and requires him to love the one with all his heart, and the other as himself. By considering his relation to God as his Creator and Preserver, he may discover how destitute he is of that love, reverence, gratitude, and obedience he owes to him as his Benefactor. By considering his relation to his neighbor, he may discover how destitute he is of that charity and justice which he owes to him as a brother. Thus he finds himself a transgressor, is led to acknowledge his desert, and is brought to perceive those doctrines by which the religion of Christianity is distinct from, and superior to, the religion of nature.

The religion of Christianity in whole and part, respects man as fallen ; by which I mean a blind, weak, guilty, miserable creature. Therefore the depravity of man is a very material article in an evangelical creed ; and it is an article no less necessary to be be-

lieved, than easy to be proved, demonstrated through every age, in every country, by every person. The corruption is universal—no part remains uninjured. It is the cause of all actual transgression. The evil practice of the life proceeds from the desperately wicked and deceitful heart; the tree being bad the fruit is bad; the spring being corrupt the streams are corrupt also. Our pride is the cause of all “the filthiness of the spirit,” and the dominion of sense of all “the filthiness of the flesh.” By the one we are alienated from God, by the other attached to the earth. From hence arises that impotency which the Scripture attributes to us, by which we are incapable of faith, repentance, and holiness. If we give up the doctrine of the fall, we preclude all possibility of recovery, like a disordered man who imagines he is well, and therefore refuses the medicine which would recover him from the sad effects of his malady. But, if we are truly convinced that we are sinners, and are unable to deliver ourselves, we shall be suitably disposed for “the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord.”

This knowledge relates to what he *is*, and represents him to us as “the true God and eternal life,” as made in “the form of a servant,” and “manifested in the flesh.” Hence his name is “Wonderful,” because, while he is the “Child-born,” and the “Son-given” he is also “the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.” He is divine, as well as human; and the same thing which proves him to be the one proves him to be the other; allowing the word of truth to be judge, I could as well deny that he was the man, as that he was God. To deny the deity of Christ is the same in revealed religion as to deny the being of a God in natural re-

ligion. It is the foundation ; remove it, and the superstructure falls ; the doctrines are unintelligible, the promises vain, the precepts weak in their motive, impertinent in their application, and inoperative in their influence. But that he is the "Lord God Almighty" is the belief of my mind, and the rejoicing of my heart. There is no name by which "the living and true God" differs from "false and dumb idols ;" there is no perfection by which the "God over all" is known from "the lords many, and the gods many ;" there is no act of worship by which the "Most High" is distinguished from "the powers which are" receiving ceremonious respect and civil adoration ; there is no work by which "the Creator" can be discriminated from "the creature," as to nature, providence, grace, or glory, that is not ascribed to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Gospel relates to what he *did*. It contains his history from the throne to the cross, and from the cross back to the throne. It represents him as undertaking to remove our sins, according to his address to his Father as he comes into the world, "Sacrifice and offerings thou hast not required ; then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God ;" "by the which will we are sanctified through the offering up of the body of Jesus Christ." It discovers him to us as "wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, delivered for our offences, and rising again for our justification." He has realized what the various victims under the law only typified. They made their appearance to show their inefficiency, and to convince "the comers thereunto" that they stood in need of a better sacrifice, because they could not take away sin. But he, by the once offering up of himself, has forever perfected them

that are sanctified, so that "there remains no other," and there needs no other "sacrifice;" by him all that believe "are justified freely from *all things*."

The doctrine of the Atonement, not in the reserved ambiguous way in which many use the term who deny the thing, but "Christ dying for our sins," in the proper sense of the expression, I consider as that which constitutes the good news, or glad tidings, which the word "Gospel" signifies. It is a great advantage, that by the Gospel we have so plain and perfect a system of duty; but it is a degradation of it to suppose it was only designed to republish the law of nature. The intent of the Gospel is indeed to recover us to true holiness; but for this purpose there was need of something more than a revelation of moral obligation, which is set forth by the apostle: "Our Saviour Jesus Christ gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." Restoration to the Divine favor was the first thing to be provided for, and would, of course, be the first concern of every man as soon as he found he was "guilty before God." To what purpose to lay before a convinced sinner a rule of duty without giving him a ground of hope? Discover to him pardon for past sins, and assistance for future obedience, and then such a rule would be seasonable; and this is the order in which the Gospel proceeds, as preached by the apostle: "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. Now then we are ambassadors for

Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

There is no other scheme of doctrine which deserves even the name of *Gospel*. Suppose the Gospel to be only a system of morality requiring that we should "be holy and without blame before him in love." Here is no good news for the sinner. He has no inclination or ability to be sanctified throughout body, soul, and spirit. Suppose the Gospel treats principally of the resurrection. Here is no good news for the sinner. He is not delighted with the idea of rising again—he would rather remain in the grave forever. Suppose the Gospel only brings "immortality to light." Here is no good news for the sinner. He is not pleased with the thought of eternal duration—he would rather cease his continuance. Suppose the Gospel only a promise of pardon and life, on condition of faith and repentance. Here is no good news for the sinner. It is bad news; his desire is only irritated to be disappointed—like a person engaging to give me an estate if I will fly to the moon. Or suppose the Gospel to be a revelation of absolute mercy as ready to pardon iniquity. Even here is no good news for the sinner, unless he can see a way in which it can come to him agreeable to the character which the Scripture has led him to entertain of God. "God is holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works." Whatever favors he confers as a benefactor, he must preserve his claims as a legislator. Therefore when I begin to be delighted with the glad tidings of mercy, saying,

Spare him, bless him! I am terrified again by the language of Justice, Cut him off, destroy him! It is evident the one, as well as the other, exists,—the one, as well as the other, has its claim. In this case, Mercy shows me the tree of life; Justice stands with flaming sword to guard it from approach. If we say that we should take the declaration of God, that he will *pardon* iniquity without any other consideration, and be satisfied of his doing it; why may we not say, that we should take the declaration that he will *punish* iniquity without any other consideration, and be satisfied of his doing it? Shall we make the Divine perfections anything or nothing, magnifying one and depreciating another? Is the Divine law to vary in its demand and fail in its execution? Shall we weaken its authority by dispensing with its penalty? We cannot do this; for if the penalty be founded in the fitness of things, and agreeable to the Divine perfections; (and unless it was so, God would never have appointed it,) it follows, that not only we but God himself cannot dispense with it any more than with the whole law. I think no man can rationally hope for pardon unless he can see a way in which God can do it *as God*, and be "*faithful* and *just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity." Such a scheme is the Gospel; it reveals a free, rich, righteous salvation through Jesus Christ, "set forth as a propitiation for sin, through faith in his blood." Hence it answers its name; it is good news, glad tidings. It would be easy to illustrate this view of the Gospel. If there was a man in debt, and I told him a surety had discharged him,—if there was a man perishing for want, and I told him of provision,—if there was a man des-

titute of clothing, and I told him of raiment,—or if there was a condemned man, and I told him of liberty and life; who does not see in each case that here would be good news? Sinner, “behold, I bring thee glad tidings of great joy.” Sinner, indebted to Divine justice having nothing to pay, behold “the Surety of a better covenant,” “the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.” Sinner, perishing with hunger, behold “the bread of life, whereof if a man eat he shall never die.” Naked soul, here is “fine raiment that thou mayest be clothed; that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear.” And thou, poor wretch, writing bitter things against thyself, condemned by the holy law, crying, Where shall I flee for refuge? “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

In order that the Gospel might be of advantage to us, faith is necessary. In whatever way the blessings of salvation are represented, faith is requisite to a proper enjoyment of them. One should imagine that benefits calculated to relieve our wants, and make us eternally happy, presented to us in the Gospel, would be eagerly embraced. But this is far from being the case. The pride of the human heart scorns to stoop, it hates obligation, it affects an independence. It will not submit to the righteousness which is of God; it would rather patch up a shelter than “fly for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before it in the Gospel.”

Therefore the operation of the Spirit is necessary. This is one of the principal glories of the evangelical dispensation; and it shall be my endeavor to show my hearers that their regeneration, advance in holiness, support under trouble, final perseverance, everlasting

triumph over all the cursed effects of sin, depend on the agency of the Holy Spirit. Revelation is no sooner admitted than reason confirms this truth. We allow that the miraculous operations of the Holy Spirit have ceased, because their necessity has ceased—but we affirm that his ordinary operations continue, because the necessity of them continues. Why was the Spirit given forth upon the followers of the Apostles? To sanctify them. Have we less need or more ability for sanctification than they had? It was given to “shed abroad the love of God in their hearts.” Have we more spiritual, more fervent affections? It was given to help their infirmities. Have we less weakness? It was given to bear witness with their spirits that they were the children of God. Have we no need of this testimony to assure our hearts before him? To deny the influences of the Spirit is to relax the energy of the Gospel, and turn the church into a valley of dry bones. To suppose an innate efficacy in the word to produce faith is to suppose an innate virtue in the sun to produce a plant. The seed must be there previously before the one or the other can bring forth fruit. To talk of the fitness of things, the beauty of virtue, the union of moral and natural good and evil, is good in its nature and true in its fact; and upon men who are truly wise and well-disposed may have influence; but this is not forcible enough to disentangle the heart which is already an enemy to reason, allied to vice, sunk in sensuality, enslaved by appetite and passion. To produce faith is solely the prerogative of God; we own, indeed, that the word is a mean in his hand, but deny that it possesses any power to do it independent of the Holy Ghost. The Gospel, therefore is called

“the ministration of the Spirit,” because his influence renders it efficacious, and continues to make it an instrument of operation to the end of the world.

Holiness is necessary to present peace and future glory. “Without it no man shall see the Lord;” and so far is the doctrine of the cross from opposing this truth, that Jesus Christ crucified is the principle and end of it. The man who believes in him believes in him for righteousness. While he disclaims merit he delights in gratitude; and it is his desire and endeavor to “walk before God in holiness and righteousness all the days of his life.” He is as much distinguished by his practice as by his creed—his works are evidential of his faith, and his faith is the spring of his works; for in order to all true holiness, pride and the dominion of sense must be destroyed. And what can destroy the one or the other? Nothing ever has, nothing ever will, nothing ever can, but faith in Christ crucified. Every other scheme of doctrine which has spread in the world has tended to promote one or the other. But the believer, from his union with the Saviour, experiences the gradual destruction of both, according to the words of the Apostle, “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.”

As it is the work of God, and he does nothing in time which he did not design to do from eternity, salvation is his own eternal purpose, and the effect of his gracious sovereignty; “according as he hath chosen us in him, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us

unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace." And as his purpose, and the promises which are the discovery of it, cannot be broken, "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger."

EXTRACT FROM THE CHARGE TO THE REV. WILLIAM JAY, BY THE REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.

If you can stand up in this pulpit, or elsewhere, and proclaim, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me, and which I now preach, is not after man, for I neither received it of any man, neither was I taught but by the revelation of Jesus Christ," you will disappoint many who are watching for your halting, and some too of those who, while they are praying the Lord of the harvest that he would thrust forth more laborers into the harvest, are waiting for a conviction that he has not commissioned you.

Let them turn in hither, and with little pains they may perceive that "a great door and effectual is opened unto you." It admits you into the work of God under the most promising circumstances. You are not wanting in abilities for it. You have zeal for God according to knowledge. You follow a predecessor who in all things showed himself a pattern of good works; in doctrine, none more evidently could show uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned. I add, you follow a man whose very reserve furnished something for imitation, whose re-

spect deepened and widened in the minds of his friends, as time extended the years of intimacy. That you may follow him as he followed Christ, and contribute, at least, to the advance of that work towards a glorious perfection which he was the instrument of beginning, is my fervent prayer, as to see its progress will be a matter of my praise to God. If you follow your predecessor, or imitate him in the different parts of administration, your whole performances will be attended with "an odor of a sweet smell." No part of your duty will be neglected. Like him, you will know when, and where, and how long to visit. The child and the man of hoary hairs will engage your attention; and whenever you go, "the word of Christ" will flow freely from you, as well as "dwell richly in you." By all means have the eye of your mind fixed upon children and young people. Labor in an especial manner to do them good. Perhaps you will not find it practicable to carry on a continued discourse, but always have a few weighty sentences to direct to them seasonably dropped. In an especial manner I charge you, take care of one* whom my affection would prompt me to mention by name; have a son by adoption before one is born to you, and watch for his soul as one that must give an account.

Young people are quick in apprehension, and attentive in observing what is adopted in conversation before them. Remember this when you sit in company with your friends, and however cheerful you may be in the tenor of conversation, leave no room for them to make a reflection to this effect—that the liberties you take in descanting upon characters are un-

* The late Mr. Tuppen's son.

becoming the servant of Jesus Christ, and that the levity of the social intercourse is incompatible with the gravity the minister should support. Be cautious of becoming the retailer of idle or evil reports, even when justly grounded and deserving of credit; leave that unforbidden business, and show your friends that such a current is too filthy for the purity of your mind. You cannot with becoming confidence inculcate "Speak evil of no man," unless you are careful to avoid being a partaker of the same sin. The minister had better sit in awkward silence, or abruptly depart from the company, than keep up the spirit of conversation in this way. This hint may be taken as characteristic of that prudence and discretion which I would largely recommend and enforce in relation to the whole of your deportment towards this society, the neighboring churches, towards mankind at large. Indeed, my dear friend, you will want it as the guide of your youth, and the companion of your life. As the wisdom that is from above entereth into thine heart, and the knowledge of the will of God is pleasant unto thy soul, "discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee;" and if life is continued to that long period to which my wishes extend, it will then admit of a review, which, as often as it is taken, will excite thanksgiving to God.

LETTER VIII.

HIS RESIDENCE AT BATH :—PREDILECTIONS FOR :—CIRCUMSTANCES
OF THE CONGREGATION :—HARMONY :—ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You have seen me inducted into my new, and which has proved my permanent, and is likely to prove my final ecclesiastical connection. Though the charm of novelty soon wore off, the congregation still increased. The place has three times been enlarged, yet in its present extent it is too small to meet applications for pews and sittings. During the lengthened period of my pastoral relation how many have I admitted into the church who have adorned their profession! How many have I also attended to the house appointed for all living! How much precious dust is reposing in my burying-ground! “The fathers, where are they?” and our brethren too? yea, and the sons, “as plants grown up in their youth”? and the daughters, “as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace”? where are all these? I, too, can “go to the grave to weep there—I also.”

My soul desireth the first ripe fruit; yet we have no reason to despond, but much cause to be thankful. Instead of the fathers are the children. As many in the ranks have fallen, others have been baptized for the dead. The house is filled with inhabitants. The

table is furnished with guests. Peace is within the walls, and prosperity within the palace.

It is worthy of grateful acknowledgment, especially considering the restless and disorganizing times in which we have lived, and the discords and divisions in so many churches, that the harmony of this religious interest has never been broken. Yet there have been considerable differences of judgment with regard to some measures, and of opinion with regard to some subjects; and we have not only had mixed communion, but have extended full membership and even office-bearing to our Baptist friends. Yet there has been no jar. "The dipped and the sprinkled *have* dwelt in peace." Bigotry on any side is not to be conquered by bigotry on the other, but by an opposite disposition. This continued state of things is very honorable to the members and deacons of the church, and shows that *their* religion has reached the temper as well as the understanding, and inspired them with the meekness of wisdom to pursue "things by which one may edify another." Should it, in any degree, serve to commend the pastor, it may perhaps, under God, be ascribed to his preferring influence to authority, and resolving to take no part in any party difference whatever.

You know I always loved peace as well as truth, and liberality, and order. I hardly think I could have taken the charge of any church that *indispensably* required a candidate for communion to deliver before them an oral account of his conversion and experience; or to send in a written one. This mode of admission keeps back many who ought to be encouraged to come forward. Such are many females; such are

the weak and timid in spirit; and such also are those whose religion has been so gradual as to yield none of those striking circumstances which a narrative loves and seeks after. And how often is this the case! so that the convert can hardly describe anything but the result; like a man with a plant, who sees indeed the growth, while the growing escapes him. With us, the minister, or one of the officers, or one of the members, converses alone with the individual, and reports the nature and ground of his satisfaction at the church-meeting, when the matter is left for a month, during which inquiries are made after his moral character and deportment; at the end of which, if no objection is advanced, he is admitted. We are not qualified to judge the heart. We are to be influenced by favorable appearances, and should always lean to the side of charity rather than of suspicion. Some may think this rather dangerous, and affect to be alarmed for the purity of the church; but we have had from the beginning few, very few instances of excommunication or suspension compared with the exactors of more rigid church discipline. The truth is, *their* requisition never keeps back any improper person who wishes and is resolved to enter. The condition is a cheap passport which he can easily procure, so many conversions and experiences being published and sold.*

A little before my ordination an event took place the most interesting to my happiness, character and usefulness. I was united to one of the best of women. This was Anne, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Davies, a pious and evangelical clergyman of

* This subject is noticed again in Letter XIX., where we have added a note.

the Establishment, first rector of Bengeworth, Worcestershire, and afterwards of Coy Church. My acquaintance with her commenced at my first visit to London. Mr. Winter being acquainted with her excellent father, and knowing that he then resided near Surrey Chapel, wrote a letter to introduce me to him, and to beg that he would kindly notice me, and give me any hints of improvement he might deem necessary. I soon called and delivered it. It was then for the first time I saw Miss Davies. During the eight weeks I was preaching at Surrey Chapel, I was often invited to the house, and you will not wonder if sometimes I contrived to call without an invitation, for I felt a pleasing and powerful attraction. Yet I was able to act under the impression with some prudence. I concealed my affection as much as possible, till I had more fully observed, and found that observation justified and increased attachment. Yet I returned into the country, and paid another visit to Surrey Chapel before I ventured to make any direct advances. I had some reason to hope that my regard would not be contemned by the young lady herself. But there were *parental* difficulties to be overcome, which I can much more easily appreciate and excuse now than I could then. I had no patrimony; as yet I had nothing like an official provision, or even proper settlement. I was indeed much followed as a preacher, but it was justly said that popularity was very dangerous and corrupting; that many had fallen by it; that I was very young, and my character unformed, and as yet untried. Waiting, of course, was therefore recommended; and, as an absolute refusal was not given, the counsel was more easily followed.

My intended must have deemed me rather an awkward lover, and not a very satisfactory correspondent, for I always disliked letter-writing, and I had little leisure for courting by post. A part of what some of her sex would have deemed wanting with me, was, I can truly say, the effect of design and principle. I always felt for women who are flattered to adoration before marriage, and obliged to put up with at least comparative neglect and indifference afterwards; and I resolved to raise no expectations which I could not hope to realize, and not suffer the husband to belie and disgrace the suitor.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

HIS MARRIAGE :—HIS CHILDREN :—DEATH OF HIS SON WILLIAM :—
AND OF HIS DAUGHTER STATIRA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It is one of the peculiar circumstances which, without any contrivance and purpose of my own, have attended me through life, that, after another year of faith and patience (neither of these graces being very perfect), and just as I was going to settle in Bath, Mr. Davies having a dispensation for non-residence at his living, accepted the curacy of Batheaston, a pleasant village, only two miles from Bath. Nothing could have been more gratifying to the feelings, and more friendly to the intercourse of the young party, than this wholly unexpected approximation of residences. Things being now more favorable, Mr. Davies soon gave his consent; and some time after I went to London, where the elect was on a visit to her most intimate friend, Mrs. Rowland Hill. We were married at St. Peter's, Cornhill (January 6, 1791), Mr. Hill performing the service. In returning to Bath we paid our first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Winter at Painswick.

How much has resulted from this auspicious connection for which I can never sufficiently praise the providence of my God and Father! How far I have

succeeded it does not become me to attempt to determine; but of this I am conscious, that I was always desirous and anxious to be a good husband; nothing in my estimation and remarkings ever being able to atone for the want of consistency and excellency here, especially in a *minister*. But I must have been one of the basest of men had I not always endeavored to act worthily towards the wife of *my* youth, to whom I am under so many obligations. It was she (for we always judge of the whole by parts, and chiefly by those parts with which we are most acquainted), it was she who contributed so much to give me that exalted idea of the female character which I have always entertained and expressed. She excluded perfectly the entrance of every notion and feeling of submission or authority, so that we had no rights to adjust, or duties to regulate. She possessed every requisite that could render her a helpmate. Her special qualities were admirably suited to my defects. She had an extemporaneous readiness which never failed her, and an intuitive decisiveness which seemed to require no deliberation. Her domestic virtues rendered my house a complete home, the abode of neatness, order, punctuality, peace, cheerfulness, comfort, and attraction. She calmed my brow when ruffled by disappointment or vexation; she encouraged me when depressed; she kept off a thousand cares, and left me free to attend to the voice of my calling. She reminded me of my engagements when I was forgetful, and stimulated me when I was remiss, and always gently enforced the *present* obligation, as "the duty of every day required."

I mention this the more not only to express my own gratitude, but that my church and the public, if

they have derived any little advantage from my labors, may see how much of it they owe to this wise and good woman. She now stood in the additional relation of a mother, and in process of time furnished me with a most lovely family of six children, three of each sex, who "rose up and called her blessed."

My first-born was a daughter, and named Anne, after her mother. She seemed one of those who are sanctified from the womb; and, instead of being averse to any of the duties required of her in her training, she appeared naturally and without admonition to fall in with them. She never gave us pain but by her own pain. When she was only seven years old, and we went abroad for a few days, not waiting for any intimation from us, the little creature read a chapter and a prayer every morning and evening with the servant and the nursemaid. At the age of sixteen she impressed a young American who was travelling through England, and, bringing letters of introduction, abode for a short time at our house. To him she was early married, and brought him a family of no less than thirteen children. They are all yet spared;* they are all walking in the truth, adorning their profession, blessing their generation, and showing what education, by the grace of God, may accomplish. After some years Mr. Bolton returned to the United States with the whole of his family. This separation,

* Abby Wolsey, the fifth daughter, has since been gathered to her rest, at the age of 21; a memoir, written by her sister, was published, entitled the "Lighted Valley," (published by R. Carter & Brothers, New York,) to which her grandfather added a preface, the last production of his pen which, we believe, has been given to the public.

which could not be viewed but as probably a final parting as to this world, was one of the greatest trials of my life. Yet there were things which prevented my opposing it, and made it appear to be the path of duty. The dispensation has already had issues which serve in a great measure to explain it, while it seems also pregnant with future consequences of much importance. The marriage itself was strange and marvellous. What probability was there that a young gentleman from another quarter of the globe, first passing through Bath, and casually seeing her, should have been united in marriage to my daughter?

One thing struck me much in this affair from its beginning. It was my learning that he who asked to become my son-in-law was himself the grandson of the pious and worthy Mr. Bolton, merchant of Savannah, mentioned with so much respect by Mr. Winter in one of his letters to me, to be seen in my life of him; for when this man of God was not only neglected but despised, *because* he had gone to America purposely to teach and Christianize the poor negroes, Mr. Bolton received and encouraged him, and accommodated him with a room in which he could instruct his sable charge free of expense.

After awhile my son-in-law joined the Episcopal Church, and is now the rector of St. Paul's, East Chester, New York, where his labors are crowned with much acceptance and success.*

* Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, with part of their family, returned to England some years before Mr. Jay's death, and had the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last days. Mr. Bolton is now minister of the chapel built by the late Lord Ducie on his estate in Gloucestershire. Two of his sons are ministers in the Episcopal

My second child was a son, named after myself. From the turn of his mind, when he had fulfilled his schooling, he was apprenticed to an architect and surveyor in London, where, after his time had expired, he continued for awhile, and then went to Savannah in Georgia. There he was employed for a few years; when, leaving many proofs of his professional ability behind him, he returned to England. After several attempts to succeed at home, he went out, by the appointment of Lord Glenelg, on government service, to the Mauritius. There his taste and talents met with full encouragement, and his prospects were very promising; but he was cut off by a premature death. A little before his own dissolution he had buried a most pious and interesting child, whose remains lie in the same grave with those of Mrs. Newell, the wife of the American missionary. An account of him has been published and widely circulated, called "Little Willy," drawn up by his mother, to which I prefixed a preface. Many, as well as myself, can testify that what is said of him is not maternal lavishment, but truth. My son had married a very estimable wife, Miss Louisa Coulston of Henley, by whom he had two other children besides "Little Willy." These were left to be the care and comfort of the widowed mother, now keeping a school in her native place. My son, besides professional talent and cleverness, had a large share of wit and humor, qualities always dangerous and commonly injurious to the possessor. So it was,

Church of England, and one in the American; viz., Rev. William Jay Bolton, curate of Christ Church, Cambridge; Rev. James Bolton, minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Kilburn; Rev. Cornelius Winter Bolton, assistant minister of Christ Church, Baltimore.

alas! here. His comic powers drew him into company not the most friendly to youthful improvement. He was led into expense by his admirers and flatterers, and for awhile left the path in which he had been taught to go. But the principles which had been early sown revived, especially under the teachings of affliction, and the conjugal influence of gentle, wise, and consistent piety. He sought the Lord God of his fathers, walked soberly, righteously, and godly, and finished his course in peace. And I record it to excite my gratitude and praise, and to encourage others who may be tried for a time in the same way. It has been delightful to my sorrowing spirit to read the testimonies concerning him which I received from two ministers, the one a missionary of the London Society, the other of the Church of England Missionary Society; as also from Mr. Alexander, the Keeper of the King's Stores.

My third-born was a daughter, whom we called Arabella, after a step-mother of Mrs. Jay's, of uncommon piety, whose letters to her children were published, and of whose character an account is found among Gibbon's "Pious Women." She was early married to Garfit Ashton, Esq., a solicitor at Cambridge, and now also Clerk of the Peace. She has no family, but has been the most devoted of children, and has so attached herself to the comfort of her afflicted mother, as to entitle her to every endearment of my heart.*

* Mrs. Ashton was suddenly removed by death shortly after the funeral of her beloved father. The particulars of this mournful event will be given in the Supplement to the Autobiography, in connection with the account there inserted of the interment and funeral service of Mr. Jay.

My fourth-born was named Cyrus. As I always admired the Friends, and they seemed exemplary in training their youth to habitudes of order, and self-control, and disregard of ridicule and reproach, I was induced to place him for a considerable time at one of their schools. But I was not entirely satisfied with the result. The want of more *express* evangelical instruction, and the comparative deficiency of *instrumental* religion, were a disadvantage which I found it was not so easy to remedy. He fixed in London as an attorney, and married a daughter of my inestimable friend, the pious and benevolent Robert Spear, Esq., of Manchester. My fifth child was named Edward, after his maternal grandfather. When quite a child he had nearly perished. His nursemaid had, by reading herself asleep, set fire to the curtains. I had just time to snatch him from a flaming bed, which was nearly all consumed, with other furniture in the room. He was at first educated for the ministry, and preached for some time with much approbation. But a timorousness and even dread with regard to his appearing and officiating in public, instead of decreasing by use, so grew upon him, and so threatened and even affected his health, that I was constrained to acquiesce in his importunity to leave the pulpit and enter secular life.

The last of my family was a daughter, named Statira, after an eminent female of Grecian extraction, to whom my preaching had been useful in drawing her from the world into the way everlasting. She was not endowed with those personal attractions which some children possess, yet was pleasing to the eye of parental affection. She was a child of a very lovely and obliging temper, and apt at learning. She was also

truly pious, and like her two sisters, had early come to the table of the Lord. But at the age of nineteen I was summoned to resign her. She had been always free from ailments. I left her in perfect health, to go and preach at the opening of a new chapel at Tavistock in Devonshire; but I had not proceeded further than Totness before a messenger overtook me with foreboding intelligence. I hastened back in anxious, trembling suspense, and reached home only just in time to see her dying of typhus fever. She was incapable of knowing the father around whose neck she had so often clung. I turned away, and was led by her mother into the solitude of my study. We kneeled down hand in hand to pray; but not a word was uttered. At such a season, how poor is speech; and how surprising is it that persons should employ it, and not yield to the devotion of silence and tears!

This was the first time death had entered our indulged dwelling. Till now I knew not what it was truly to be a parent. My heart was desolate within me; and there was danger that weeping would hinder sowing. As my ministry had always been very much of a consolatory kind, I began to dread the application of the address of Eliphaz to Job, "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art weary." What in a measure prevented this?

"Oh, woman! . . .
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

As being not only her husband, but her pastor, I ought to have solaced and supported my wife under the loss, but she solaced and supported me.

One thing I peculiarly remember as arising from our affliction. Though I was not wanting in love to my wife before, yet now I felt her the more singularly endeared. No thought of her seemed so sacred and tender as that of the mother of my beloved and glorified daughter; and so I commonly addressed her in my letters.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

MRS. JAY'S ILLNESS :—HIS PRIVATION BY IT :—STATE OF HIS OWN HEALTH :—ALARMING SYMPTOMS :—MR. WILBERFORCE'S ADVICE :—INTRODUCES HIM TO DR. BAILLIE :—SUCCESS OF HIS TREATMENT :—REFLECTIONS :—EARLY RISING :—ABSTINENOE :—PATRONAGE OF TEETOTALISM.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I return to the notice of one connected so intimately, so importantly, and so influentially, with my character and history ; and so interesting to yourselves also. But now, alas, the narrative becomes as painful as it was pleasing before.

Though in her early youth, and before I had the privilege of knowing her, your mother had been twice supposed to be in a decline, for about thirty years after our marriage she enjoyed continual good health. Her first complaint was a degree of oppression in breathing, affecting her at first occasionally, but rather growing upon the whole, and at length frequently returning with painful violence. From some symptoms attending the suffering, (though I might have mistaken them, and was afraid to inquire,) I feared there was water on the chest. But this apprehension was proved to be groundless, and her complaint was removed by a sudden painful seizure. My dear and invaluable friend, Dr. Bowie, was instantly sent for, and did everything

that skill and unrelaxing attention could accomplish. Mr. Wilson Brown, also, an eminent surgeon, was peculiarly kind and attentive.

About a year after her first attack she had a second, though not attended with any paralysis. She was then at Clifton with a dear friend, and her devoted servant, while I had gone to London for a few days on preaching business—not only with her full consent, but even recommendation. The seizure was violent, and left her for two hours and a half insensible; but professional assistance was close at hand. She was profusely depleted, and again revived. I hastened back, and again embraced her as one a second time given me from the dead.

Years have elapsed since this last attack without anything like a return; but I have always been constrained to rejoice with trembling. I have also long ceased to hope for any further improvement, especially as age was gaining upon her. Yet much mercy has been mingled in my great trial; and I ought to have been, and I trust I have been, thankful for alleviations.

I know not whether the case is peculiar, in the reality or the degree, but I state the matter accurately; and I have been too long accustomed to the effect to be mistaken. As deviations and exceptions, instead of disproving a rule, sometimes only render it the more observable, in the case before us, owing to the frequency of the result, one might have been led to suppose that there was some kind of physical law in the operation where there was a contrariety, whether in nature or custom; her manner was nearly invariable. Thus she spoke of a drop of bread and a bit of

water ; she called the black white, and the white black ; the cold heat, and the heat cold ; preaching was hearing, and hearing was preaching ; in the morning she wished you good evening, and in the evening good morning. Besides these *obvious* contrarieties, how many instances were there in the course of the day or hour in which the opposite did not strike you, till you reflected or examined, and then you perceived them. She is in a considerable measure apprehensive of this, and feels the greatness of the trial ; and often complains, that though she knows everything she cannot command the right words. To relieve her embarrassment, at her own desire, she has ingeniously had written for her the names of a number of persons and things of which she is likely to speak ; and often, after a pause or effort, she takes out the little book, which she always carries about with her. Till of late, her attempts to be again able to read, especially the Scriptures, have been great and incessant, and when she could succeed with a verse, she was much pleased with the achievement, and would often repeat it ; while she was always craving for some one to read to her in the word of God, or books of experience and devotion.

Thus when the companion, so delightful and edifying by her discourse, was almost entirely removed,—the friend, the helper, the comforter was, in a considerable degree, yet graciously continued. And now that she has become, in the course of nature, more infirm and dependent, she is indescribably interesting. I cannot for a moment forget what she has been, and what she has done ; or be insensible of my obligations to her. She needs and she occupies much of my attention, but attention endears her the more. My affec-

tion has now infused into it an unselfish tenderness, and I have learned by experience that the happiness of love results principally from its disinterestedness. And we know who has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Health is an unspeakable blessing, not only on the score of enjoyment, but of usefulness. Job called the season of his sickness "months of vanity," during which, as nothing was enjoyed, so nothing was pursued or accomplished. While disease deprives us of our liberty, and weakens our strength in the way, the hands of the workman are no longer sufficient for him—the eyes of the handmaiden no longer look to her mistress—the mother leaves her infant charge to less tender care—and the preacher, whose lips fed many, ceases to deal forth the bread of life. Paul, therefore, not only instructs his son Timothy as an apostle, but prescribes for him as a physician: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." Next to our spiritual welfare is the good estate of the body; therefore John says of Gaius, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." A word, therefore, concerning the degree, the interruption, the recovery, and the preservation of my health, may not be improper or useless.

I had never a very strong constitution, or, at least, a remarkable freedom from slight indispositions. For a great length of time I had almost incessant headaches, which rendered my preaching difficult, and my studies painful. Many will remember the several seizures in my head with which I was visited, and which more than once befell me in the pulpit. They were

very sudden. They momentarily confused my sight, and nearly deprived me of all consciousness. The faculty who then attended me viewed these attacks as serious and perilous; and I was bled, and cupped, and reduced in strength and size, till I seemed a shadow hastening to the grave. This I could not have borne much longer. In this state, Mr. Wilberforce, being in Bath, called upon me, and urged me to see Dr. Baillie, whom he extolled as his friend and physician. He expressed the greatest confidence in his judgment, and offered to write me a letter of introduction. I gratefully accepted his kindness, and repaired to town. The doctor favorably received me; paid (in consequence of the recommendation) a good deal of attention to my case; and, to the kind and seasonable advice of the negro's friend, I am fully persuaded I owe, under God, the prolongation of my life and labors. And I cannot but here remark two things—*First*, "A word fitly spoken, how good is it!" and what important consequences may arise from a single instruction or admonition! *Secondly*, We see the propriety of sometimes varying medical authority. No man is infallible. What does not strike one may strike another. When a physician is called in, he may immediately form and express his opinion of the case, and then go on looking, not for what corrects but what confirms his conviction, till every doubt or suspicion of the possibility of mistake is lulled to sleep.

I should have mentioned before, that at rather an early period of my ministry I suffered very considerably from a nervous malady, and which threatened for the time to lay me aside from my work. This was of *my own procuring*, in neglecting for a season early

rising, and proper air and exercise, and confining myself to long sedentary reading and writing. From a firm conviction of my own, I threw off, by degrees, but not without difficulty, this affecting and deplorable complaint, to return no more. Yet, as every kind of experience is useful to a minister, the suffering has been overruled for good, as it has enabled me to sympathize, where otherwise, perhaps, I should have felt nothing; to warn and admonish any of my brethren likely to err in the same way; and to regulate my own applications, and to blend action with thought; and to do much of the work of the study in the open air. In vain we talk of the value of health, or expect to enjoy the blessing, unless we use the rational means for preserving it. These means will not deliver us from the sentence of mortality, but they may lengthen our days, and render them more tolerable, delightful, and profitable. With few exceptions, I have always practiced early rising, being seldom in bed, summer or winter, after five o'clock; and this has been with me, not as with some, who say they rise because they cannot sleep, for it has been always an act of self-denial, for I could enjoy more, but I felt a conviction that it was morally right, as it redeemed time and aided duty; and also it was physically right, as it was wholesome and healthful. For how does it refresh and invigorate the body, revive the animal spirits, and exhilarate and elevate the mind! Yet how many are there, and even ministers, and young ministers, not too much qualified for their work, who can sacrifice all this advantage to the lazy, low, debilitating, disreputable influences of a late indulgence in bed.

In looking back upon the years I have passed

through, for nothing am I more thankful than the cautions I was led to exercise with regard to *drinking*.* I knew the danger of increase with regard to spirituous liquors; I knew what temptations a young minister of some considerable popularity is exposed to in his frequent dinings-out, especially in great towns and cities, and at the table of professors who vie with each other in extravagance; for the faithful do not always add to their faith "temperance." As far as it was in my power, by word and deed, I always discounte-

* In the year 1839, Mr. Jay was solicited to attend a Festival of the Teetotal Society in Bath, but as this was not convenient, he conveyed his sentiments to the meeting in the following letter, which was afterwards published extensively both in this country and in America:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Circumstances will prevent my accepting your invitation to attend the Teetotal Christmas Festival on Friday evening. I am thankful that all through life I have been a very temperate man, and for more than twenty-five years, *generally*, a Teetotaller, but for the last six years I have been one constantly and entirely. To this (now I am past 70) I ascribe, under God, the glow of health, evenness of spirits, freshness of feeling, ease of application, and comparative inexhaustion by public labors, I now enjoy.

"The subject of Teetotalism I have examined physically, morally, and christianly, and after all my reading, reflection, observation, and experience, I have reached a very firm and powerful conviction. *I believe that next to the glorious Gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating liquors.*

"As every man has some influence, and as we ought to employ usefully all our talents, and as I have been for near half a century endeavoring in this city to serve my generation, by the will of God, I have no objection to your using this testimony in any way you please. I am willing that both as a *Pledger* and a *Subscriber* you should put down the name of,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"Percy Place, Bath, 24th December.

"W. JAY."

nanced such needless and improper “feastings of themselves without fear.” I commonly used water, *principally*, and, for years back, *only*; and I am fully persuaded that it has befriended my digestion, preserved the evenness of my spirits, and added to my comfort, especially in my feeling cool and fresh in the relaxation and lassitude of warm weather, while others were deservedly panting, and burdens to themselves. My natural wants were so many, that I never thought of adding to them the cravings of fictitious appetites equally importunate. I had, therefore, no trouble or expense from the wretched habits of snuff-taking or smoking. I have often found perspiration produced by a brisk walk or working in the garden, or cleaving of wood, the means of relieving me from many a slight ailment, especially headaches. To which I may add that I have often also derived benefit of this kind from preaching; but then it has been, not by dry discussions, or labored recollections, or stale repetitions, but by animating subjects, producing a lively frame, and fine glowing emotions; then I have often come from the engagement with renewed strength, and “anointed as with fresh oil.” Perhaps the thing can be physically accounted for; if not, I have experienced the effect too often to question the truth of it. I ought to bless God, not only that my life has been continued so long after some menacing appearances, but that I have been laid by so few Sabbaths upon the whole, and can now perform my usual and occasional services with as much vigor and pleasure as ever.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

HIS AUTHORSHIP :—FIRST VOLUME OF SERMONS :—MONTHLY REVIEW :—SUCCEEDING PUBLICATIONS :—HYMNS, ETC.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—My authorship is too important an article in my little history to be overlooked. I had early, too early, published several single sermons; but they neither excited nor deserved much notice. I have not, therefore, perpetuated them in the list of my works. But having delivered a discourse on “The Mutual Duties of Husbands and Wives,” at the nuptials of a gentleman who married his lady immediately from my house, I was importuned to publish it. It rapidly went through six large editions, and was not a little commended in several of the periodicals of the day, and by Mr. Hall from the pulpit. This encouraged me soon after to venture before the public a volume of sermons on various subjects. This also was favorably received, and was spoken well of even by the “Monthly Review,” then a work of much authority.* Not long after this I published a second volume, with similar acceptance and success. I should, perhaps, *now* deem some of these sermons not sufficiently evangelical; but

* An extract from this Review will be found in our notice of Mr. Jay's Authorship

I then expected them to be read principally by those who were already acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel, and *some* of whom were more familiar with doctrinal than practical theology. It was also at the same time my intention to add a third volume, containing subjects of a more doctrinal character.

I next published, in succession, four volumes of "Short Discourses for the Use of Families." These, too, were kindly received, and went through repeated editions, and procured for me a diploma of D. D.,—a dignity I never used, except once in travelling, when I left a case of manuscripts at a large inn, the better to insure attention to the recovery; and it answered my purpose. Who, then, can deny the usefulness of such honors? I also sent forth two works of a biographical kind: "The Life of Rev. Cornelius Winter," and "Memoirs of Rev. John Clarke." The first of these sold well; the sale of the second was slow and limited; yet it occasioned me more pains than any other of my publications; and in America they have published extensively my remarks and observations, *detached* from the narrative itself, furnished by the Diary of the deceased.

I also published two volumes of "Morning Exercises for the Closet," which soon reached a tenth edition; and, three years after, I yielded to importunity, and produced two more volumes of similar exercises for the "Evening." I cannot but hope, from the wide circulation of these "Exercises," and the testimonies I have received from so many quarters, that they have been owned of God, and will continue to be useful after my decease.

Between the Morning and Evening Exercises, I

preached and published a work, called "The Christian Contemplated," in twelve lectures. To these I afterwards, by desire, and as a kind of application of the whole, added another lecture, from the words, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." This work also sold rapidly, and has now reached the eighth edition.

But the work which has had the largest sale, next to the Morning and Evening Exercises, and is still in demand, is, "The Domestic Minister's Assistant." It consists of morning and evening prayers for six weeks, with additional ones for particular seasons and occasions. Some of my brethren were rather disposed to be displeased with this publication, and accused me of aiding what they called the cause of formality; but I bless God that I ever was led to undertake it. I only herein followed the example of some very eminent ministers of our own body, such as Baxter, Henry, and Watts, &c. And are we not commanded, "as we have opportunity, to do good unto all men"? Is there no difference between preference and exclusiveness? Is the assistance of the weak any injury to the strong? There are persons who pray spiritually with a form; and there are persons that pray very formally without a form.

The smaller publications were, "An Essay on Marriage," "A Charge to a Minister's Wife," "A Preface to Mrs. Savage's Memoirs," some Funeral Orations, with a large number of single Sermons, preached on particular occasions. I also published an Appendix of Hymns, but the contents are principally selections from other authors; and I am only answerable for about twenty new composures, and some introductory

remarks on psalmody. I have not mentioned all the publications in the order of time in which they appeared; but this could easily be ascertained by their dates, were it of any importance.

There has been no complete edition of these works in England till that which is now forthcoming; but a very handsome one was published some years ago at Baltimore, in America; and there have been several since; for *there* God has much smiled upon my labors.

Many of my publications, especially the principal ones, were begun, or completed, or much advanced, when I was taking an annual excursion by the sea-side, and had a little more leisure than necessary relaxation and occasional preaching at those seasons required. I have given some account of this in the preface to the last volume of the Morning and Evening Exercises.

I have not been able to do justice to any of these works, or even to the degree of my comparative ability, for want of more time and abstraction, in composing and revising, than could be obtained from a large congregation, four services a week at home, and numerous calls to preach on special occasions abroad. I have rarely been at liberty to transcribe, and have frequently written from short and imperfect notes, to supply the immediate demand of the printer. I do not mention this to boast anything like great readiness in composition, or to justify haste where it could be avoided; but to intimate that among engagements and interruptions I did what I was able. At an earlier period I might, perhaps, have pleaded this, to soften, if not to disarm, critical censure; but my advanced years remind me that I ought to think only of the approbation of God, regardless of being "judged of man's judgment."

Since the Lord has so favorably disposed the public mind to receive my writings, notwithstanding their defects, I need not lament that I have published so much, as it enables me to do a little good in many places at the same time, and may lengthen a degree of usefulness beyond natural life. I hope it makes me humble rather than proud, (I am sure it ought,) to think how many, in particular, I am continually attending in their most sacred moments of retirement, and aiding at the family altar, as well as helping in their general religious concerns.

I am also thankful, that though a man's writings will always have a tinge of his own opinions, I have published nothing that can fairly or justly give offence to any religious parties among those who "hold the Head." Let a man, if he please, state and defend his own peculiar views in a work of *itself*, and professing its own purpose; but I always disliked the smuggling of particular sentiments into a subject designed and adapted to general usefulness.

I do not consider my Sermon on the Reformation as an exception to this remark. The occasion was singular, and allowed and required me to speak freely. If any suppose that because I conceded to the Catholics their civil rights, I was too candid towards the doctrines and superstitions of Popery, they have but to peruse the Sermon to see that they were mistaken. If any members of the Established Church were offended, it was only those who did not hear the Sermon, but only heard of it, in connection with a gross misrepresentation, which ignorance reported and bigotry spread, and which was soon rectified by public denials. These denials, however, the author never called for, having

always followed an advice early given him by a very wise and good man, viz., never to notice anything said of him in newspapers and periodicals. There were witnesses enough in the numbers that attended the discourse who could vouch for his innocency of the charges which were maliciously and eagerly circulated. The libel was, that he affirmed the only difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England was the same as between a toad and a tadpole. The preacher was applying this coarse image to another subject; the liars transferred it to this. It was also an Episcopalian and not a member of his own congregation who drew up the application for him to publish the sermon. One thing said gave offence to some, who have since seen it abundantly explained and exemplified—*The Popery of Protestantism*. How truly and forcibly has Dr. Chalmers enlarged on this!

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

PREACHES BEFORE THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AT THE OPENING OF
HANOVER CHAPEL, PECKHAM:—REVIEW OF HIS COURSE:—EARLY
DISADVANTAGES:—INFLUENCE OF POSITION ON HIS HAPPINESS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—While musing with what I should fill this sheet, it struck me that I would notice the disadvantages arising from my original state in life, and see what there has been in any degree to counter-balance them. I have nothing to lament on account of it physically; yea, I was more likely to inherit a purer blood, and a sounder constitution, by being born of healthful, robust, and active peasants, than if I had descended from the enervating, and disease-breeding habitudes, and indulgences of higher life. But my early condition painfully affected my ease and confidence in company. I, therefore, rarely ever felt myself at home, or in my element, unless in some very special instances. This, however, was overruled for good, by keeping me much out of society, and giving me more time for reading and study, which I both wanted and desired. Hence, also, in a measure, arose my backwardness to speak at public meetings. For the sacredness of the temple I had been accustomed privately to prepare, and the presence of God seemed to reduce creatures to their proper level.

Thus when I had to preach before the Duke of Sussex, at the opening of Hanover Chapel, instead of dining with His Royal Highness and a large company previously to the service, I passed the time in retirement, and when I left it, to enter the pulpit, I felt no more than if I had been going to preach Christ in a poor-house. One of the papers of the day abused me, for the freedom of my address, but as I had never been accustomed to speak evil of dignities, so I was not likely to insult greatness to its face. The case was, retirement had awakened conscience, and conscience accompanied me in the pulpit, and bade me speak, "not as pleasing men but God who searches the heart," and with whom "there is no respect of persons." I never consider myself as chargeable with personal reflection, when I am conscious I should deliver the same things, from the same words, in any other place or to any other audience. But I could never (so modelled and governed are we by habit and circumstances) realize this frame in a town-hall or an assembly-room. There, notwithstanding the object of the meeting, it seemed to be a kind of civil proceeding; and I felt as only among men, whose presence and manner confounded me. The expectation of being called upon to propose or second some motion has crucified me in the prospect, for the whole preceding night; and it sometimes induced me to abstain from places, and assemblies, which I should otherwise have delighted to attend. I have felt also impressed with an invincible apprehension that I did not succeed when I made the attempt. After my first speech on occasion of the first meeting of the Bible Society in Bath, I was desired by a rude member of the committee to furnish for publi-

cation in the provincial papers, "as much of what I had delivered as had any relation to the business of the day." This so completely chilled me, that I spoke but once after, and without any of that freedom which would give it grace or effect. Then I came to a determination, that to prevent importunity I would refuse all future applications. I the more readily adopted this resolution, as I had a plenitude of other pressing claims. I was also afterwards confirmed in the propriety of it by Dr. Chalmers, who, when I was at his house in Glasgow, remarked, "The pulpit is the preacher's appropriate station, and he can there be most influential and useful, by touching a number of springs which will set all in motion." Observation also has kept me from repenting of my resolution. I have seen that ministers, who, as platform orators, have figured much at these meetings, have been sadly drawn off from keeping their own vineyards. Nor in general, are preachers on these occasions the best or the most acceptable speakers. They are too professional—too sermonic. Laymen, who speak more briefly, more simply, and apparently more from the heart, are commonly more effective, and are heard to more advantage. My esteemed friend Mr. Hughes, one of the secretaries of the Bible Society, also confirmed this; and he had the best opportunities to judge.

"Every man in his own order," we have all our particular dispensations under which we should be content to labor, and getting above which, we soon appear to be out of our place. Genteel life lays restraints on the expression of feeling, and gives a softness to the manners, and a courtesy to the speech,

especially in differences of opinion. Here, I fear, I also have sometimes if not frequently erred, having been hasty of spirit in conversational disputes, if not rudely decisive. But the great disadvantage arising from my original condition was the want of an early and good education. As this was not placed within my reach, I have no feeling of shame or of blame on account of wanting it; but I am persuaded I should, had the opportunity been afforded me, have seized it with avidity; and have made that progress which depends on some degree of talent, accompanied with much application and diligence. I say nothing, therefore, in depreciation of schools and learning, but it becomes me to dwell on any consideration that tends to reconcile me to the will of God in denying me, what I shall ever deem a privilege; and viewing things in their bearing on my ministry, I was, perhaps, by my previous circumstances, more acquainted with the lower ranks in the community, and could better accommodate myself to their modes of thinking and feeling. And may not this be one reason why God takes so many of his laborers from common life? And how was it with the great Teacher sent from God? We are aware of a grand specialty in his case. He had knowledge by inspiration—but he communicated it naturally. His teaching was unlike that of the doctors of the schools,—“he spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.” He did not soar above vulgar apprehension. He did not abound in learned allusions. His images were all taken from familiar scenes. Other teachers were very fine—he was very simple. They were mechanism—he was nature. “The poor,” therefore, had “the gospel

preached unto *them*," and "the *common* people heard *him* gladly." Was this recorded of him who "spake as never man spake" in a way of commendation? Why then do we not seek to resemble him?

Cromwell always ordered his soldiers to fire low, and what execution would they have done had they fired high? Such are the effects of *their* preaching who shoot over their hearers' heads. Have we never seen an audience gaping with admiration at what they did not understand, and perhaps their wonderful and astonishing orator either? It is easy to give a discourse the appearance of depth, or originality, by certain terms and unusualness of expression, or turning prose into a kind of blank verse. But this strikes only the injudicious,—not "the wise in heart." *They* easily see, under the garish ornaments, only the mere common-place which they would not despise, but for its silly affectation of finery.

I have been asked whether my happiness was increased and improved by the change and elevation in life which I have experienced? It may not be amiss to offer a few reflections suited to this inquiry.—"The Lord," says the church, "shall choose our inheritance for us." When Saul's courtiers reproached David as a restless, ambitious young man, who, dissatisfied with a private station, was endeavoring to climb into eminence and publicity, he was able to make this appeal, "Lord, my heart is not haughty nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me." He well knew that the first notice he excited, and which led to everything else, was, as to himself, purely accidental. He was sent by his father to carry provision to his brethren in the

camp, and to learn how they did. He had then no expectation of seeing or engaging Goliath; but it was so; and the Lord brought it to pass; for there was nothing in the event casual as to him. If lesser things may be compared with greater, I am equally sure, that the revolution in my circumstances was by the providence of God; not a thought of the change—much less a design, was, or could have been, rationally entertained by myself or my friends, till the door was suddenly opened, in an entirely new direction, and I was led by a way I knew not, and in paths which I had not known. In such a case, the will of God is to be supremely regarded; and the dispensation is not to be judged of by what we suffer or enjoy. He has an absolute propriety in us; and may dispose of us as seemeth good in his sight. His work is perfect—his ways are judgment. His purpose also is often comprehensive and extensive, involving references far beyond our present views and circumstances. Men are naturally far from being content with such things as they have; and as to the future, rising in life seems always to appear very enviable. It would be very ungrateful in me, not to acknowledge the goodness, as well as the agency of God, and especially, considering the results, not to exclaim with David, “What am I, and what is my father’s house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?” But I am not disposed from experience to make men dissatisfied with their own allotment, and to seek great things to themselves by representing all the advantages as to enjoyment, on the ascending side. It was not the shepherd of Bethlehem, but the hero of the age, and the monarch of Israel, that cried, “Oh that I had wings like a dove,

for then would I flee away and be at rest!" If the robe be lengthened, it is not the less likely to be soiled, or torn, or trampled on. Possessions gender fears and cares; talents increase responsibilities—where much is given, much will be required. And who can be satisfied with his own improvements? Many new sources of usefulness may be opened, and this will weigh with a pious mind. But the Lord looketh to the heart; and "where there is first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." The Saviour could not have extolled an apostle, or an angel, more than he did Mary, when he said, "She hath done what she could."

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well—acts nobly—angels could no more."

Many new sources of pleasure also may be opened; but every comfort has its cross; sensibility also may be quickened; but strong feeling may increase anguish as well as enjoyment. A man, if destitute of the necessaries of life, must be wretched; but if he has a sufficiency with regard to food, clothing, and habitation, suited to his state, he may be called poor; but he is only comparatively so. Crabbe often takes his aim too low—his poor are the abject poor—the inmates of a parish work-house, or the contents of the back streets of a borough, and commonly immoral and vicious. But take a peasant or a mechanic in a village, sober, moral, religious; his wishes bounded by the simplicity of rural life—his sleep sweet—his meals, though plain, sauced by appetite—his hands sufficient for him—his labor limited and free from distracting cares—his little

garden yielding him the useful vegetable, and the Sunday flower—the Sabbath, a day of pleasing change, and rest, and refreshment of spirits—the going to the house of God in company—and the Bible, now more amply read, though not forgotten during the week—take such an one, and his condition as to enjoyment will not shrink from a comparison with the state of thousands, who never look down upon him, but with contempt, or pity, or indifference.

There are those who are not theorists here—they “speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen.” It is said of Burns, by Dugald Stewart, that as they were walking together one morning, in the direction of the Braid Hills, where they commanded a prospect of the adjacent country, the poet remarked, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which he did not believe any one could understand, that did not know as he did, how much of real worth and happiness such humble habitations might contain. My testimony, perhaps, may be supposed to be too favorable, and to require some deduction, on two accounts:—*First*. That I left village life early, and before I was grown up, so as to be fully initiated into its good or evil. There is some little force in this, though I was old enough to observe, and feel, and judge. *Secondly*. That in my boyhood, village life was superior to what it now is. This deserves notice; and there have been, I fear, many changes for the worse. I need not describe what it is at present. But when I left the neighborhood of my native place, abject penury, and extreme destitution, and sordid suffering, were rarely ever to be seen. Most even of the cottagers had a swine-sty, and baked

their own bread; many of them also brewed their own beer, or made cider, and if not for constant use, had a little beverage for festivals and particular occasions. Those who, during mowing and reaping seasons, went forth to labor carried their bottle afield with them, and were generally supplied at meals with cold or warm meat and vegetables. Now, bread and water, with few exceptions, is all the provision, all the support, all the comfort, thousands of men, women, and children have amidst the burning sunshine, and exhausting labor of a summer's day. I was lately walking in time of harvest with an intelligent and humane farmer, among a number of hard-working peasants, who said to me, "You see these thin meagre figures, with patched and ragged clothing—they have been toiling here from early dawn, to this scorching noon, and have had, perhaps, little more than a can of water and a crust of bread; and will toil on till evening calls them to a similar repast at home, and sleep, to their only rest. Oh, sir," said he, "nothing surprises me so much, as the honesty, and quiet submission, and unresistlessness of these sufferers; and we cannot reach and change their state."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

HIS COURSE OF READING:—FAVORITE AUTHORS:—DR. OWEN:—
ROBERT HALL'S OPINION OF HIM CONTROVERTED:—FAVORITE
COMMENTATORS AND DIVINES:—METHODS OF STUDY:—COMPO-
SITION:—MRS. MORE'S ADVICE TO HIM.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I feel at a loss to determine what particulars to communicate concerning myself; but some things, not generally interesting to others, may be, in a measure, gratifying, if not useful, to my own relations, and partial friends.

I would now advert to my reading. Here I never pursued any particular plan, but was much determined by accident, and led by opportune circumstances. I am not recommending or justifying this course, but stating a fact. I was never accustomed to write out extracts from authors. This I lament, as there are many passages I should be glad to review, but know not where to find them in volumes I shall probably never have time to look through again.

I was always a devourer of books that came in my way, and to read the more and not commanding the leisure I wished, I have learned to read with great rapidity, so that I can throw my eye over the pages, and dispatch a tolerable publication at one or two sittings. My reading also was very miscellaneous. I

seldom refused anything that came in my way, as I found there was nothing that fell under the notice of a minister but may be turned to some account. I therefore did not restrict my attention to works advocating the sentiments of my own denomination. I was fond of scanning periodicals, few of which, of any note, escaped me. Though a dissenter, I always read and admired the "Christian Observer," and took it in from the beginning. Though a cordial believer in evangelical principles, I never omitted those Cyclops of literature the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; on general subjects—and how many of these are there!—I have derived profit from divines, whose theological views have differed widely from my own. In divinity, and for unction, illustration, excitement, and effect, I have much preferred the old authors to most of the moderns. I love not to be singular, but I never could applaud Baxter *above* his brethren. He was a most holy and heavenly-minded man, but I am speaking of him as an author. He was *often* too speculative and metaphysical, and he confessed and lamented it before his death. He knew his skill, and therefore attempted to saw the beams of cobwebs into planks, and multiplied distinctions as well as particulars, to the perplexity of the reader. His more experimental and practical writings are very excellent; but I never perceived more spirituality, or seriousness, or earnestness, in them, than in the productions of many of his contemporaries. Does he in these qualities surpass Alleine, and Howe, and others of his brethren?

Leighton and Newton were always with me, very favorite authors. What men of God were these! What a Christian spirit, what a Scriptural manner,

what an experimental knowledge, what a devotional savor, do we always find in their writings! When a very young preacher, I was much struck with Dr. Hunter, and still more with Saurin. This eloquent author made such an impression upon me, that I instantly began to learn French, to be able to read him in the original, and to peruse the remainder of his untranslated sermons, as well as his other works. By this acquisition I gained accession to the writings of many French divines, Catholic and Protestant, many of which I continue to value.

But as we advance towards maturity of taste we shall relish the natural more than the artificial, and not only distinguish between finery and elegance, but perceive that the one is destructive of the other. For disentangling a subject from confusion, for the power of development, for genuine simplification, for invention, what writer ever surpassed Robinson of Cambridge? Yet the sad defection of this inimitable genius from the truth, and the insinuations by which, I fear, he aimed to sap the doctrines he did not openly attack, render familiarity with his works dangerous. I found it so with regard to myself, and this has kept me from warmly recommending the perusal to my younger brethren, who are often in nothing "so much to seek," as in simplicity and naturalness.

The composition of Davies's Sermons, of New England, is too equable and elaborate, and wants relief and shade; but I must confess no discourses ever appeared to me so adapted to awaken the conscience and impress the heart. In reading them, one seems always to feel that they were written by a man who never looked off from the value of a soul and the importance of eter-

nity, or sought for anything but to bring his hearers under "the powers of the world to come." I could wish the sermons of Flavel (especially by some of our ministers) were more known, and prized, and imitated. They excel in evangelism and in brevity (not the common character of the age in which they were written), and in avoiding or rendering needless much explication, its room being occupied by natural inferences and striking applications. The late Dr. Hall spoke much to me in their favor.

Having mentioned the name of this truly great man, I must think for myself even in his presence, and express my dissent from him with regard to Dr. Owen. I think Mr. Hall must have conceived a prejudice against this eminent theologian, from having read only some unfavorable specimen of his works; for I am persuaded, from his manner when Owen was mentioned in his company, that he was not familiar with his publications at large. However this may be, I cannot but join Newton and Cecil in considering him the prince of divines. We let go some of his controversial works (though even these display much learning and acumen); but it seems not a little strange that the author of the "Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews," and "The One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm," and the treatises on "The Spirit," and on "The Person and Glory of Christ," and on "Spiritual Mindedness," and on "The Mortification of Sin in Believers," &c., should have been ever called "a continent of mud."

As to commentators, I have always deemed Mr. Scott, upon the whole, the best expositor for the connected meaning of Scripture, and for the consultation of ministers in any difficulties. The very first page I

ever wrote that appeared in print was in recommendation of this work. This may seem strange, and be deemed assuming; but the work was then coming forth in numbers, and (not the author, but) the publishers craved testimonies in its favor from every one who was likely to influence a single subscriber; and these were printed on the wrappers of the numbers as they came out. Yet I did not write without exercising my judgment, and feeling a conviction which has grown upon me ever since. But for private and pious use I never found anything comparable to Henry, which, as old John Ryland said, "a person cannot begin to read without wishing he was shut out from all the world, and able to read it through, without stopping."

I always much preferred our own divines to foreign theologians, especially those of the German school—a growing fondness for which I deemed no good omen. I have also much prized the French Huguenot divines who wrote before, and some rather after, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These I consider as deservedly vying with our own theologians in talent and Scriptural knowledge, and considerably before them in composition, with the exception of Bates. Would God there was a revival of these great and good men in their now infidel, superstitious, irreligious, and distracted country!

As to my *studying*, I never set apart regularly any particular time, thereby reducing the exercise to a kind of mechanism, or compulsion. I endeavored to think more habitually. As to preaching, I chose my texts and subjects as early in the week as possible. Thus I not only had always something to fill any spare moments, but approaching what I had selected for dis-

cussion, without constraint and repeatedly, and from different sides and aspects, it opened to my mind more naturally and easily, and with more enlargement and variety.

After a nervous malady, and to avoid sedentariness, I also much accustomed myself to think abroad. The practice was difficult at first, as my attention was often diverted; but I soon by use acquired the power of fixed and regular application; and the sceneries of nature rather aided than injured my meditations; inspiring also the trains of my reflection with a freshness and feeling underivable from dry and dull porings over books. In these musings in the garden, the meadow, the field, the wood, the leading ideas of my discourse soon fell into their proper places, and a division resulted without much effort; so that, when I came home, I had only to secure what I had already found, and to write what I had already methodized; and I could (without short-hand, which I lament I never learned) by various contractions and natural signs, easily remembered, include much of my subject in a small compass. I seldom, therefore, ever wrote a sermon at full length, but only a draft or sketch (it is commonly, as you know, called a skeleton), more or less full, according to its requirements, leaving the subordinate fillings-up, after meditation and prayer, to the impressiveness and excitations of the audience, and the delivery, and the assistance authorized to be hoped for where means have been duly used. Even these notes I never took with me into the pulpit, till within the past year, and I am sorry I ever took them. The memory, like a friend, loves to be trusted, and seldom fails to reward the confidence reposed in it.

Though I did not usually write my sermons, in order either to read or mandate them (according to the Scottish phrase and practice), yet I rarely neglected my pen. As I had opportunity I was constantly committing thoughts and sentiments to writing. It was one of the advices of Mrs. Hannah More, at my first acquaintance with her, to write much. "It matters not, comparatively," said that extraordinary woman (to whom I early owed much), "on what a young composer first writes; by the constant use of his pen, he will soon form a style; and by nothing else can he attain it." She also recommended writing with as much *celerity* as possible, regardless of trifling inaccuracies. "These," she said, "should not be suffered to check and cool the mind. These may be safely left for correction in review; while advantage is taken of the heat of composition to go on to the end; it being better to produce the whole figure at one fusion, than to cast successively various parts, and then conjoin them."

I always composed *rapidly*. If I succeeded at all to my satisfaction, it was commonly at once. What I produced by mere dint of effort seldom pleased me. The mind should, indeed, be excited by love to the subject, or pleasure in the study; but I always found a consciousness of difficulty and elaboration unfavorable to success. The production was wanting in simplicity and naturalness. There is no reaching flowers by ladders and balloons. They do not grow in the air, but in the ground. They are not above our head, but at our feet. We find them in walking. We bend to view them, and stoop to gather them.

I always found one thing very helpful in the choice

and in the study of my *subjects* for preaching. It was the feeling of a rightness of aim and motive,—*i. e.*, a simple regard to usefulness; and a losing sight of advantage, popularity, and applause. This, it may be said, is rather a *moral* than an *intellectual* auxiliary. Be it so. But we know who has said, “When thine eye is single, thy whole body shall be full of light.” And is not even reputation itself better and more surely acquired when it follows, than when it is pursued? If we do not lose it, we corrupt it, by making it our aim, instead of leaving it to follow as a consequence in the discharge of duty, and so making it the honor that cometh from God only.

With regard to my *texts*, many from time to time gradually occurred; many also were obtained from the Scriptures read in our family worship; but to avoid the loss of time in searching for others, and to secure a constant sufficiency, I followed the advice and practice of Job Orton. I procured a blank book, and wrote at the top of the page any passage of Scripture that impressed me with the thought that rendered it striking. One part of the book in the same way was separately allotted for texts suited to particular subjects, seasons, and occasions. These were always increasing; and to this store I repaired if no other passage immediately offered.

I also always had a number of plans of sermons ready for use *beforehand*, in case I should be deprived of opportunity or fitness for my usual preparation; and seldom, if ever, did I take advantage of any one of them from idleness, but only from the want of health, spirits, or leisure.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

REVIEW OF HIS ANNUAL VISIT TO LONDON, AND SERVICES AT SURREY CHAPEL:—REMARKS ON FREQUENT PREACHING:—VISIT TO IRELAND:—REBELLION:—ALDERMAN HUTTON, HIS HOST:—NOTICE OF JOHN WALKER, DUBLIN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The capabilities of preachers are not always to be estimated by their performances. This is the case with those who have numerous claims upon them for public service. If they are not to neglect their various *other* duties, what adequate preparations can they secure for the many sermons they have to deliver? Dr. Watts laments, in a letter to a young divine, that he was so soon after his ordination required always to produce two discourses every week, and rather advises him to make use of published assistance for one part of the Sabbath. But those among whom I began my efforts were all accustomed to three sermons every Lord's-day, and one at least in the week, and a private meeting besides. In addition to all this, in their own places, the ministers frequently preached in the neighboring villages. To all this I was early inured, and for some considerable length of time, and since my settlement in Bath, I have always had to furnish two discourses on the Sabbath, and one in the week, together with a private admonitory address;

not to mention (by no means unfrequent) extra engagements from home.

For nearly fifty years I annually supplied Surrey Chapel. In this I yielded to the importunity of Mr. Hill, whom I found it difficult to refuse, as I had rather offended him by declining his pressing proposal to enter entirely into what he called his connexion, and by which I should have been at his disposal, to divide my labors among a number of places under his influence, if not authority. From taking that wrong step (for so it would have proved) I was prevented by the care and wisdom of my friend and father, Mr. Winter, who foresaw consequences of which I was not aware.

For more than thirty years I supplied for eight Sundays yearly (a period too long for a pastor to be absent at once from his charge.) Then I supplied for six Sundays, then for four, and then for three only. At last I terminated my annual engagement; and I should have done it sooner, had not many, even of my reverend brethren in London, urged me to continue the service. My reason for gradually shortening, and entirely resigning, the engagement, was not for want of respect and attendance in the congregation, to which I was much attached, or want of pleasure in the services; for the cause had become much endeared, and I had often found the place to be none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven. But, first, my growing disapproval of the system of providing for places by a merely successional supply. This system wants the advantage of a pastoral relation, and robs many churches for too long a time of the labors of their own ministers, while it affects surrounding con-

gregations by tempting hearers, and members, to leave their own places, to follow some one preacher and some another, deservedly or undeservedly popular, with whose novelty and excitement a stated pastor can hardly compete. Secondly, because, in consequence of these engagements, I had less time and liberty to attend to occasional calls for services in other directions; for these had multiplied from the various residences of my children, and the amazing increase of new religious interests, and public institutions calling for assistance.

Though, therefore, I curtailed and declined my visits to London, I have labored more in the country, and have been oftener abroad preaching on particular occasions, such as ordinations, associations, openings, and re-openings of places of worship, and especially for the various benevolent societies that adorn our age and bless our nation. Judging from the results, I was found a tolerably successful beggar, and was made not a little free with, under that mendicant character. Had not David numbered the people, I might perhaps have kept an account of the multitude of collection sermons which I have delivered. But I can truly say that nothing has afforded me more pleasure than perceiving that though I could do but little myself in the way of giving, I had some influence to aid, through others, so many schemes of civil and sacred beneficence.

But in the course of these services my mind has undergone some variation, and, I think, improvement. Though I have not been much at sea, I have observed that a kind of side wind is the best for filling all the sails, and for securing speed. I have, therefore, for some years past, been led to preach very few *direct charity*

sermons. Many of the subjects of these appeals are well known, and the common enlargements upon them are become trite and satiating, when a peculiar frame of soul in the audience is necessary; and I regard it as a kind of desecration of the place, and a debasement of the glorious Gospel, to deal much in pounds, shillings, and pence. I therefore more generally have chosen a very evangelical or experimental subject, the warm discussion of which was more likely to produce in my hearers a favorable state of mind and feeling for every good work; so that at the close of the service their inquiry would be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And I have only had to present the case with its nature and claims, all tricks and teasings being unnecessary.

In these occasional services, I have preached as I had opportunity for *all* parties that invited me. The thing was not *where* I preached, but *what* I preached, and I never felt fetters or embarrassment; such a general agreement is there now on those leading truths which ought on these occasions to be called forth. Such interminglings too I have always found beneficial. They tend to reduce the strangeness that keeps Christians of different denominations so improperly from each other, and to produce that spirit which will lead us to exclaim, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Once I visited Ireland for six weeks, at the invitation of what was then called "The Evangelical Society." This Society consisted of pious individuals of

every (*Protestant and Evangelical*) denomination, who, forgetting their minor differences, were anxious to do something for the spiritual good of their countrymen, especially in Dublin, by employing preachers who were likely to awaken some degree of attention. They professed only to defray their travelling expenses, without any remuneration of their labors. I was one of the invited, but could not have gone at a less favorable season. The rebellion broke out the very day after my arrival; and the alarm and agitation immediately following, together with the fierceness of party rage, were such as for the time to injure, if not destroy, all serious and profitable impressions in the hearers. I was at the house of Alderman Hutton. He took me in his carriage (which was in our passage several times looked into by the soldiers stationed at the cross-roads) to preach one week-day afternoon at the Black Rock for the Rev. Mr. Kelly. But this was the only public service in which I could be engaged out of Dublin, being by martial law nearly confined to the city, and almost to the house. Every Sabbath-day morning I preached at Dr. M'Dowall's church. He had a large and respectable congregation of orthodox presbyterians, but displaying little of the power of godliness. In the evening I always preached at Plunket-street chapel, where assembled a few poorer people, but whose hearts God had touched. I also several times preached at the Baptist Meeting in St. Mary's Abbey.

It may seem surprising that a temporary missionary should have gone at *such* a period. The error lay entirely with the gentleman at whose mansion I was accommodated. Here (*in England*) we deemed everything lowering and foreboding, and I wrote for leave to

resign or postpone my visit; but he rather ridiculed my apprehension. "He was upon the spot." "He was a magistrate." "He well knew the state of things." "There was no more danger in Dublin than in Bath." "Come and fulfil your engagement." I went, but my preaching was in a sad degree dry and powerless, and the word, I feared, produced little or no effect. But in what a state did I find religion as far as I had opportunity for observation! There were a few grains of salt, but what were they to save the community from entire corruption? Mr. W. (Walker) was then preaching at Bethesda Chapel and Penitentiary, built by a gentleman at this time one of my congregation in Bath. Mr. W. was a man of erudition, mind, and influence, and distinguished as rather the leader of the Evangelical party in Dublin, especially among the Episcopalians. He had an extreme aversion to everything he deemed Arminian, and seemed to hate Mr. Wesley as much as he did Dr. Priestley. He was too orthodox to be evangelical, *i. e.*, to preach the Gospel to every creature, and betrayed a disdainful censoriousness which brought to mind Solomon's aphorism, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." He soon afterward fell into one discovery after another, till "the light that was in him became darkness," and oh! how great was that darkness! But there were several most excellent young men belonging to the university, who then gave promise of what they have since become. There were also private meetings successively in various houses for social prayer, in which persons of all parties zealously engaged; and, soon after I left Dublin, a considerable revival commenced, and much has been done since to

advance the cause of Christ in different parts of that interesting but always distracted and misgoverned country. Had the same exertions been made in former years, what a different state of things might have been now witnessed!

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

VISIT TO SCOTLAND FOR LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY:—DR. CHARLES STUART:—LETTER FROM HIM TO MR. JAY:—SUBSEQUENT INTER-COURSE:—APOLOGY FOR HIS SEVERE CRITICISMS ON MR. JAY:—ANECDOTES IN PREACHING:—REMARKS ON THE SCOTTISH CUSTOM OF LECTURING:—HIS OWN PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT:—USEFULNESS:—RIGHT AIM:—EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING:—STATE OF THE PULPIT AMONG NONCONFORMISTS:—METHODIST EASE, EARNESTNESS, LIFE, ETC.:—ATTRACTION FOR THE MASSES:—UNION OF THE TWO STYLES OF PREACHING:—BEST CHARACTER OF:—FAULTS OF SCOTTISH PREACHERS, THE DRY AND THE LUSCIOUS:—LONG PREACHING.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—In the summer of 18— I visited Scotland. It was in the service of the London Missionary Society. I preached my way thither, on public occasions, at Birmingham, Manchester, Halifax, Hull, and York. At the latter place I passed a whole Sabbath. A plan was to have been in readiness to regulate all my public movements when I arrived at Edinburgh, but it was not well formed. Hence time was frequently lost, and due notices were not always forwarded. The neglect was occasioned by the manner in which the affair of arrangement was settled. Where a number of persons are engaged, mutual dependence upon each other weakens a sense of individual responsibility, and often little or nothing is done. Had the ark been built by a committee, it would never

have been finished. In the case to which I am referring, *one* should have been appointed for the purpose of direction, and this one a man of business and fact; while here several individuals were concerned, and I believe all of these were ministers, who, it is well known, are not always the most apt and punctual beings in the world.

Here also I scarcely preached to advantage, and must have fallen short of some degree of fame that had preceded me, and which was aided by the report of many who had visited Bath in a course of years, and had heard me in my own pulpit. I was hurried and perplexed, and wanted that freedom from bustle, and that retirement, without which I never could feel or produce much impression. The principal places I preached in were Edinburgh, Falkirk, Stirling, Dumblane, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Largs, and the Isle of Bute. In four of these places, I preached in the Established Kirk, as well as among the Seceders and Congregationalists. From the beginning, the pulpits in the National Church of Scotland had been opened to orthodox divines of other communions; but some little time before my visit the General Assembly had passed a decree to close them.* This seemed to have

* This reference to the closing of the pulpits in the Established Kirk of Scotland but a short time before Mr. Jay's visit, enables us nearly to fix the date which he has left open in the commencement of the present letter. It is well known that the Decree of the General Assembly was attributed to the first visit of the Rev. Rowland Hill and his itinerant labors in Scotland. That visit took place in the year 1798. The Decree to close the pulpits against ministers of other communions probably passed the Assembly of 1799, for on Mr. Hill's second visit he found it in operation against him. Mr. Jay's visit we may, therefore, suppose from his language, took place

been done, not only from a dislike of a certain kind of doctrinal preaching, but in a moment of irritation, occasioned, perhaps, in a measure by some indiscreet acts among those who needed only to have preached the testimony of God, as Whitfield did, who knew "nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified." It is related that when he first visited Scotland, the excellent Erskines rather opposed him as not sufficiently particular and discriminate in his zeal; they wished to confine his labors to their own party, and not to labor in the Church from which they had seceded, saying, "God had left it." Then said he, "It is the more necessary for me to preach in it, to endeavor to bring him back: I 'll preach Christ wherever they 'll let me."

It was hoped at this time, by the better members of the Establishment, that such a decree would not long remain in their statute-book. Some from the first deemed the decree more honored in the breach than in the observance; and it was pleasing to find how soon, in some actual instances, it was treated as a dead letter. The last General Assembly previous to the Secession which forms the "Free Church" nobly abrogated it; but, as it was expected, the Residuary Church soon re-enacted it. It is the disgrace and the injury of a Church to *be* exclusive, but it is worse to *become* so, and to become so when knowledge and liberality prevail, and the rights of conscience are so much better understood. In churches just emerging from

within a year or two. So that its date must have been 1800, 1801 or 1802, and could hardly have been later, or he could not have used the words, "some little time before."

the bosom of anti-christianism, or rising up where religion was so identified with superstition, when bigotry and intolerance were the error of the age, as well as of individuals, some degree of the evil can hardly be wondered at, and may be for a time tolerated. But "they that sleep, sleep in the night, and they that are drunken are drunken in the night; but let them that are of the day be sober." It is lamentable to think that the Established Church of England has become more intolerant than it was formerly. Even in the days of Elizabeth, other Protestant communities were not unchurched, nor the ordinations of their ministers deemed invalid. It is an historical fact, that what cannot be done now was more than allowed then; and that divines both officiated in the Establishment, and obtained preferments, who had only been set apart by "laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." In Edinburgh I was followed by that good and talented, but eccentric, or (at least) peculiar character, Dr. Stuart. He had seceded from the Church of Scotland, but no church came up quite to his standard of scriptural purity and order; and therefore it is said, he communed with none but his own servant, in his own house. He always heard more like a judge than a learner. He weighed everything that dropped from a preacher's lips in the nicest scale of rigid orthodoxy, and was never backward to pronounce "Tekel." *I* was not therefore very likely to escape. Accordingly I soon found that I had erred in my opinion concerning the unlikely supreme prevalence of popery, and had shown, with regard to some parties, a most improper candor. But when I happened to preach at the Rev. M^r. Innes's meeting, from the words of John, "Perfect

love casteth out fear," the sermon so pleased him that very late the same night he wrote me a letter much importuning me to give it to the public, as the best illustration of an important principle he had ever heard. Here is the letter itself:—

"My dear Sir,—I regret very much that my state of health disqualifying me for conversation, has not permitted me to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing you. I have, however, been privileged with hearing you three times; and may I, though without consultation with any one, earnestly beseech you to let the discourse of to-night appear from the press? I do not urge this lightly. I do beg it of you from the conviction that it contained the truth in one of the most striking representations I ever heard, and is suited to alarm, rouse, comfort, animate; but it contains a solution of various difficulties which will, I know, disentangle many. That it coincides with *my* sentiments is nothing; in so far I beg leave to enclose a statement of it. Only meaning to confess how low it is, compared with the practical, admirable, elevated view of it you delivered,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"CHARLES STUART.

"Thursday night."

I also had once seen him in London, where he frequently heard me; and calling upon me at Surrey Chapel House, he said he had formerly written a review of my sermons, for some part of which he was now sorry, as he had not done justice to the evan-

gelism of my sentiments, of which he was now persuaded from hearing me.

In my long public life and various preachings, I have met with no few of these "tryers," who had or feigned to have some scruples as to the stanchness of my *credenda*; but I never quarrelled with them—never argued with them; but took care never to flatter them, or *court* their favor. "Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them, for I am the Lord thy God." "Call no man master upon earth, for one is your master, even Christ." In this journey, I always felt an apprehension which had a contracting and depressive influence. It was the thought that my mode of preaching was not congenial with the taste of Scottish audiences. My friend, Mr. Hughes, who had been for education at Aberdeen, contributed to this, by telling me when I was going to Scotland, that while in the north I must be very careful and guarded, and forbear *freedoms*, and especially anecdotes, which would not be relished or endured there. A man always works best when he works in his own way, and I knew I should do better with my sling and stones than in Saul's armor. My preaching could never dispense with my own manner, and which I am sure was natural to me, and not derived from the schools. Towards the conclusion of my mission, I was preaching in the Isle of Bute; and near the end of the sermon I mentioned the caveat I had received before I left England; adding, that I then felt a strong temptation to break through it. I paused, and then said, "Well, whatever be the consequence, I will introduce the following anecdote." I saw it told; and the ministers, coming afterwards into the session-house vestry,

said, "You have labored under a great mistake; we are not averse to anecdotes, but to *some* kinds of them, and to the *manner* of relating and applying *any* of them. When they are well chosen, and properly introduced, they are peculiarly acceptable, as they are more unusual with us, and we want excitement more than information."

One thing struck me much while in Scotland. It was their lecturing, which I believe is invariable on the morning of the Lord's day, in all their sanctuaries, both in the Establishment and among Seceders. I had only before very rarely employed this mode of instruction, but ever since my return I have frequently introduced it. I once, indeed, had begun an essay on the subject in order to recommend the practice, to which I had intended to annex a volume of such exercises. But I was diverted immediately from my purpose, by the request of my congregation to publish "The Christian Character Contemplated," which I had just delivered. It is perhaps now too late for me to resume the thing; but I here record it as my settled judgment, that nothing would be more profitable to the hearer, and useful to the preacher; and I only wish that our English churches would more encourage it, and our ministers seek to excel in it.

Some difficulty at first arose from my usual method of preaching, which is very textual; and which leads me to notice the several parts, and often even the wording of the text. But in lecturing, many minute-nesses must be passed over, and the aim must be to seize and display the spirit or design of the whole passage, and bring it to bear upon the audience in practical application. Preachers differ in their talents, and

all cannot equally succeed in the same department. But let none decline making an attempt here, or be discouraged if their efforts be not crowned with immediate success. In due time they may reap if they faint not.

I could commonly ascertain before I left the study how I should succeed in the pulpit. With me the tug of the war was always alone. If I felt that I had grasped my subject, and could gain a certain frame of spirit made up of the *solemn* and the *tender*, I rather longed for the service than dreaded it; and this was very much the case on all occasions, the more extraordinary and trying ones not excepted.

I never considered an essay a sermon, or a sermon an essay; I always loved arrangement and division. I am aware that the former may be found without the latter, and intelligent and reflective minds may recognize it; but as to the mass of hearers, concealed method is much the same as none. And why should it ever be concealed? The lower orders peculiarly need it; it relieves and quickens their attention; it aids their apprehension and understanding. It also enables them the better to retain and carry away what they hear; and how limited is the efficiency of what pleases and interests in the act of hearing only! And how desirable is it that our people should keep in memory what is preached unto them, that they may not believe in vain!

Hence it is much to be wished that the divisions should be short, simple, and easy; the language everywhere plain, and the exemplifications natural and familiar. Few can imagine how much I have always made this my aim and effort; nor have I less wished

and endeavored to be in some measure not only intelligible but impressive. This is no easy thing; and some of the means that would conduce to it, especially among the vulgar, are by many too much overlooked or despised. But is it not strange that men of God, who profess to be ministers in a kingdom not of this world, and who are sent to seek that which is lost, should, while sitting in judgment upon their mode of preaching, inquire not what kind of address and illustration is most likely to be useful to the bulk of an audience, but what agrees best with the most admired modes of composition. Longinus, or Quintilian, or Cicero, has more authority with them, even in the things of the Spirit, than the manner of the sacred writers. The Jews had no schools for dialectics and rhetoric; their orators spoke only the eloquence of nature. Rules were originally derived from the excellency of works, and not works from the excellency of rules. Criticism is useful in its degree and place; but it is not a standard of *absolute* authority, especially with him that like Paul would "become all things to all men, if by any means he might gain some."

I early preached in villages, and never discontinued the practice as long as I was able and had opportunity. I ought therefore to know from much experiment what is required in such services. I never went to them unprepared. It appeared to me strange that any should suppose that less care and labor are necessary in preparation as those we address are less disciplined and qualified to receive instruction. I always peculiarly studied for the occasion, only my study was how to be intelligible and interesting. The minds of the rustics are not inaccessible, but you must take the trouble

to find the avenues to them. There are modes of making them look eagerly, and hang upon the preacher's lips ; and the preacher who secures *their* attention, whatever some think, has the honor of resembling him of whom it was said, "the common people heard him gladly."

Persons of education may be approached through mere intellect, but the poor generally are like women whose heads are in their hearts. They are like poets, who feel before they think. Application with them is an effect rather than a cause. They attend not to feel, but must be made to feel in order to attend. When will preachers remember the observation of Rollin,—viz., that "the eloquence of the Scripture is the eloquence of things, and not of words, and therefore it is that so much of the spirit and mode of the original shows itself even in the plainness of the translation."

I seem disposed to continue a little longer in the same strain. I shall therefore venture a few more remarks freely with regard to preaching.

Upon the principle before mentioned, the *ex re nata* of extemporary speaking will always be more effective than what is read from composed documents doled forth from mere recollection. Animation is desirable, and with ordinary minds no other quality will fully supply the want of it ; but then it must *appear* to be the result of feeling. Whenever this is really the case, the animation will glow and rise with the subject. What is *continuous* and *invariable* must be mechanical and assumed. This is a sad secret let out by the uniform and constant bawlers or strainers. I have heard a whole sermon from the beginning to the end, whatever inequalities there were in the importance of the parts,

delivered precisely in the same degree of tone and forced vehemency. But how can the fire precede the friction? And how can all the picture be light without shade?

Nothing that requires a lengthened connection of argumentation will succeed with ordinary hearers. They are not accustomed to unbroken trains of thought or discussion. With them, if the preacher be wise, he will find out acceptable *words*; for the *words* of the wise are as goads and as nails. The mass are not mathematical; they are not logical. The deep and the subtle in reasoning will commonly escape them. Yet there is often in them largely the principle of common sense; and they are capable of taking in even a profound proof or argument, if it be despatched with brevity and plainness. It is also very advantageous, if not necessary, in their case, to attach to the proof or argument some fact or image, not in evidence, (for metaphors prove nothing), but in illustration. Thus a kind of handle is given to the subject, by which they are enabled to lay hold of and carry away what would else be too large, or unfit for their grasp.

I have always thought the regular Dissenters were to blame at the origin of Methodism. They did not indeed oppose, as the Church generally did, on the ground of doctrine, for in this they essentially acquiesced, but as to the mode of preaching. The Dissenters were educated ministers themselves, (for at that time there was scarcely a lay-preacher among them,) and their sermons were not only orthodox but studied, grammatically correct, and methodical; but, with a very few exceptions, pointless, cold, and drawled off from notes. On the other hand, many of the new

preachers had not been trained for the ministry ; and delivered themselves in a way very unacceptable, in many respects, to cultivated minds. They were often boisterous, rude, coarse, incoherent. Yet they were powerful and efficient ; and noise and novelty will not account for all the effect they produced. Reflecting men might have perceived this. Our ministers saw that the meeting was thinly attended, and that crowds were drawn to the Tabernacle. Instead of listening to reports, (which always magnified the mistakes of these men,) and dwelling so much upon their deficiencies, they should have owned that God honored them and did much good by them ; they should have heard and judged for themselves ; they should have examined whether there were not some things in which these laborers (for such *indeed* they were) deserved not only to be tolerated but even imitated. And there were a few who nobly differed from the many of the general body. They were candid and judicious enough to own these men, without approving everything in them. They perceived, that with all their supposed or real faults, they had an earnestness in their manner, with strokes of fancy, touches of passion, striking metaphors, plain anecdotes, bold addresses and characteristic applications to the conscience, which might be detached from their accompanying improprieties, and adopted in an improved state, in combination with elements of their own ; accordingly, these soon displayed, in addition to their own superior learning, accuracy, and order, an ease and a liveliness which, as ministers, they knew not before.

And it is this union, so to speak, of the Dissenter and Methodist that has produced the better style of

preaching than either of them had separately attained. They have corrected and improved each other; and introduced freedom without irregularity, arrangement without stiffness, animation without violence, soberness without dulness, solemnity without sanctimoniousness, readiness without rapidity, and plainness without vulgarity.

With regard to *subjects*, what I have always deemed the best kind of preaching is neither highly doctrinal nor dryly practical; but distinguished by what I should call *experimentality*, or a constant blending of the doctrine and practice of the gospel strongly with the affections and feelings. Many of our northern divines have been sadly deficient here. Their sermons have had theology enough in them and were well methodized; but there was little in them to rend or to melt. How much of "The Scotch Preacher" (not the last) might be read through without the troublesomeness of a single emotion! This was an extreme from the "Marrow Divines," and a mode of evangelical composition which for a good while obtained there, best denominated, perhaps, by the "luscious." In many instances, preaching is now getting towards the right medium in Scotland, and our brethren there, with the talents and learning which distinguish them, are likely to become able ministers of the New Testament, not of the head only, but also of the heart.

There is nothing against which a preacher should be more guarded than length. "Nothing," says Lamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one it need not be long; and if it be a bad one it ought not to be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth,—“That he

should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on patience under long preaching. This was never more wanted since the Commonwealth than now, in our own day, especially among our young divines and academics, who think their performances can never be too much attended to. I never err this way myself but my conviction always laments it; and for many years after I began preaching I *never* offended in this way. I never surpassed three-quarters of an hour at *most*. I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity, and I determined to obtain this.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

CRITICISM ON HIS SERMONS :—DEFENCE OF HIS METHOD :—AMERICAN
REVIVAL PREACHING :—SCRIPTURAL LANGUAGE :—OBJECTORS :—
PASTORAL VISITING :—COMPLAINTS :—HIS EXPLANATION.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I cannot be ignorant that, besides frequent references to my sermons on public occasions, my preaching has been more expressly criticized in different publications. Six of these have come under my view. A man would not be allowed to be a judge in his own case, or otherwise I could say that neither the commendations that have been graciously given me, nor the defects which have been noticed, have appeared to myself very appropriate or discriminative; nor has the secret of the degree of impression which I have produced (and which has been rather extensive as well as durable) been very justly explained. If I considered myself competent to supply the deficiency, it would be indelicate to attempt it; though, when this is read, I shall be beyond the reach of human praise or censure.

One thing I cannot help remarking. I never saw any allusion to my preaching as abounding more with images, and facts, and instances of things, than what commonly prevails. If I have not succeeded in this, the practice has not always accorded with my convic-

tion, and aim, and endeavor. Bunyan's motto, borrowed from Hosea, could never be used by some preachers—"I have used similitudes." But such a usage is sanctioned by the constitution of human nature, and recommended by the example of Him who "spake as never man spake." Dr. Carey is reported to have said to a young minister who had preached before him, "My young friend, I have much approved of your sermon, but it had one deficiency, it had no '*likes*' in it." And when asked for an explanation, he added, "Why, when you read our Lord's discourses, you constantly meet with the expression, The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, like unto mustard-seed, like unto a net, like unto a marriage, and so on. Now never preach again, my young friend, without some '*likes*' in your addresses."

God, the only wise God, who, having made us, knows what is in man, and what is necessary to him, has given us the largest proportion of the Old and New Testaments in the form of history and biography. Is it not, therefore, strange that public instructors should lose sight of God's method, and be always getting into the commonness of declamation, or the dryness of speculative discussion? "A story," says Cecil, "will hold a child by the ear for an hour together," and "men are but children of a larger growth."

Nearly allied to this is another thing in which the sacred writers (did we deem them worthy our imitation) would usefully guide us. Instead of defining, they describe; and instead of describing, they exemplify. They hold forth everything, not in the nakedness of abstraction, but clothed with their attributes, and palpable in their effects. To show us what the

power of religion is, they tell us what it does. The believer *comes* to Christ. The penitent *looks* on him whom he has pierced, and *mourns*. We have not the rules and tactics of the war, but we see the warrior from his arming till he has triumphed. We have not the representation of the pilgrimage, but we have the pilgrim, and follow him step by step from the city of destruction up to the celestial abode.

If I mention some things which have been noticed in my style of preaching, not censoriously, yet rather in a way of complaint, it will not be for the purpose of defence, but explanation. It will then be seen, if I have erred, that it has been more by rule than by thoughtlessness; and the reader will be left at full liberty to judge for himself. I am aware of what has been said of the importance of unity of design in a discourse, especially by Mr. Fuller, who so well exemplified his own advice. With this mode I have not been wanting sometimes to comply, and I have occasionally found great advantage in selecting a single sentiment, and pursuing it through the whole discourse. But I have much more generally followed the textual treatment, deriving the contents of the sermon from the parts and even the terms of the passage, and this unavoidably rather trenches on unity. But may not the want of unity in the subject be compensated, and more than compensated, by variety? In the Drama, much has been written of the unities by the French, who also always boasted of their maintaining them. But has one of their authors anything equal to the mixed productions of Shakspeare, who often violates them all? But in preaching it should be remembered what diversities of persons and cases there are before

us at every service, and how unlikely these diversities are to be reached by the very same thing. We are rightly to divide the word, and give to each a portion of meat in due season. The Day of Judgment admits of many separate views. It may be considered as a day of aggregation—a day of separation—a day of manifestation—a day of retribution. And Bourdaloue or Massillon would confine himself to one of these exclusively. But would this be likely to be so useful, or to strike various and different minds, as a few bold strokes on all of them?

An American divine was one day endeavoring to account to me for the effect of their revival preaching. He ascribed much of it to its restriction to one thing, observing, for instance, that though repentance may be considered as including conviction, contrition, confession, conversion, and, as necessary to the whole, looking on Him whom we have pierced—they should not notice these together, but give each a separate and distinct discourse. But the same individuals may not hear all these distinct discourses; and if other persons drop in and hear only one of them, how defective may his information be! I could not divide in the same sermon the cause and the effect. I could not preach repentance without preaching the Cross. How is the one to be produced without the other? Let us read the Acts and the Epistles.

Some have complained of my sermons being filled with too much Scripture. If this be an error, it is surely on the right side; and, as Dr. Geddes says, "I love to give God's children plenty of their own bread." I am sure of this, that I never used quotations from the Scripture merely to fill up or to lengthen out a

discourse ; and I trust I have never introduced any fancifully or regardlessly of the mind of the Spirit ; yet I own there is here occasionally some excess ; and it has probably resulted from my familiarity with the language of the Bible, having, before many other books came in my way, read it much, and committed much to memory.

Am I to allow the charge of too much amplification and diffuseness in my preaching ? When Mr. Pitt once received an intimation of this kind, with regard to his speeches, his episcopal biographer tells us he made this reply : “ A man who addresses a popular assembly must either use repetition or diffusion ; and I prefer the latter.” If *he* deemed this needful in *such* an assembly as he addressed, can it be unnecessary in ministers when speaking to a mixed multitude, many of whom have little education or talent, and were never accustomed to any fixed application of mind ? We should consider that what either in confirmation or illustration is superfluous for one hearer, is even insufficient for another. We often see as we go on in our discourse, from the straining attention of some in the crowd, that we have not yet succeeded in what we have spoken. Are we then to go forward without making another attempt with some change of address or variation of imagery ? The eloquent Isaiah would say, “ Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept ; line upon line, line upon line ; here a little, and there a little.”

Who has entirely escaped the reflection of freedom’s degenerating into vulgarity and coarseness ? Certainly not a Shakspeare, a Burke, a Hopkins, or a South. Certainly not many of our most forcible writers ; and

they incurred the accusation *because* of their *force*. In aiming at great impression and effect there is always some danger. There is none in tame correctness.

“They who crawl
Can never fall.”

But they who rise and they who run may. Yet is not occasional failure in attempt better than perpetual deficiency and indifference? Have not a thousand beauties been snatched from the very verge of impropriety? May not a man deserve the rebuke of Quintilian, who, speaking of a certain author, says, “His greatest excellence was that he had no fault, and his greatest defect that he had no excellence”?

Give me an impressiveness and an excitement that will not allow a hearer to perceive a fault, or, if he does, leaves him no mind to *regard* it. And is there nothing, if not to applaud, yet to extenuate, in even a mistake, in endeavoring to do good to those who are destitute of a thousand advantages, and whose condition is such that they must be *sought after*? We do not admire their low and grovelling taste, yea, we wish to raise and improve it; but how is this to be done if we never *approach* them? Can you take up a child from the ground without bending? And when *kindness* makes you stoop, honor crowns condescension.

I have found it difficult, if not impossible, to give satisfaction to a certain class of hearers, while wishing to do justice to the Scripture at large. *Some* of these objectors (for I could not think so of *all*) have been good men, but of contracted views. I admired their love to the truth as it is in Jesus, and their peculiarly relishing it when brought forward in a discourse. I

acknowledge also that a minister should frequently and largely dwell upon it, and treat everything in connection with it. But this connection extends much further than they seem to suppose. It does not follow that because one point is to be made more prominent in a discourse, all others are to be disregarded. We are no more to abridge than to mangle the Gospel. We must keep back nothing that is profitable, but declare the whole counsel of God. It will be better to be able at last to make the appeal, "I am free from the blood of *all* men," than to find that we have succeeded in gratifying the taste of a few, whose preference is of little value in the possession, and commonly a snare in the obtaining.

The apostles are our models; in their Epistles we find doctrine and practice, duty and privilege, always blended together. They knew that everything in the Evangelical scheme was not equally important; but they regarded nothing as useless. They took great care to lay the foundation firmly and broadly; but then they omitted nothing in the superstructure that was needful or ornamental. They preached only a crucified Saviour; but warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that they might present every man *perfect* in Jesus Christ. They contended that the grace of God alone brings salvation, but showed that it teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world.

Yet I could never have felt at liberty to preach a series of sermons on a number of evil characters such as the apostle mentions as abounding in the last days: "Lovers of their own selves; covetous;" boasters;

proud; blasphemers; disobedient to parents; unthankful; unholy; without natural affection; truce-breakers; false accusers; incontinent; fierce; despisers of those that are good; traitors; heady; high-minded; lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;" yet I knew a pastor who edified his people for nineteen Sabbaths following, with a separate discourse on each of these. I also knew another, not green in age, who was three years in going through the ten commandments. I could hardly consider myself justified in preaching a whole sermon before a multitude of perishing sinners from the words of Solomon, "He that hateth suretyship is sure." Not that such intimations and cautions are to be overlooked; but it is better to strike at the thing with a remark or two as we go on. It should also be remembered that we may often *insinuate* moral hints while we are illustrating some Christian principle. By teaching the children of God what they ought to be, I teach other children their obligations; and by holding forth the character of God as a Father, I instruct and admonish other fathers in the duties which lie upon them.

It should, however, never be forgotten that "we are the servants of the Most High God, who show unto men the way of salvation;" that the Gospel is good news for perishing sinners; and that this is to be preached to every creature; and "there are some doctrines," says Mr. Venn, "that should not only be always implied and referred to in our sermons, but should be distinctly and fully treated, several times in the course of every year."

You probably have heard more than myself of the

complaints which have been made of your father with regard to the article of visiting.

I can truly say, it affords me no satisfaction to find similar complaints very prevalent wherever I have gone. Nor do I, in this case, wish to attempt *wholly* to justify myself—far from it. I might have done more, especially in *some* cases, than I have done, by more decision, arrangement, and diligence. Who can look back on any department of duty and usefulness, and not have reason to exclaim, “If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?” Yet I would remark a few things, by way, at least, of explanation, rather than of excuse.

No little of this censured neglect was *voluntary* with me, and therefore it did not aggrieve my mind. I saw that much of what was commonly expected was *unreasonable*, and that it was *consequence* rather than *improvement* that was affected by disappointment.

I saw several kinds of visitants whom I did not see I was called to follow.

First. The smokers, furnished with a pretty pipe, and its usual concomitant, at every house of call ;

Secondly. The listless and self-indulgent, who found that diligent study was much less inviting than lounging from one company to another, and hearing the news of the neighborhood ;

Thirdly. The truly pious, who are really concerned to do good, but were often less useful than they meant or imagined. Many of these have not the oily slang of religious phrases ; they are not apt at free and appropriate address, or turning all incidents to profitable account ; yet they might preach to advantage, had they time and leisure for reading and meditation.

I saw also that their calls were not always acceptable or convenient: this was the case with mechanics and men in business, and still more so with females in ordinary life, who were commonly taken up with their domestic cares.

I saw also that the whole congregation must be visited (in which case, if it were a large one, the whole of a preacher's time would be occupied,) or the minister would be deemed a respecter of persons, giving as much pain as pleasure; flattering the pride of one, and gendering the envy of another, by supposed partiality.

I also could not but see how little profit resulted from more *set* visits, of longer continuance, and including table and tea entertainments. In these meetings how nearly impossible is it to commence or maintain discourse by which you can either gain or do good!

I am aware that there must be interviews and intercourses, when they are of no particular character or utility; they contribute to good neighborhood and social pleasure; but I am now speaking of things in reference to their ecclesiastical relation, and the importance of their bearing on ministerial duty, and excellence.

If familiarity does not breed contempt, it reduces reverence; and too much intimacy has often lowered the impression and influence of many a minister; for there are but few who have the same presence and address in the parlor as in the pulpit.

I have no opinion of a pastor that is not very studious. But study demands leisure and retirement, and "through desire, a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom." He should therefore, as much as possible, avoid pub-

licity, and be covetous and niggardly of every fragment of time. A man who has some degree of talent, especially an easiness and fluency of speech, may do for an itinerant or an occasional preacher, by his brisk superficialities; but let him become stationary, and have to preach three or four times a week to the same people, and he'll soon abound with sameness, and become sapless and unedifying; the young will feel little attraction; the intelligent will be tempted to withdraw; the dull will become drowsy; and the ignorant that remain will be ignorant still.

People for their own sakes should do all they can to promote a habit of mental application in their ministers, and be concerned to allow them every opportunity within their reach for exerting it, especially their mornings and evenings. Of course, if they love their pastors, they will feel pleasure in their company, nor will that company be unreasonably refused; but let them, as much as possible, choose the time of intercourse, and not accuse them of indolence, or self-indulgence, if it be not so frequent as they could wish. Perhaps at the very moment of their hearers' complaint they are in their retirement praying for them, or studying to comfort or profit them, if not with the sweat of the brow, with the sweat of the brain; for "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

I therefore never felt anything like self-reproach when conscious of my being fully employed; and persuaded that I was better subserving, not only my own welfare, but that of my people and of the public, in my study, than in gadding about without an aim in idle interviews and nursery talk.

I mention not this, therefore, to make those easy

who rise not before seven in the morning; hang loose from strenuous improvement all the day; are drawn aside by every trifling excitement; and apply the time they affect to husband *from* visiting to no equal purpose, or no purpose at all; but for the sake of upright and conscientious men, who are anxious to make full proof of their ministry, but grieve because they cannot do the things that they would.

But is not a minister a pastor, and is not a shepherd to mind and manage the state of all his sheep? He is; and he must peculiarly regard cases of urgency and distress; he is to bind up that which is broken; to bring back that which has wandered; but he can only feed, and lead, and fold the flock *together* or *collectively*.

Cases of affliction have special claims on pastoral attention; and in these consolation and spiritual profit may be administered by a word in season. But here ministers have sometimes been blamed for remissness, when they have not been made acquainted with the distress. The rule is, "Is any sick among you, let him *call* for the elders of the church;" thus at once informing them of his case, and expressing his desire to be visited.

I observe also, that much in this supposed delinquency was with me *unavoidable*. I began my course under many early disadvantages; for I began young, and nearly from the beginning was thrown into situations and circumstances which had many and exciting demands upon me, without assistance. Though physically incapable of enduring so much confinement and engagement as some of my brethren, I had four services per week at home, besides frequent calls abroad.

Bath, the place of my residence, exposed me to many interruptions; and my own people little knew how much I was *necessarily* engaged in visiting strangers who came there for health, and were away from their usual pious helps. I might also mention, that I was early unintentionally led to become an author; and God giving me much acceptance, I regarded the press as well as the pulpit, the one indeed, as to extensiveness and continuance, superior to the other. This also required time and attention, and much more than justice to my subject demanded.

As congregations grow larger and more respectable; as more preparation for the pulpit is needful than formerly; as institutions have so much multiplied, and pastors must often be engaged in services added to their home routine of duty; new and serious difficulties arise in the present discharge of the ministerial function. How are they to be met? It seems now hardly possible to combine equally in the same man the excellencies of the pastor and the eminence of the preacher. I have seldom seen an instance of both. Dr. Mason, of New York, in his farewell address to his church, says, "If you would have us not only to preach Christ publicly, but from house to house, you must put your hands into your pockets, and support a dozen more pastors."

If pastors and pastoral assistants cannot be multiplied, may not something be done by an increase of good and efficient deacons and elders? Could not they relieve their ministers from some of their exertions, and allow them the more freedom to give themselves to the Word of God and prayer? Is there nothing they can do but serve tables? Could not fe-

males be usefully and properly employed? Were they not in the first churches officially engaged, not indeed in preaching, this was expressly forbidden—and inspiration is only common sense here,—but in cases that did not compromise the duties and decencies of their peculiar sphere and character? Paul says to the Philippians, “Help those women that labored with me in the gospel.” To Timothy he speaks of a “widow well reported of for good works, if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints’ feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work.” “I commend unto you,” says he to the Romans, “Phœbe our sister, who is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea. For she has been a succorer of many, and myself also. Also greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us.”

I flatter not, but speak the words of truth and soberness when I say, our churches and ministers suffer no inconsiderable loss by the non-official engagement of the sex, whose taste and talent, piety and goodness and zeal, are now so useful, but which may be rendered much more so than they are.

One thing I did to remedy, in a degree, my deficiency in visiting. For the sake more expressly of the busy, the poor, and the aged, I had a meeting in the vestry on the Monday evening, in which I always sat, and, for near an hour, spoke in a more free and familiar manner than it became me to use in my pulpit. I considered this like meeting the party in a room for conversation, only I had all the talk to myself. But while I spoke to the whole company, each could hear as well as if I spoke to him only and alone; yet

some have grudged that others should partake of the benefit; and would have had it more expressly and distinctively appropriated to *them* alone. What evil often veils itself under religious pretension! What to some is usefulness, compared with selfish gratification! "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

PLEASANT REVIEW OF HIS LIFE, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC:—TRIALS,
PLEASURES, ETC.:—RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS:—COMPLACENT
REVIEW OF DIVERSITIES:—NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH UNION:—
CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS CONNECTIONS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—While musing with my pen in my hand, and hardly knowing what to write, it struck me that you may be ready to ask, how my life appears in review?

Life is commonly said to appear short, and to some even in advanced years it may so appear; but they have been persons whose condition has been distinguished by much sameness, whose progress has seemed to consist of one journey, whose passage has been always smooth, and who have not many things to strike and, as it were, detain the mind, in looking back. But life to others in retrospect seems to be like a succession of stages, each having its beginning and ending, and a variety of separate, intermediate residences; from one of which to another the memory can hardly pass without re-entering and enjoying or suffering their scenes and events again. And this gives the notion of length. Now in my case, life has not only run through infancy, and childhood, and youth, and manhood, and in a great measure through age itself, but has been made up of such diverse states, and has been

attended with so many new (as to myself) and interesting occurrences, that I cannot go over it quickly; and my first consciousness, feelings, and actings seem a long way back.

But should I be willing, such as I have found it, to go over life again? I have heard many express the sentiment, though not in the poetry, of Cowper,—

“ Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste,
 To see the future overspread
 With all the gloomy past.”

But such language is not for me. I should not shrink from the proposal of repetition, — “ Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.” My duties have not been burdening and irksome. My trials have been few compared with my comforts. My pleasures have been cheap and simple, and therefore very numerous. I have enjoyed unsatiatingly the seasons and the sceneries of nature. I have relished the bounties of Providence, using them with moderation and thankfulness. I have delighted in the means of grace; unutterable have been my delights in studying and perusing the Scripture. How have I verified the words of Young—

“ Retire and read thy Bible to be gay !”

Preaching has been the element of my heart and my head. My labors have met with much acceptance—nor have I labored in vain. I have seldom been without hearing of some instances of usefulness from the pulpit or the press. God has honored me to call by my labors not a few individuals, even into the ministry. The seat of my residence was of all others, the

place of my preference. My condition has been the happy medium of neither poverty nor riches. I had a most convenient habitation, with a large and lovely garden—a constant source of attraction, exercise and improvement. I had a sufficient collection of books of all kinds. My wife was a gentlewoman, a saint, and a domestic goddess. My children were fair, and healthy, and dutiful. My friends were many, and cordial, and steady. Where shall I end?

“Call not earth a barren spot,
 Pass it not unheeded by;
 ’Tis to man a lovely spot,
 Though a lovelier awaits on high.”

I do not believe that in this earth misery preponderates over good. I have a better opinion of mankind than I had when I began my public life. I cannot therefore ask, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? I do not believe in the fact itself. God has not been throwing away duration upon the human race. The state of the world *has* been improved, and *is* improving. Who justifies slavery now? What noble efforts have been made to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free! How is the tendency to war, on every slight pretence, giving way to reference and negotiation! How delightful is it to think of what is doing abroad among the heathen; and the exertions that are put forth by all denominations of Christians to make the Saviour’s way known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations!

We also rejoice in *hope*. We have many and express assurances in the Scriptures, which cannot be broken, of the general, the universal spread and reign of Chris-

tianity, which are not yet accomplished. Nothing has yet taken place in the history of Divine grace, wide enough in extent, durable enough in continuance, powerful enough in energy, blessed enough in enjoyment, magnificent enough in glory, to do anything like justice to these predictions and promises. Better days, therefore, are before us, notwithstanding the forebodings of many. "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

As so many distinctions and divisions prevail in the Christian world, you may require from me a few words concerning our religious denominations and parties.

I never viewed these so aversely and fearfully as some have done. Several things pertaining to them I would remark.

First. I do not consider them as incompatible with Christian unity. God promised to give his people one heart and one way; and our Saviour prayed that all his followers may be one. Can we suppose the promise and the prayer have never *yet* been accomplished? But if they have been fulfilled, we may reason back from that fulfilment, and see what was the oneness intended, and perceive that it was not a oneness of opinion, or a ritual oneness; but a oneness of principle, and affection, and dependence, and pursuit, and co-operation. For this *has* taken place among the real followers of the Lamb, and among them only.

Secondly. They are not inconsistent with the support and spread of the Christian cause; yea, I consider them

by the excitements they favor, and the mutual zeal they kindle, and the tempers they require and exercise, as far more useful than would be the stagnancy of cold and dull uniformity, the idol of every bigot, and which *must* always be not so much real as professed, and held in hypocrisy where there are numbers, and where persons with so many sources of diversity in their structure, their education, and opportunities, think for themselves.

Thirdly. I do not, therefore, conclude that prophecy authorizes us to look for their entire suppression, but for their correction and improvement only. In what is called "the latter-day glory" they will indeed see, eye to eye, but this will regard the clearer and closer perceptions of the great objects of vision, and not the minuter appendages; and they will perfectly accord, and see eye to eye in *one* sentiment, viz., "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." Judah and Ephraim shall remain, so to speak, distinct tribes; but "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

The creatures figuratively mentioned by the prophet Isaiah will not be transformed into each other, but "the wolf also shall *dwell* with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling *together*; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp; and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy moun-

tain. For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

Fourthly. We may view denominations as we do individual Christians. None of them are absolutely perfect; and none of them are entirely defective. Neither is possessed, and neither is destitute, of every truth and every excellency. All the members of the body have not the same quality, or the same office, yet they are alike parts; and though they may be compared, they are not to be opposed; and though one may be more admired, another is not to be depreciated. One denomination may excel in diligence and zeal; another in discipline and simplicity of worship; another in contention for purity of doctrine; another for intelligence and liberality; and thus they not only stand in the same relation to Christ, but are members one of another;—checking each other’s extremes, and supplying each other’s defects, and sharing each other’s advantages; and so by mutuality to produce a comparative perfection in the whole.

Fifthly. In consequence of this, I could never regard the differences of the truly godly as essential; and though I have had my convictions and preferences, they were never anathematizing or exclusive. And I could have communed with any of their churches, and should not have been sorry if circumstances had enabled me to say I had done so.

I know religious parties are too free in censuring other bodies as less liberal than themselves; but in this respect I have not seen (and my opportunities have been favorable for observation and comparison) much difference between them. There are bigots in them all, both as churches, members, and teachers;

and there are men of real candor, and who can say from the heart, "*Whosoever* shall do the will of my Father, who is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." And if one party were by constitution or accident more rigid and narrow than another, the more commendation is due to the noble minds among them that rise above their fellows and their trammels; and let us never try or wish to detach them from their own communities, but rejoice in the influence they may exert in bettering and liberalizing them.

In accordance with these views and reflections, I have commonly lamented when persons holding the Head, and differing only in minor matters, pass from their own fellowship into another, especially in country towns and villages. It often excites suspicions that unfair means have been used to proselyte the individual; and grudgings are felt by the losers, to whom one member was perhaps of considerable importance. I have known ministers and members becoming, by such changes, shy of each other; while the individual who has changed his communion has been more noticed by his new party for a particular tenet than for his general excellence; and been in danger of attaching too much importance to it himself. I have often observed the zeal of proselytes subsiding into little things; and I never remember to have seen an individual improved in religious character and excellence by passing from one Christian church to another, unless it was called for by something more than a non-essential difference. If our present connection requires of us anything we deem sinful, our duty is clear, and we must follow our convictions regardless of conse-

quences ; but I am taking the matter on lower ground, that is, where there may be imperfections with which we may bear, and which we may endeavor to correct, rather than withdraw. And surely some regard is due to the providence of God which orders our situations, and to the solemn act by which we gave ourselves to the Church, in which we have taken sweet counsel together, and our "fellowship has been with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

HIS OWN CHURCH:—ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES:—HIS CALVINISM:—DIFFICULTIES:—ADHERENCE TO THE BIBLE:—HIS RULES IN STUDYING IT:—WHAT TO AVOID AND WHAT TO SEEK.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Continuing the subject of my last, a question may be now asked concerning the ecclesiastical community to which I belong. If a man be not a party man, he can hardly avoid being of a party; neither is it safe or useful (though he may occasionally do some execution) for a soldier to be isolated and rove about alone, impatient, perhaps, of authority and direction, rather than acting with some regiment or company. I was always a friend to order and regularity—not tyrannical order or enslaving regularity—but that which will oppose the whims and vagaries of self-willed and self-conceited individuality; so that zeal may not rush and spread like flood-water, but be a river guided and restrained, but flowing between its banks.

I do not think, as I have expressed myself in one of my lectures, any very particular form of government is absolutely laid down in the New Testament. I am not ignorant that this will surprise and offend several classes of advocates, all of whom appeal to the Scriptures, and all of whom find their peculiar and op-

posite systems laid down there clearly and definitively — *i. e.* to themselves. Yet they are not wanting in the New Testament general principles of church government, which will admit, without subverting them, of considerable modifyings in their application, according to times, places, and circumstances. *All* our present religious communities, perhaps, really deviate in some degree from these model maxims; though some diverge more than others. I could never be reconciled to Prelacy, but I have thought differently of Episcopacy, where the bishop, as Usher says, is only a *primus inter pares*, and is chosen by his *brethren*, for his age, talents, and piety; having no secular function, or being empowered to lord it over God's heritage. This is now pleaded for by many churchmen themselves, and is much defended in the United States, where the connection between Church and State is as much censured by Episcopalians as by Congregationalists. Perhaps, had I been led to choose, instead of being led by circumstances, I should have preferred Presbyterianism, as to church order and regimen. But the truth is, I never deeply studied the theories of ecclesiastical government. I had neither inclination nor leisure; and other things of greater moment always seemed to press upon my immediate attention. Nor was my mind upon this subject made up so entirely and exclusively and stiffly, as that I could only have moved in one direction. By the providence of God, I was trained among the Independents, and with them I remained. I agreed not in every iota of their system, but I approved of it in the main; and felt nothing in it that violated my conscience, or abridged my liberty. I found also in it many advantages and efficiencies.

It allowed the people the privilege of choice, and the minister a sufficiency of authority. It secured church purity, and maintained due discipline. It promoted Christian communion and edification. It befriended, urged, and employed means and exertions for the conversion of sinners; and presented a ready and unfettered medium for the extension of the Redeemer's cause, abroad and at home. But could it not be relieved of a little of its democracy, and of its great dependence on individual suffrage? or would a change here, in its working (it is possible), introduce an agency more exceptionable and liable to abuse? Could there not be established some power of appeal, so that its ministers, in cases of accusation or complaint, should be heard and judged by their peers, and not be left to interested, prejudiced, and ignorant arbiters? Could nothing be done to render a number of churches of the same faith and order, within such a distance, constituent parts of a *whole*, with some delegated power for this purpose, without invading their independence? Cannot the table of the Lord be preserved from profanation unless a lion be placed at the door of entrance? and conditions be exacted of candidates, which will drive back many who ought to be encouraged; but which are unlikely to check few, if any, of those who ought to be restrained?

This feature of the old discipline I softened in my own case; and I believe many of my brethren have had influence to do the same, while others lament the continued and unconditional requisition of oral or written experiences, delivered before the church. But bodies of men are not easily moved; and the mistakes

of pious men, being conscientious, are with difficulty rectified.*

My doctrinal views, both as to their truth and importance, have undergone very little variation from the beginning, though of course, on the subjects they contain, I have read and thought much. I have felt indeed less disposed to inculcate them "in the words which man's wisdom teaches," or in dry and straitened systematic arrangement. Divinity cannot be taught at the college without system—but in preaching, it is better that many things should be assumed than technically discussed. It is better for the preacher to give way to his holy and fervent feelings, than to be chilled and checked by the apprehension of some supposed inconsistency. It is better to let the text speak its own language, naturally and glowingly, than to use

* We must request the reader to pause at this statement while we offer a brief comment. Our venerated friend seems to take credit to himself in the above sentences for a commendable innovation upon an ancient and common practice. But the practice was certainly never so strict nor so common as he intimates; nor was he the only one, nor the first, that had broken through it at the period when he wrote. Moreover, we are rather inclined to think it crept into the Independent churches from the Methodists, who dwelt much more upon the consciousness and palpable evidences of conversion than the Independents had been accustomed to do. Some of Mr. Jay's first connections were Calvinistic Methodists, and from them probably he received the impression of the prevalence of the custom which he here condemns. The enforcement of such a rule of admission was, at any time, far from general or rigid. It may possibly have prevailed more among Baptist churches than among Independents. But it certainly went into general disuse about the time when Mr. Jay renounced it. There is, we conceive, not a single case in which it is now *enforced*; so that, if it ever was, it certainly is no longer, the "lion" Mr. Jay represents it, guarding the door of access to the Table of the Lord.

coercive measures, and torture out the meaning, or bombard it into submission.

There is a magnificence and a vastness in the Scriptures, which no human attempts can comprehend, or limit, or define; and it will be our highest wisdom, at present, to endeavor to understand and improve the interesting *parts* of a *whole*, which all our creed-mongers have found and will find too wonderful for them.

In my considerable acquaintance with the religious world, some of the most exemplary individuals I have met with have been Calvinists. Of this persuasion were the two most extraordinary Christian characters I ever knew—John Newton, and Cornelius Winter. They held its leading sentiments with firmness; but their Calvinism, like that of Bunyan, was rendered, by their temper, milder than that of some of their brethren; and they were candid towards those who differed from them; and esteemed and loved them as fellow-heirs together of the grace of life.

With this scheme of divinity my principles accorded generally more than with any other; but certain parts of it I could never admit. If it be said the inclusive and the exclusive parts are inseparable; and that we cannot hold the one without the other, I hesitate. We know not enough to determine, in hardly any case, what is impossible. A difficulty, apparently inexplicable, may not be a contradiction, but be solved by an extended view of the subject. Things which appear quite inconsistent to the apprehension of a *child*, and which, for want of capacity, it *cannot* harmonize at present, jar not in the mind of a *man*. But what a difference must there be between the perceptions of a finite and an infinite understanding! and in

the scriptures we have "the deep things or God" as well as the plain.

Two grand truths have always seemed to me to pervade the whole Bible, and not to be confined to a few particular phrases, viz., that if we are saved, it is entirely of God's grace; and if we are lost, it will be entirely from ourselves. I know full well a man may easily force me into a corner with things seemingly or really related to the truth of either of these affirmations; but he will not shake my confidence in either, while I can read, "O Israel, *thou* hast destroyed thyself; but in *me* is thy help." The connection is like a chain across the river; I can see the two ends, but not the middle; not because there is no real union, but because it is under water. Lower the water, or raise the links, and I shall see the centre as well as the extremes.

Paley observes that we should never suffer what we know to be disturbed by what we know not. And Butler remarks nearly the same, when he says, "If a *truth* be established, *objections* are nothing. The one is founded on our *knowledge*, and the other in our *ignorance*."

You may here remember what you have so often seen, and which I early prefixed to my *Study Bible*.

In reading this Book let me guard against four things—

1. The contractedness of the Systematic.
2. The mysticism of the Allegorizer.
3. The dogmatism of the Bigot.
4. The presumption of the Rationalist.

Let me tremble at God's Word, and let me in reading it keep three purposes in view :

1. To collect facts rather than form opinions.
2. To regulate practice rather than encourage speculation.
3. To aid devotion rather than dispute.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

HIS REVIEW OF THE STATE OF RELIGION IN HIS YOUTH CONTRASTED WITH ITS ADVANCED STATE WHEN HE WROTE:—THE ESTABLISHMENT:—THE DISSENTERS:—THE INSTITUTIONS, ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You have expressed a wish to have my opinion *comparatively* of the state of things when I commenced my public labors, and now I am withdrawing from them.

I am fully persuaded that, by the good providence of God, we have experienced a thousand beneficial changes. Our Code of Judicial Law has been revised, and many of its sanguinary penalties repealed. Our Civil Legislation, and our political arrangements, have been much improved. Various wrongs have been rectified, and rights have been equalized. Freedom has largely gained. Trade and Commerce have exceedingly multiplied; while the amazing advancement in Science and Arts has added much, not only to our fame, but also to our accommodation and comfort—philosophy has rendered every element subservient to our use.

It is needless to attempt to enumerate or specify *these* advantages. *My* way lies in another direction; and I would only glance briefly at the bearing of things viewed *morally, religiously, and evangelically,*

and I cannot look at various progressions without exclaiming, "What has God wrought!" And here I must censure some good persons whose forebodings and complainings with regard to the times appear unjust, improper, and ungrateful. When we consider that our "whole world lieth in wickedness;" and that as a country, we have been "a sinful people, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters;" the wonder is that *He* has not long ago abandoned us; and surely we ought to notice thankfully every token for good with which we are favored. Is it meet to be silent towards a benefactor on whom we have no claims? or to say by our manner, Is this all that thou hast done for us? Surely the way to obtain more of his gracious influence and operation, is to praise him for the favor he has already done us; and *thus* ask for more. We are therefore directed "in everything by prayer and supplication, with *thanksgiving*, to make our requests known unto God." How offensive and grievous then must it be to his Holy Spirit to deny, or speak meanly or lightly of, his goodness, when he has done such great things for us, whereof we should be glad!

Though the day far exceeds the dawn, the dawn will not be unnoticed or undervalued by those who have seen and felt the darkness of the night. Some are not old enough to look back upon the past, and form comparisons which must prove no less than contrasts with the present. Though not a prodigy of age, I have had an opportunity to see some blessed fulfilments of the promise, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the briar shall come up the

myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

And can we believe this, and see this, and be ungladdened and ungrateful? or shall we suffer a few private or public burdens and trials to keep us repining and murmuring, when in Judah things go well, and the walls of the temple rise, though in troublous times? The evils of which some men seem almost only sensible, are the more easily seen, and the more deeply felt, because of the presence and prevalence of so much good. And what good!

When I first went to London there was no Missionary Societies but those of our Moravian and Wesleyan brethren; but now we have the Baptist, the London, the Episcopalian, Missionary Institutions; all sending forth the truth as it is in Jesus; and all depending for success upon the Spirit of the living God, (and therefore all carrying on their operations with prayer,) and all crowned with encouragement and success, proportioned to their means and endeavors.

Then, too, we had not the noblest of all institutions since the apostolic era, the Bible Society; nor the Tract Society; nor the Jewish Society; nor the Hibernian Society; nor the Irish Evangelical Society; nor the Home Missionary Society; all of which have for years been in full operation.

Here we have not mentioned the Anti-Slavery Society and the Peace Society; but though these are not formally and immediately religious institutions, they indirectly aid them; they are congenial with them, and are sanctioned by all their provisions and commands; yea, they have been derived from their spirit.

We also pass over the numerous local and private

Societies attached to our several congregations; and what congregation is there among us without some of them? Most of which, besides a charitable aim, have also a religious; for instance, societies for visiting the sick, not only affording temporal succor, but furnishing also spiritual instruction and prayer, when the mind is prepared by affliction to receive it, or peculiarly needing it. Sunday Schools also not only teach poor children to read their Bible, but inform their minds in the leading truths of the Gospel; and I have never met with a religious interest without a Sunday School, while many of these schools now are formed in the villages, where, at present, there is no religious interest; and which are attended to by persons who go from our churches on the Lord's day, and consecrate a good portion of the Sabbath to this work and labor of love; and find the reward of their journeyings and toil in the pleasure of doing good.

Think of the spread of the Gospel in the Establishment, and compare Mr. Romaine's total of fifty Gospel clergymen with the number in the same church now! Think what an amazing multiplication of Dissenters there has also been! And if there has not been such an increase in their *light* as in that of some other connections, (and which was less needed,) there has been a glorious one in their liberty, liberality, and life, and usefulness! What a diminution have I known of heterodox congregations; and what additions to those who know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified! The number of new places, at the opening of which I have preached, and the number of enlarged places, at the re-opening of which I have preached, would appear hard of belief. Yet other of my breth-

ren have been employed in the same work, in *their* respective neighborhoods and connections, all through the land. Several new schools also, or to modernize, "colleges," for the sons of the prophets, have been established; and ampler provision made for those completer preparations for the ministry which the day demands.

And what a change has there been in public spirit-
edness and generous contributions! How would some of the good men, who lived eighty or ninety years ago, have been astonished, could they have been told of the sums obtained at one anniversary meeting; or what is now raised by a single congregation annually! Where one collection was formerly made at the doors of the sanctuary, twenty are now made. The same proportion would hold in the number of applications made personally to individuals, and seldom made entirely in vain.

Love also has abounded more and more in knowl-
edge and in all judgment. How much less stress is laid on minor and circumstantial things in religion than once! And how much more disposed are the various parties to unite and hold intercourse with each other! I remember how it was wondered at, when Mr. Eyre of Homerton, of Calvinistical sentiments, was asked to preach at Mr. Wesley's chapel, in Moorfields, and preached without giving offence, from Gal. i. 8,—
"If we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed!" Now, without abolishing our distinctions, we have learned to hail, and bless, and help each other. We have agreement without compromise. Our regiments retain their own col-

ors and officers, but fight against a common foe, and for the same King of Glory.

I am aware that some will say, "all is not gold that glitters," and there is much more hearing, and talking, and show, and profession. In a degree, this is as true as it is lamentable. There have been also abuses and excesses. These will always grow out of awakenings, while human nature remains as it is. But that there has been a remarkable revival and extension of *genuine* religion, since the rise of what is called Methodism, notwithstanding the imperfections attending it, what can induce us to deny? The dead have been enlivened; the sleeping have been aroused; the form of godliness has not been without the power, though in some instances the power has had too little of the form. Faith has not been a cold assent of the understanding to certain dogmas, but a vital principle in the heart and life. The professors of it have denied themselves, and taken up their cross, and followed the Redeemer in the regeneration. We plead not for perfection; but this renovated religion has been essentially and eminently of the *right* kind—evangelical in doctrine, practical in operation, lively in experience, and noble in effects.

But there are persons who, though they allow of some reality in this statement, yet think that modern Christians are much inferior to those who lived in the times of our forefathers. Instead of speaking disparagingly of these men, we would have inscribed on their tombs, "Of whom the world was not worthy!" They were martyrs of conscience; the word of God dwelt in them richly; they had much to do with their own hearts; and were distinguished by their domestic

and private devotions. But they would not, and could not, have abounded so much in some even of their own excellences had they lived in a later day. The stream, then rendered deeper by confinement, has since widened; and the water flows over more surface. They had not so many openings and calls for action abroad; and their spirit partook something of their state. The churches then seemed to feel little or nothing of the missionary character; and to some it may seem surprising how little is found in the letters, diaries, and sermons of that period but what almost exclusively regards the defeats or prosperity of their own souls, or immediate communities. And how little even they who made mention of the Lord obeyed the injunction, "keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth." The time, the set time to favor her was not yet come. Zion was not in labor to bring forth. She had hardly conceived. But now—

"All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace."

And to drop metaphor. Of late years, persons are not allowed to look only on their own things, but constrained also to look on the things of others; and especially the things that are Jesus Christ's. And they are to be judged of by the manner in which they do the work of their own day, and not by their conformity to others who lived under a different order of things.

But were not Christians who lived at the commencement of this new and evangelical era superior in experience to those who have followed them? I am not

entirely unprepared to answer this question. A number of the original converts of Wesley and Whitfield were yet living when I began to appear in public, and some of them I knew intimately ; and they made too deep an impression upon me to be forgotten. They were certainly better acquainted with, and more endeared to each other, than the larger proportion of professors now are ; but two reasons may be assigned for this, without making the dead to depreciate the living.

It was *first*, in some degree, owing to the persecution and reproach of the whole world which drew them together for intercourse and comfort. It also, *secondly*, arose from the paucity of their numbers. When religious parties are smaller, they partake more of a family character ; and the members know, and are known, of each other. But this cannot be equally the case in large societies, and where multitude prevents intimacy. But then these larger societies have other advantages. They are more public, more known ; they are more firm, independent, and active ; they attract more attendants, are capable of more enterprise, and can raise more for the cause of God at large, in the support of charities, schools, missionaries, and evangelists. It is in vain to expect every recommendation united in any species of excellency, or department of agency.

But to return to these earlier converts. There was something rather peculiar and specific about them. They seemed to feel that they were fast and tried disciples, and had a right to be heard. They were fond of going back, and referring to their first love, and first enjoyments and exercises. They talked rather too

frequently of their own experience, and made it too much a standard for others, and were too positive and unyielding in some little and indifferent points, to which they attached undue importance. But who could help admiring their deadness to the world?—their heavenly-mindedness?—the readiness and zest with which they entered into religious conversation?—the manner in which they invariably spoke of the Lord Jesus, as all their salvation and all their desire; and with whom they had to do *immediately* in all the concerns of the spiritual life?—their forwardness to relieve the poor, and visit the afflicted, and to be content with such things as they had?—and their patience and cheerfulness in tribulation?

I was also much struck with their general freedom from the fear of death. They never seemed unwilling to be reminded of its approach. They spoke of it with pleasure; and in conversing with their dying friends, they appeared concerned to reconcile them to the thought of recovery, (should this be the event,) rather than to their dissolution. They rejoiced with them in the prospect of their speedy release from a wicked world, and an evil heart, and of their going so soon home, and seeing the Saviour, and being forever with the Lord. And when they followed them to the grave, they sorrowed more for themselves, that had sustained the loss, than for their connections, whose death they knew was gain. And does not even Paley allow, that in all this they much resembled the first Christians. Their attachment also to the means of grace was intense; nor would they suffer distance, or weather, or slight indispositions to detain them. The Sabbath

was their delight, and they numbered the days till its arrival. And as to the poorer of them—

“Though pinch’d with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed;
It made amends, if they could come
To God’s own house for heavenly bread.”

Nor were these services only pleasing to them in the performance. They were remembered and talked over for days and weeks after. For the sermons they heard, if not highly polished, left effects which were as goads, and as nails fastened in a sure place, by the hand of the Master of assemblies.

They also seemed to have more veneration for the Scriptures; and to peruse them with more directness, simplicity, and docility,—for the Bible, as yet, had not been turned into a work of science, rather than of faith; and of everlasting criticism, rather than of devotion; nor were thousands of tutors and multitudes of volumes found necessary to explain a simple book, designed for “the poor” and “the common people,” by the only wise God himself.

What is the simple and grand design of revelation? “These things are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.” What care is needful to keep the reader from being diverted by a thousand subordinate notices from the inquiry—“What must I do to be saved?”

Excuse the freedom of this letter, and the preference I have given (but not in *all* things) to a body of Christians with whose modified descendants I have been more called to mix and co-operate. And let us serve

our own generation, by the will of God ; seizing its advantages, and endeavoring, instead of quarrelling with a few comparative evils, to rejoice that so much has been done ; and that blessed are our eyes for what they see, and our ears for what they hear.

I am, &c.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN attempting to supply some facts additional to the very few relating to the latter part of Mr. Jay's life recorded in the Autobiography, we must be permitted to state, that it is impossible now to recover an accurate account of many events and circumstances of interest connected with his public life. Time is frequently revealing the usefulness of his labors both as a preacher and an author ; but it is more than probable that many remarkable instances of his success will remain untold upon earth. We have reason to believe he knew of many more than he has anywhere recorded. Some of the more remarkable circumstances of his life and ministry he has scarcely, if at all, noticed. It is our intention to record as many of these as we have been able clearly to ascertain. But some have been published which are wanting in sufficient evidence, and others which are certainly false. The chronological order we shall endeavor to observe as far as possible. The dates which we have gathered with some difficulty from a variety of sources will enable the reader to form in his own mind, after reading the Autobiography with the following additions, a tolerably correct as well as orderly conception of the events of Mr. Jay's life.

His own account of his birth and education is more full and satisfactory than many other parts of the history. It appears that, immediately upon completing his term of study under Mr. Winter, he was engaged by the Rev. Rowland Hill to supply his pulpit at Surrey Chapel. This event, as he himself states, was of great importance, as it brought him into acquaintance with Miss Davies, who became Mrs. Jay ; and also introduced him to the friendship of Mr. Newton, Ryland, and others. The continuance of these annual visits drew him also into connection with some of the eminent and excellent men who shortly after formed the plan of the London Missionary Society. It was, as nearly as we can ascertain, in the year 1788 that Mr. Jay fulfilled his first engagement at Surrey Chapel. The Missionary Society was planned and founded in 1794; its first May meetings were held in 1795; and at its first anniversary in May, 1796, Mr. Jay was called to preach, though then only twenty-seven years of age. His sermon from Psalm lxxii. 19, 20, "And let the whole earth be filled with his glory, Amen and Amen," &c., was published at the time, and is included in the uniform edition of his works. This sermon was the means of the conversion of an eminent and distinguished individual, John Poynder, Esq., as may be seen in the "Reminiscence" of that gentleman. Speaking of him in a letter to Mrs. Bolton, many years after, he says, "Yesterday I was informed dear Mr. Poynder had left us. His death will lead to another 'Reminiscence,' which I began last evening. I know as yet no particulars of his departure. He was one of the most noble and useful converts God ever favored me with."

Within four or five years after preaching at the first Anniversary of the London Missionary Society, he took a journey on its behalf into Scotland. An interesting memento of this visit he has preserved in the Autobiography. These facts sufficiently attest his great popularity in the early years of his ministry. But his intimate connection with the London Missionary Society, and his deep interest in its progress, as well as the honor which its successive directors have awarded to him, will be shown by the facts we have now to state.

In the year 1826 he was called to preach at the anniversary of that society at the Poultry Chapel to its juvenile friends. In 1834 he preached a third time at its May meeting. His fourth sermon before the same institution was preached at its jubilee in November, 1844; and again a fifth time he preached at the annual meeting of 1851 in Surrey Chapel. The honor of preaching five times at the meetings of this society in the metropolis has, we believe, fallen to the lot of no other individual. Although we have singled out his services rendered to this society, yet there are many others among our public institutions, the interests of which he has ably and successfully pleaded, both in London and the country, though generally from the pulpit.

In the year 1810 the college of New Jersey in North America conferred upon Mr. Jay the degree of Doctor in Divinity. Though he did not assume the title, yet he acknowledged the honor done him. But that which gave him the highest satisfaction was the extensive circulation and usefulness of his writings in that country among all evangelical denominations.

In the course of the year 1820 he experienced a deep affliction, referred to pretty fully in his Autobiography, Letter XI. ; on which occasion he addressed the following characteristic note to the deacons of his church :—

To the Deacons of Argyle Chapel, Bath.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This comes to you from the house of mourning and from a bleeding heart. I mourn much ; but I pray that I may not murmur. I have sympathized with you in your respective trials ; and I know I shall not ask in vain for a share in your tenderness and prayers. But now that God has taken away my darling child, this is to say with Abraham, “ *Give me a place where I may bury my dead.* ” Having passed the best part of my life among you, it is my wish to die in your service. I wish to have a tomb that would contain my own remains, whenever it shall please God to re-unite me to my child ; and also my dear wife’s, and perhaps those of some of the other branches of the family. I much desire, if you have no objection, to have it under the burying-ground house, and would thank one of you to come over with whom I have communicated upon the subject, either this evening or to-morrow morning early, as no time can be lost. Excuse brevity. I cannot write, but mine eye poureth out tears unto God. Believe me, my dear friends, as respects the whole church,

Your affectionate and devoted Pastor,

WILLIAM JAY.

This refers to the death of his daughter Statira, who was seized with fever while he was on a journey in Devonshire, and from which he was recalled, and only reached his home in time to see her die, without an opportunity of communication. Her death occurred August 31, 1820, in her nineteenth year. Being the first inroad made by death in the happy circle of his family, it was deeply felt by him, as appears by the lines written on the occasion, and inserted among his poetic remains.

The year 1831 witnessed the arrival of the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate. The following documents will attest the deep interest his congregation felt in that event, and show how he improved it :—

At a Meeting of several of the members of the Church and Congregation held in the Vestry of Argyle Chapel, on Friday the 28th January, 1831,

Mr. Griffiths in the Chair,

It was unanimously resolved,

That this Meeting desire to express their gratitude to Almighty God for the continuance of a faithful and acceptable Gospel Ministry under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Jay, and for the uninterrupted harmony which has subsisted between their beloved Pastor and this Church and Congregation for a period of Forty Years. And that we, being desirous of presenting to Mr. Jay some lasting memorial of affection and esteem, do unite with such other persons as are willing to contribute in raising such a sum as may be necessary for the purpose; and that a Committee be appointed to decide upon the most desirable mode of carrying their object into effect in a manner the most congenial to the feelings of our Minister.

That a copy of the foregoing Resolution be transmitted by the Chairman to Mr. Jay.

HENRY GRIFFITHS, Chairman.

In pursuance of this proposal, a handsome landaulet, accompanied with a silver inkstand, bearing the following inscription, was presented to him :—

“This Inkstand, together with a Landaulet, was presented by the Church and Congregation assembling in Argyle Chapel, to their beloved Pastor, in commemoration of Forty Years’ faithful labor among them.

“*Bath, January 30, 1831.*”

The following acknowledgment was subsequently addressed by Mr. Jay to the contributors, through the

hands of Thomas Kingsbury, Esq., who had acted as chairman :—

Bath, January 29th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to express my very sincere and hearty thanks to all my friends for the kindness they have shown in contributing to the handsome compliment you have presented me; and also to the Committee for the trouble they have taken, and the taste they have displayed in the management of the design.

As a token of regard from my Church and Congregation I shall highly value the Inkstand and the Carriage. The larger portion of my ministry has now, of course, terminated. It yields me great satisfaction (among a thousand causes for humiliation) that it has continued for forty years to meet with the approbation and acceptance of those I have *endeavored faithfully to serve*; and I pray that my remaining labors, whether they may be of longer or shorter duration, may be equally favored by them, and far more blessed to them. The present has reached the receiver in a state of great affliction and anxiousness, during which nothing can afford him the pleasure it would produce, could the entirely loved wife of his youth and riper years be capable of appreciating it and enjoying it along with him. Should she be able to employ the vehicle in her infirmity, and derive benefit from the use of it, nothing could lead him so much to prize it, as he can never discharge the obligations he is under to *one* who has so sedulously watched over his life, health, and comfort, and by keeping his mind disengaged from all other things, and free to follow his important and delightful work, has so much aided him in any little usefulness he has rendered his hearers and his readers, from the pulpit and the press.

Let him importunately beg, in addition to the favors thus acknowledged, that *you* and *all* the friends in whose name you have made the communication, will not in your prayers forget,

My dear Sir,

Your grateful but tried Friend and Pastor,

WILLIAM JAY.

This anniversary was also celebrated by a sermon preached in the morning of Lord's Day, January 30, 1831, to a crowded and deeply-affected audience. As this was a discourse of great excellence, and product-

ive of a deep impression, and as it is not included in his collected works, we shall insert that portion of it which related to the interesting occasion :—

“So much for the explanation of the words of our text. But there are many of you who are aware of *the seasonableness of this memento this morning*, to at least one individual here. Yes, your Minister has this morning been privately, and is now publicly, engaged in the review of forty years, which the Lord his God has led him in the wilderness, and during which he has maintained the most momentous connection with this place, and with you, the people of his charge. This is the fortieth anniversary of my ordination as the Pastor of this Church, and the Minister of this Congregation. After leaving the Academy, and I left it too young—but that was not my own choice—I labored for some time in two other places, though in neither of them with a view to final settlement. By a series of rather remarkable circumstances I was brought, during the illness of the minister, a man of no ordinary piety and talent, to preach, one Sabbath, to this Church and Congregation, then assembling in the Chapel now occupied by “the Friends,” in St. James’s Terrace. After this I preached to the same people several other Sabbaths, at different times. At length this place of worship was to be opened for their use; they invited me to preach at the opening, and the sermon preached on the occasion was afterwards published. Some time after this, I received an unanimous invitation from the Church and Congregation to settle among them; having, what I valued much, the dying recommendation of the minister. I accepted it; and this day forty years ago I was ordained your minister within these walls. How many of you have been born since! But there are some who will well remember the stripling that stood upon a table before this pulpit in order to give a general confession of his religious belief, and of those truths which he intended to preach here; when he was commended to the grace of God by prayer, and received a solemn charge from one who has long since gone to glory. Well do I recall to my mind some characters who were then present; such, for instance, as the venerable M^s. Hannah More. Nor do I less remember the feelings of another, who endeavored to hide herself in the crowd in the gallery—the most interesting character in the world to me—whose name I dare not venture to utter—and who has been forbidden, by deep affliction,

this morning, from attending to hear these interesting recapitulations from the lips of her beloved husband. I believe, too, there is another here this morning who was impressed religiously by my Sermon that evening, and who has ever since been walking in the way of everlasting life. Well, my dear brethren, forty years have rolled away since then; and perhaps they have been some of the most important and interesting years that ever passed away. To many of you, indeed, the earlier parts of them must be matter of history, and not of personal knowledge. But let me suppose, now, six individuals throwing their eyes over these forty years that have passed away—a philosopher, a politician, a Briton, a Christian, a Member of this Church, and the preacher himself.

1. Let us imagine a *philosopher* throwing his eye over this period. It is impossible for him to do this without being struck with the amazing advance of learning and knowledge of every kind. He must be struck, also, in many instances, with the character of usefulness and solidity which these have acquired. People are not now to be satisfied with words—mere names and learned ignorance—hypothesis, mere conjectures; they ask for knowledge, solid, substantial, useful, resting on the enduring basis of truth. Nature has been analyzed, the deductions of experiment have succeeded to the theories of hypothesis and of opinion. What additions have been made to the arts and sciences—what accessions have been made to the discoveries and improvements in mechanical power—and what wonders have been performed by the application of steam, by sea and by land! What discoveries and improvements have been made in navigation and in chemistry; and, above all, in that most interesting of all departments, anatomy and surgery, when their use and advantage are so palpable and undeniable—intimately connected, too, with all that is comfortable and useful and important in human life! What masses of ignorance and prejudice have been rolled away! Astrology and witchcraft, and belief in ghosts and apparitions, and dreams and visions, and a thousand other things equally superstitious and foolish and hurtful, have been driven down to the very skirts of society, and are rarely to be found even there. Consider how all kinds of information have come down from the higher ranks, and been made to circulate freely and influentially among the middle and the lower classes of society. Men can no longer be priest-ridden. No, that day has gone by, and the danger now is from another extreme—the danger now is from licentiousness of inquiry, and contempt of lawful authority, as well as despotism; and

recent occurrences must teach us now where we ought to place our feet, and determine us to withstand the encroachments on prerogative, and the invasions, and insults, and desolations, of a daringly tumultuous and infidel radicalism.

2. Let a *politician* look back upon these years. Is he attracted by *new* and *strange*, and wonderful things, in the state of society? then he will find materials enough in this period amply to gratify his curious speculations. What deviations from the usual course of civil transactions!—if not in the things themselves, yet in their number, in their variety, in their magnitude, in their suddenness, in their rapidity. Well do some of us remember, many years ago, that there was as much often crowded in a single week, as in earlier history might have served to distinguish a whole age. We remember the time when a newspaper was deemed dull and uninteresting, unless it announced some battle, or the fall of some state, or the transfer of some province from the fangs of one tyrant into the grasp of another. What lapses of fortune—what degradation of rank—what changes of government—what new denominations of geography! Or is he prone to account for things, and to trace back effects to their principles? Surely he will find enough in these forty years to baffle all his sagacity, and to make him supply the place of inquiry and reason with profoundest wonder! How many of his most confident opinions will he find to be falsified! How many events, which seemed improbable, if not impossible, and concerning which, previously, he was ready to say, “If the Lord should make windows in heaven might these things be,” have actually come to pass! And if he were a statesman, whose religion would allow him to see and to own the agency of God, how would he have been led to exclaim, “His way is in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters!” “O, the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God!” “How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways are past finding out!” When he throws his eye back upon the period, and sees the schemes that were abandoned, the expedients that failed, the confederacies that were dissolved, the allies that were turned into enemies, the enemies that were turned into allies;—when he sees princes led away spoiled, and judges made fools,—if he approves of the plans and measures, and considers them as the effects of wisdom, surely he must acknowledge “there is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Lord,”—that when man has done all that the feebleness of his arm, and the contractedness of his resources, enable him to accomplish, the agency of God’s

providence is necessary to give it success; and that it is, therefore, as reasonable a thing for a statesman to pray, as for a statesman to plan. Or if, in the retrospect, he condemns these measures, and the effects they have produced; if he considers them as the results of folly,—let him then remember how limited are all the faculties of man; how easy it is to condemn events when they have happened. Let him inquire whether, if placed in exactly the same circumstances, he would not have adopted the same, or it may be, a much worse line of procedure; and let him reflect that, in such unexampled circumstances, mistakes were almost natural and unavoidable. The waters of calamity had overspread the earth, and there were no flood-marks to guide the statesman through. Reflections like these are perfectly just; and surely they would tend, if indulged, to soften the asperities of party rage, and induce politicians more easily to tolerate each other.

3. Let us now imagine a *Briton*—and we hope there are many true Britons yet—let us imagine such an one indulging in this retrospect. And there are three sentiments which should obviously animate and characterize him.

1. *Of gratitude.* How good has God been! The heavens over our heads have not been brass, nor has the earth been iron. The seasons, with little variation, have returned in their proper time and have been fruitful. He has caused the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man; our valleys have waved with corn, and the little hills have rejoiced on every side; the mower has filled his hand, and he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom; and the years have been crowned with goodness. It is conceded that the cup which has been handed round to the other nations has also been presented to our lips. We have tasted the contents, but we have not been called to drink the dregs. Our sufferings have been considerable; but surely every particle of justice and ingenuousness must have quitted the minds of those who can confound the condition of our nation with that of any other country around us. We have not been in the seats of war, we have not had to attend in the train of devastating armies. We have not been under military rule and law. The enemy has not been allowed to invade our shores. We have not heard the confused noise of warriors, nor seen garments rolled in blood. We have not seen the smoking ruins of villages, or the wretched inhabitants fleeing with their suckling babes clinging to their breasts, or supporting the tottering steps of their aged parents, or shielding from inclemency

and danger the sick and the dying. No. And there have been a great many measures achieved whose beneficial influence, I doubt not, will long continue to be felt. I have not time to notice them; they are familiar to all of you—down to the abolition of the Test and Corporation Act, and the carrying of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I am very well aware that many persons will differ in their opinion in regard to this latter measure; but we must surely admit that there have been no stretches of arbitrary power, yea, that our constitutional rights have been not only maintained, but enlarged, variously and considerably, during these periods.

Yes; and yet, while we have been acknowledging these things, have we ascribed them to their proper Author? Is there no such thing as a kind of national self-righteousness, by which we conceive ourselves entitled to such blessings, because we would make ourselves believe that we were better than others. How many are there who “have burned incense to their own net and sacrificed to their own drag,” and have never thought of anything more than of the patriotism of States, the wisdom of senators, or the bravery of their armies and navies. God, the good, the long-suffering God, has been overlooked in all this; while, penetrated with a sense of his kindness and our own unworthiness, we should have exclaimed a thousand times, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

2. A Briton should feel a *sentiment of fear*. We are required to rejoice with trembling; and never were the two more wisely united than here. We are like a vessel with the wrecks of countries floating around us, preserved as yet, but not entirely relieved from apprehensions. Oh! we have reason to fear for the number of our sins, for the heinousness of our sins, for the guilt of our sins will be aggravated by the mercies and advantages which we have so signally enjoyed. We fear, because of the little effect his dispensations have exerted upon us. What self-abasement have we expressed before God? What sins have we abandoned? He has spoken to us and we have drowned his voice with the harp and tabret. His hand has been lifted up, and we have refused to see it. He has smitten and we have disdained to receive correction. Who can tell but he is now looking over our Jerusalem, and ready to say, “Oh, that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace!—but now they are hid from thine eyes.”

3. Let a Briton review the period with *hope* for the future. Who could destroy this? The factions have always been hopeless, and

characterized alike by the principles of puerility and villany. I sympathize not with those who, from fanaticism, or folly, or perverseness, have delighted to foredoom their country, and to declare the judgments of God, which in their frenzied imaginations were about to be poured out upon it, because fear is the easiest of all the passions to excite, and the easiest of all passions also to propagate. These sentiments being announced, they are concerned for the support of them. They must, therefore, paint darkly both the times and the events, to make them accord with their predictions. What is the sacrifice of a kingdom to the falsification of one of their conjectures? Remember how it was with a true prophet of old, who, rather than lie under the suspicion of being mistaken in his predictions, desired that all the men, and women, and children, in Nineveh, should die, rather than he should appear to be a false prophet. Why wonder, therefore, at others who do not hail calamities as vouchers for the truth of their word? But we do not surrender up ourselves to these gloomy imaginations. We indulge hope concerning our country; because "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him;" because we are upheld by his promise; because the number of those who love and serve him is continually increasing, and they have power with God; because if we too must resemble Sodom and Gomorrah, we have more than Abraham to intercede for us, and more than ten righteous men to stand in the gap, and say, "Save thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach!" because,

"Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been ;"

because we believe that our destination is glorious, and that we are the ordained mediums of divine grace to extend the unsearchable riches of Christ to the ends of the earth. Personal trials are often sanctified to individuals; and however trying they may be at the time, when the believer has been enabled to look back upon his past course, and to survey all his trials and afflictions, his language we know will be, "It is good for me that I was afflicted." Why, then, may it not be the same nationally? Why may not national corrections, and humiliations, and afflictions, produce national reformation, and thus preclude national ruin? Yes, we hope yet

that even that commercial distress, which of late has been so great and so portentous, will lead to superior modes of merchandise and trade, and prevent, in future, all such hazardous and iniquitous speculations. We hope that even the violence and outrage which have so extensively and alarmingly prevailed, will be checked by opportune judicial interference, and the salutariness of punishment, and be overruled by leading people to a concern for the distresses of the suffering poor, and to a consideration of every possible means for their relief. We hope that the evils which have obviously and are now generally acknowledged to have grown out of the two extremities in society, the very rich and the very poor, will be checked, and that there will be a greater increase of the intermediate gradations upon which so much of the welfare and safety of the country depend. We hope that the looking into the public expenditure and pensions will lead to retrenchment; that the voice of real grievance will be heard, and that the call for reform will be strictly and speedily regarded.

We confess, therefore, that we feel nothing like despair in reference to our country; we view it differently from every other country; and though as yet we are not a nation of Christians, blessed be God, we have a Christian constitution. Our constitution is not a thing of a day; it has borne the test of ages. Our institutions are based in justice—everlasting justice—and come to us commended by manifold proofs of their utility. And, after all that has been averred to the contrary, we are persuaded that the majority of the English nation is yet sound at the core.

4. Let us take a *Christian*, and suppose him looking over these forty years. He ought to judge of things far differently from others. He ought to judge by a standard of his own. "He walks by faith, and not by sight." He ought to judge more disinterestedly and more spiritually; hence he may feel peace and contentment, while others are filled with depression and despair. Not that the Christian is insensible to public calamities; he can say with David, "My flesh trembles for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments." He cries for the abominations that are done in the midst of us. Not but that he feels as a man and as a citizen. But then the Christian absorbs the man and the citizen. A Christian extends his views beyond the particular community or country to which he belongs. The cause that lies nearest his heart is the cause of his Redeemer; and he would be unworthy the name of a Christian if he did not judge of the value of things principally by their bearing upon that

cause. He would be ashamed of himself if he did not consider *that* the most prosperous season in which this best and most glorious cause advanced most flourishingly, regardless entirely of either personal or public inconveniences or distresses. "What," should he say, "if schemes have failed while His cause is prosperous! What if I have been reduced and embarrassed while *He* is magnified and glorified!" Let the times be troublous, if but the walls of this temple rise; and I then rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. Now, on this principle, we say that a Christian ought to think well of the times wherein we have been living.

When the Saviour was about to come in the flesh, God said, "I will shake the heavens and the sea and the dry land, and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come," and that has often been the case with Him also in the Gospel. So it has been here. How has he displayed the vanity of all creature-greatness, as if he would constrain persons to turn their back upon the world, and to seek a better part—an enduring treasure! And considerable effects have been produced, yes, some of the great have been impressed by them. I am persuaded that there has been a greater movement among persons in the higher rank of life, religiously considered, than among any other class. We have had, during this period, a monarch who, for fifty years, was an example of morality to his people. We have had statesmen who have not only pleaded for Christianity, but even for its evangelical doctrines. We have had noblemen who have worshipped God morning and evening in their families. Can a Christian be indifferent to the progress of freedom during these forty years? We are commanded to pray that the word of the Lord may have free course, and run, and be glorified. But we are not to dictate to God how this prayer is to be answered. We are to pray that the chariot of the everlasting Gospel may go forward, and we well know, that for this purpose "every valley must be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked made straight and the rough places plain." God's soldiers will have much to do in our world in many places before his preachers can do anything. Look at China; you send your Bibles and missionaries there—what progress could they make? Suppose Whitfield had begun his career in Spain or Portugal, instead of beginning it in this country; the first sermon which he had preached would have crushed him under the savagism of the inquisition; and no more would have been heard of him. But what has taken place within the compass of the years we are now reviewing?

Why, there is Protestant preaching even in Rome itself, the seat of the "beast." Even in popish countries now, where the cursed inquisition is formally put down, you see how it works. No heretic can, indeed, be openly put to death; for if a heretic were now to be burnt, either in Spain or Portugal, it would produce a clamor to the ends of Europe—and they are aware of it. Yet the progress of religious liberty is much impeded by the restrictions which have so long obtained in respect of civil liberty.

Can a Christian, then, review the progress of civil liberty, which, when properly considered, includes religious freedom, and not be grateful for the times in which we live? Is it nothing that good men have been uniting together to co-operate for the extension and establishment of the good cause upon general principles, while with respect to minuter differences, they have been disposed to say—"Let every one be fully persuaded of them in his own mind"? Is it nothing that theology has been delivered from the jargon and folly of the schools? Some, indeed, have avowed that the truth was perishing in the earth; but I am persuaded that the Gospel was never more fully preached than during these forty years; while there have been inculcated all the principles of the reformation, these have been darkened with less of the metaphysical, and less of the controversial, than before; useless subtleties have been dropped, and truth has come home to men's business and bosoms. Is it nothing that infidelity has been driven off the field—that it is now only fighting in ambush—that it is necessitated to betake itself only to objections which have been triumphantly answered a thousand times? Some of you, it is true, cannot compare the present state of religion in the country with what it was forty years ago; but some of us can.

How many Associations have, during this period, been organized, or enlivened, or enlarged in their sphere of active usefulness? Look at the Sunday Schools. They were then in their beginning, and we had to explain them; they were opposed, and we had to defend them.

But there was nothing like the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Methodists had one Society (Missionary); our Baptist brethren were about commencing their splendid Missionary career; but the London Missionary Society was not; and the Church Missionary Society was not. All these have been established within these forty years which we are now reviewing; and we have been the means of their support and their combined operation. People talk of dark

times. Dark times! What do they mean? We are now speaking religiously and practically. The times, blessed be God, have gone by, when, if the country had peace and plenty, the bulk of the people were cursed with the greatest of all plagues, an unregenerate ministry; and were perishing for lack of knowledge. "The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of them who published it." Had I died the day after my ordination, and been lately raised from the dead, and led again through this country, I should have been perfectly astonished at the change, and have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

5. Let us imagine a *Member of this Christian Community* reviewing these years. It is not easy to satisfy the benevolence and the zeal of a truly pious mind. Such an individual always laments that more is not done, and that it is not done better; and yet I think that a person attached to this social body—a person who has been led to pray, "Peace be within these walls, and prosperity within this palace—For my brethren and companions' sake, I will say, Peace be within thee"—must see something that is pleasing and grateful in the review. We must have seen how "the little one has become a thousand;" how many have been "added to the church of such as should be saved;" and how few comparatively have been excommunicated or rebuked for immoral conduct. We must have seen the unity and the harmony that have prevailed from the beginning within our church, without discord; and yet the times we have lived in, have been troublous. In what a state of danger and fermentation has society been! And there has been enough of the latter among some of our neighbors; but we have enjoyed tranquillity. Yet we have not all thought alike doctrinally. There have been shades of difference with respect to church government; some have not been Independent in their views; some have preferred Presbyterianism or Episcopalianism; yet there have been no discords. We have not all thought alike with respect to the ordinances of religion, but "here," as Cowper said, "the dipped and sprinkled have lived in peace." I have always treated those who in this matter conscientiously differed from me, with Christian candor; and I must say they have abundantly repaid it. As it has been with sentiment, so it has been with liberality. We have had institutions of our own: the Sick Man's Friend Society, and others of the same description. We have aided other institutions of the Gospel; the London Missionary Society; the Home and Irish Societies; besides admitting occasionally other collections, which have

always been such as to do honor to the minister and the congregation.

The cause also, must be considered here as having been a candlestick holding out the light to others. Bath is a place of peculiar resort and intercourse. Many have therefore dropped in here who have received conviction, and carried it away with them. How often have I been delighted, when called to preach in various parts of the country, to meet many individuals who have acknowledged, that their first impressions of religion were received from the preaching of the word within these walls. Several Dissenting ministers, and no fewer than three episcopal clergymen, whose names I might mention, have acknowledged to me that here they first received the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Once more, the *preacher* must be allowed to review these years. I know there are many strangers in this congregation, and I really feel for them this morning. It is hardly to be supposed that they will feel interested in a great deal of what I deliver on this occasion. But I must depend upon their candor and good sense, to excuse a recapitulation in which the preacher and the hearer must be considered as feeling a concern, after an interesting connection of so many years. It is impossible also now to go on without some reference to myself. Whether I have credit enough with the audience to prevent the imputation of egotism and vanity, I cannot determine; I must be content to lie under the suspicion—a suspicion which, I can appeal to God, is undeserved—the design of the reference being not to set off myself, but being in fact altogether inevitable. It is impossible, then, for the minister, in a review of these forty years, not to feel both gratified and solemnized, yea, to feel a number of emotions so mingled in his bosom, that he cannot express them separately. In general, I can say, that these years have been years of pleasure; and I should have no objection to go through them again. Goodness and mercy, intermingled with some trying dispensations, have followed me all the days of these years. But I have a livelier idea of the kindness of Providence than when I began them—a better opinion of my fellow-creatures, and more confidence in them. My views of some religious subjects have been rendered more liberal, and encouraging, and satisfactory. My life, too, has been preserved, while so many of my brethren, and many of them much younger, have been hurried off in the midst of their days. And then, for some time, my own life, I believe, was deemed precarious by my medical friends; of this I am sure, my life was

deemed precarious by myself: I had the sentence of death within myself, and never did I expect to reach anything like this anniversary. But God was pleased to raise me up, to renew and establish me. Some of my own order, these forty years, have fallen by temptation; some, who having put their hands to the Gospel plough, have looked back; some have been drawn off by dangerous errors, injuring their character and destroying their usefulness; while, "by the grace of God, I am what I am." Many years have passed, many changes have occurred, yet have I been upheld till now. Who could hold me up but thou, O God? During these years I have become a father, and I have lived to see my children's children. I have also become a pretty extensive author; and on this latter account I feel peculiarly grateful, having received so many testimonies both at home and from abroad, and, because by my writing, I can be doing good in many places, and to many individuals, at the same time;—because I can be useful through these means, when I myself am here no more; and because by these my own people may have in remembrance, after my decease, many of my religious sentiments, and I can be aiding them in the closet, and at the family altar, when the clouds of the valley are round about me. Of these numerous works, unless indeed it be their imperfections, were I dying, I should not wish to blot out a single line; and I hope there is not a single sentence of them that can give offence to Christians of any denomination. I desire to bless God for having continued my acceptance, and I trust, my usefulness also, so long. The charm of novelty must long ago have been worn off; and you will bear me witness that I never attempted to strike into any new paths. I have never tried to get into any new wind of popularity; and if any such wind has aided me, it has fallen in with my own steady course. It sought me, I never sought it. But I have other feelings on this occasion. How is it possible that I should not be affected with the loss I have sustained in hearers and members? What family is there here that has not bled during these forty years? What pew that has not been stripped of some of its occupiers? What think you of those who signed my call when I came here? There are only three individuals now alive. O, how much precious and endeared dust have I interred in our burying-ground! Who has not something there now which he calls his own? Blessed be God, I see others rising up; and instead of the fathers the children; but "my soul desireth the first ripe fruit." Can I be otherwise than affected with the preservation of my own life? When I was or-

dained here this almond tree had not then flourished. But, blessed be God, not one of the hairs have grown gray in the service of the world and of sin; yet the greatest part of my life is gone, and by far the greatest part of it has been spent in your service. The evening of life has now set in, gently and mildly indeed; but, to alter the metaphor, you had part of the spring; you have had the whole of the summer; and if there be any ripeness in the winter, this is before us. But the winter has come, and how can I help being affected with my awful responsibility? How many services during these forty years have I engaged in! How many individuals must I meet at a righteous tribunal! But a merciful Saviour—here is my consolation—I serve a master who knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust. I have a consciousness that I never perverted my office to secular purposes; that I never shunned to declare what I thought to be the whole counsel of God; that I have never concealed the truth, nor mangled it at the expense of my own convictions.

Though I do not consider kindness shown to ministers as eleemosynary, yet I cannot but publicly express my thanks to those who have all along shown me so much of their esteem and regard. As for others, they will feel easy. I never burdened any one, in any instance or degree; and at the end of forty years, I have no obligation, in reference to them, to acknowledge—a boast which perhaps few ministers of my standing or acceptance, in the kingdom, can make.

But I have already encroached too much upon your time. If the great apostle of the Gentiles entreated of those to whom he wrote to have an interest in their prayers at the throne of grace, how much more have I reason to say, “Brethren, pray for us,” “and for me, that utterance may be given me, that I may speak boldly as I ought to speak;” that I may be supported and sustained in my afflictions; that the arms of my hands may be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; that I may be long spared to preach to you the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ; and that at last, as an unprofitable servant, I may be enabled to look for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life! “The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace!”

With this benediction I was about to conclude; but how can I conclude without reminding some, who, long as I have addressed

them in this place, I have yet addressed in vain! How many hundred, how many thousand affecting invitations, and solemn warnings, and urgent admonitions have you heard from my voice! With that voice, like birds in the belfry, you have grown familiar; and the peal which once alarmed you, now passes by and leaves you unaffected. You are just what you were twenty, thirty years ago, and some of you forty years ago, too. Ah! no, you are not the same; you cannot be the same; if you are not the better, you must be the worse; if the preaching of the word has not proved, in your experience, "the savor of life unto life," it must prove "the savor of death unto death." Under what a condemnation will some of you perish! You cannot now dissolve the connection which you have had so many years with the means of grace, even if you would now detach yourselves. And the image of this place, the figure of the preacher, the tones of his voice, and the messages of grace which he has delivered, will be remembered hereafter, and will be as fuel to that fire that shall never be quenched, and food to that worm that shall never die. Oh! that I could this morning bring you to consider! Oh! that God would awaken your consciences! And when this voice which, for these forty years, has filled this house, is silent, and when another shall occupy this sacred desk, may "the beauty of the Lord our God be upon you, establishing the work of your hands—yea, the work of your hands, may God establish it upon you! Amen."

In the year 1833 an eminent and a distinguished individual, who might not have been expected to feel any curiosity to hear the Dissenting minister of Bath, was present in Argyle Chapel on two successive Sundays, and on both parts of the day. The following extracts from the "Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart., Physician to King George IV., and Keeper of the Privy Purse," written by Lady Knighton, will be interesting to the readers of Mr. Jay's Life.

June 9, 1833. We this morning attended Mr. J.'s chapel. He had been visited, as he stated, with domestic affliction during the previous night. It was supposed to be the illness of Mrs. J. He

preached from the 119th Psalm, 32d verse,—“I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.”

He said, this saying by David comprehended three things—a complaint—a dependence—and a resolution. He propounded in a very beautiful manner the usefulness of knowledge in Divine things, and stated that this was a qualification not sufficiently preached—but without which we could do nothing—we could not even make a beginning. “Faith in Christ.”—His illustrations were beautiful. I wish I could remember them sufficiently to write them down. He praised the Liturgy of the Church, and said it was to be lamented that the doctrines of the reading-desk were not always preached in the pulpit; and observed that they (meaning himself and congregation) did not deserve to be called Dissenters, for they did not dissent from the doctrines of the beautiful Litany; but that they were called Methodists, fanatics, and enthusiasts for preaching them.

The chapel was quite full, and seemingly with well-dressed people. We went in the evening again to hear Mr. J., and were disappointed to find he was not to officiate; but Mr. J., who preached, completely satisfied us. I never heard a more delightful discourse. His text was from the fourth chapter of the Hebrews, 9th verse: “There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” He drew a most affecting picture of the miseries of this probationary life, and the joys that await the true and holy Christian—for in heaven there is a day of rest. There was no sorrow, no calamity, no adversity, no deep affliction in this life that he did not bring home to one’s understanding and feelings. He brought many of them before us with a heart-rending eloquence, as if the sources were drawn from his own bosom. The loss of a child—perhaps an only child—here he paused, and I fancied I saw his lip quiver as the tongue gave utterance to the sentence. When he called upon his Christian hearers to look to that day of rest where corruption would cease, and the joys of heaven supersede all the woes connected with our present earthly tabernacle, his manner of conducting the subject was delightful. He said that he had no doubt, deducing his authority from Scripture, that saints and Christians do know each other in a future state; that the child taken from the disconsolate parent in early life would welcome the pious and holy Christian parent to heaven. This earthly separation, therefore, as being only for a season, bears marks of Divine love, and not the dispensation which, in our sorrow, we feel as an overwhelming calamity. I underwent great emotion as he proceeded, and so did Mr. D., and never felt my

heart more under the holy influence of religion. I am sure poor Mr. Jay must have felt the prayer, and the able discourse. I fancy he was in the chapel. Mrs. Jay is alive, but she was struck with paralysis the preceding night. This has been a very interesting day, and I shall not readily forget it.—Vol. ii. p. 307–311.

Sunday, 16th June, 1833. We hailed this morning with great pleasure, because we had the satisfactory prospect of again hearing Mr. Jay, and we were not disappointed. He preached from the 119th Psalm, 18th verse: “Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” He began by explaining what was meant by the law. It was nothing more nor less than the commands of God. David saw the Gospel in the law. It is in vain to go to this book with any opinions of your own. You must take it as it is—the law of God cannot be changed. If your conscience, when awakened under the terrors of the law, has found comfort under the Gospel, you may hope that you are in the right road. But let me tell you, he said, that religion and the knowledge of this book are not of sudden growth. This I would not only address to the infidel and unbeliever, but also to the fanatic and enthusiast. The one adapts everything to his own presumptuous notions and opinions; the other mystifies and confuses revelation from heaven with things not yet revealed. That such states are both dangerous may be well understood, when David, who knew so much, calls out, not in the self-sufficient language of our times, but in the words of the text, “Open thou mine eyes,” &c.

Mr. Jay adverted to the wonders of the universe. He referred to the chapter he had read before the sermon, in which the miracle is related of our Lord’s restoring the blind to sight, and stated that spiritual blindness is quite as perceptible as corporeal blindness. The man corporeally blind could not indeed deceive you—the loss of the sense was apparent—but the spiritual blindness was also evident to the true Christian. The soul must receive a Divine influence, not miraculous, (for there is no such thing now-a-days,) but a sense of its own unworthiness; then follow penitence and prayer; an earnest desire for the Saviour’s image to be implanted in the heart; a life in the ways of godliness, according to the law and the gospel. Cicero, the greatest philosopher, and the wisest among those of his day, was accustomed to say, that we lived by the power of the gods—but that to live well and not wickedly was in our own power. Seneca said, that those men who lived in the rules of virtue were in merit above the gods, because the very nature of

their existenee did not admit of their being otherwise. Here you have the reasoning of the wisdom of this world. Truly, when you come to contemplate the establishment of Christianity, it strikes you with awe and wonder that a few unlettered fishermen, without learning, or what we call education, should be sent forth to preach the redemption of mankind to the uttermost corners of the earth.

In the evening, Mr. Jay's discourse was from Job, ix. 4: "He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?" He began by giving the character of God most beautifully, and then he drew the picture of the hardened sinner. I wish that every sinner could have heard him. In giving the catalogue of sins that belong to sinful man, he said, it was wonderful with what a degree of complacency words were found to palliate all the vile passions of wickedness. Covetousness was a sense of prudence to one's self and family; revenge, a just sense of what was due to one's self on the score of honor; a departure from truth, a necessary observance of the ways of the world, and so on. He mentioned that Lord Bacon had said, that "Knowledge is power;" and this saying had been put forth as Lord Bacon's; but Solomon had said long before Lord Bacon was cradled, that "Wisdom is a defence," and so it is. It gives a power that wealth cannot often give, although Solomon says that "Wealth buyeth all things." There seemed no end to the beautiful and appropriate truths put forth in this discourse.—Vol. ii. p. 328-332.

This will no doubt be interesting to the reader, as evincing the deep impression which Mr. Jay's preaching was calculated to make upon persons of cultivated minds, and moving in the highest walks of life. Many such took the opportunity of hearing him when in Bath, and, in numerous instances like the present, have been known to express both the great pleasure and spiritual profit they had experienced.

THE JUBILEE OF MR. JAY'S PASTORATE.

THE next important event in Mr. Jay's history, which it becomes us to record, was the completion of

the fiftieth year of his ministry in Argyle Chapel. The commemoration of this event was looked forward to with no little interest by a very wide circle of friends. Those in particular who formed his church and congregation resolved to celebrate the day in a manner honorable to all parties. Of this memorable occasion we now proceed to give an abridged account from the little volume which was afterwards published—observing, at the same time, that since we could not and did not deem it needful or proper to transfer the whole to these pages, we have limited our extracts to the speeches of Mr. Jay and the chairman, with those portions of Mr. Jay's sermon which were specially appropriate to the occasion.

The first meeting was one for devotion held on the morning of Lord's day, January 31, 1841, in Argyle Chapel, at seven o'clock, when fervent thanksgivings and prayers were offered.

At nine o'clock the scholars in the Sunday School belonging to the chapel were assembled, and received presents of books bearing appropriate inscriptions, commemorative of the day. A suitable address was delivered to them by the Rev. Samuel Nichols, of Darwen, Lancashire.

At eleven o'clock the public service was held in the chapel. The introductory devotional service was conducted by the Rev. S. Nichols, after which Mr. Jay preached from 1 Thess. ii. 19: "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"

The sermon contains highly interesting instruction, addressed to the learner of the Gospel, under the different classes of those who *encourage*, those who *solace*,

and those who *dignify* ministers. After the general discussion of the text, the author enters into a detail of the circumstances which led to his settlement at Bath, and a review of his lengthened ministry, the substance of which being contained in the autobiography now published, we pass over, for the sake of introducing a few of the solemn and affecting paragraphs which close the sermon.

“Such are the reflections derivable from the subject of our text, and the occasion of the day. And now what can I add more? As I ascended this desk, and looked down upon this vast audience, I said to myself, Ah! where will all this assembly be by the return of this Jubilee? Some of you will remain, and perhaps you will then be talking over what is now passing here; but where, oh where, will the majority of you be found then?

“As to many of us, a much shorter period will have removed us, and the places that now know us will know us no more forever. Other occupiers will fill these pews; other singers will lead the psalmody, when the voices of those who now charm us will be silent in the grave; and another voice will be heard in this pulpit than that which has filled it for fifty years past.

“To how many of you is my ordination a matter of history? You have been born since that day, which many of your fathers and mothers attended. How many of you have I taken in these hands, and offered to God in holy baptism! How many of you have I hailed at your coming to the table of the Lord! And how many of your connections have I followed to our burial-ground! ‘Ah!’ says one, ‘there lies my cherub-child!’ ‘And,’ says another, ‘there lies the desire of mine eyes, taken away with a stroke.’ ‘And there,’ says another, ‘lies the guide of my youth.’

“I am glad, therefore, when every church has a place of interment of their own: it seems keeping up still a kind of connection with the departed. Our dead lie not among strangers. ‘There I buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there I buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah!’ We have all our precious dust in yonder ground. Where is the person belonging to us who does not go to the grave to weep there? I am sometimes ready to be jealous lest our burying-place should become richer than our church.

But no; instead of the fathers are their children. Our sons are as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters are as corner-stones polished after the similitude of palaces; and we have a noble band of the young and middle aged, who have covenanted with God, and who are saying we will not forsake the house of our God. O, how does old age, while it leaves life, peel off continually its connections, till we seem left even as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, or as an ensign upon the hill! O, how many of the various relations of life, during such a varied and extensive acquaintance as mine, have gone down to the dust, and have seen corruption! How many ministers have been taken away! 'The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?' Of all the ministers that belonged to the Wiltshire Association when I entered it, I am the only survivor; and of all those who signed my call when I came here, only one remains, whose venerable head you would have seen here this day, but for indisposition. And, O! what a curtailment are fifty years in a brief duration like ours. Your preacher, therefore, feels this; and though, in some measure, he can talk like Caleb, who said, 'As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in,' yet he does not forget that the days of our years are threescore years and ten. Yes; therefore, a period cannot be far remote when, as he hopes he shall never stand in the way of usefulness, he will either entirely resign his labors, or share them with another; and, though he knows the extreme difficulty attached to a concern where three parties are so deeply interested, the Lord can provide. Now I seem to be taking a farewell of the fifty years which I have passed within these happy walls! What a difference between the day of which I am reminded, and this day! *Then*, I was rapidly entering life; I am now gradually withdrawing from it. *Then*, I was commencing my voyage across an untried ocean; now, with the glass in my hand, I am looking for the fair havens. *Then*, I was a mere youth: now surrounded with children and grandchildren. What was then anxiety, is now repose; what was then hope, is now accomplishment; what was then prayer, is now praise. What a season of humiliation, you will naturally conclude, must this have been! We are hardly aware of our deficiencies and imperfections till something occurs which drives us to retire, and reflect and review. But who can look back upon fifty years, and not exclaim, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall

no flesh living be justified.' 'O Lord, if thou shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who can stand!' Yet what a source of thanksgiving ought it to be! How has my life been indulged! How few have been so satisfied with favor and filled with the blessing of the Lord! Yet I have had trials enough to remind me that

'Full bliss is bliss divine.'

"Though I have not drunk deep of the cup, I have tasted the bitterness of affliction. One trial has pressed upon me with peculiar force; and concerning which I should have been ready to say, Lord, afflict me in any other point! But his ways are judgment.

"But what deliverances have I experienced during this period! Serious attacks of indisposition formerly prepared me to expect an abbreviated ministry; and perhaps you looked for it too; but, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day; and, after all the Ebenezers I have reared along the road, I now rear the largest of them all. And,

" 'Here in thy house I leave my vows,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.' "

On the evening of the same day the Rev. Timothy East, then of Birmingham, preached from Daniel xii. 3: "They that turn many to righteousness (*shall shine*) as the stars forever and ever."

On the Tuesday morning following, (Feb. 2,) a public breakfast took place at the Assembly Rooms. The number of persons present at the breakfast was eight hundred and twenty. The ministers, attending both from the city and neighborhood, were about forty. Henry Godwin, Esq., was called to the chair.

In his introductory observations Mr. Godwin particularly alluded to the friendship of Mr. Wilberforce for Mr. Jay. He said,—

"There is one witness whom I could almost wish were here this morning to bear his testimony to the worth of our beloved pastor.

Believe me, sir, I am not going to indulge in the language of adulation; it would be as repugnant to me as it would be offensive to you; and as contrary to the canons of good taste as to the canons of Scripture. I wish the sainted Wilberforce were here to testify his esteem for you; and we know not but that he may be looking down with pleasure upon us now; for if angels rejoice over a repentant sinner, why should not glorified saints look with ecstasy upon such a scene as this? But I can give you the testimony of Wilberforce himself; and I give it you on the veracity of a man, who feels, I trust, that he stands in the sight of God.

“Though not intimately acquainted with that good man, I had the pleasure of having three interviews with him, in one of which Mr. Jay was the subject of conversation; speaking of whom he said, ‘There is one thing in Jay, (for he spoke familiarly, and I will speak familiarly too,) there is one thing in Jay, dear Jay, that I love; it is his uniform consistency, his uniform humility. I remember when he was a very young man; and I know that the popular applause which followed him was enough to turn a young head; but he always kept his steady course; I never saw him in the least inflated by it. I never saw the least indication of his being so; he seemed to shake it off as the lion shakes the dew from his mane. Dear Jay, I love Jay!’ Such was the testimony of Wilberforce; but his sons appear to have forgotten that love; at all events they have not shown it in the Biography of their Father.”

After some further observations appropriate to the occasion, the chairman read the following address from the church and congregation:—

TO THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—Fifty years have rolled away since a gracious God was pleased to direct the Church and Congregation assembling in Argyle Chapel to choose you as their pastor. Solemn is the thought that of those who then crowded to hear you profess “a good profession before many witnesses,” few—very few—remain to welcome this day; and of those who then invited you to accept the ministerial charge, one, only one, honored individual survives. But God has preserved you! and we are now assembled to commemorate the lapse of half a century, spent in holy duty and

affectionate intercourse between yourself and the people of your charge.

We come not to praise you. It would not be acceptable to you, and we regard the occasion as too hallowed for any such purpose. We desire to unite with you in fervent gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for the signal blessings He has bestowed on you, in fitting you for the high, and sacred, and distinguished course of ministerial usefulness He has enabled you to fulfil; and on us, as a Church and Congregation, in providing for us so rich and edifying an exhibition of the Gospel of the grace of God.

But while we bow in gratitude before the Most High, and would devoutly adore Him for his goodness, we cannot be insensible that under Him "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," we owe you much. To the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Philemon owed his "own self." To you some of us are under similar obligations; and it is our prayer, that, with those of our predecessors and fellow-worshippers, who have departed in the faith, we may unitedly rejoice in the day of Christ, that you have neither run nor labored in vain.

Receive from us, very dear sir, the assurance of our strong affection and unabated regard; and with it, as a token of our attachment to your person, of our veneration for your character, and of our gratitude for your labors as a faithful minister of Christ, we request your acceptance of the accompanying tribute of esteem.

Finally, we pray for your prosperity, and commend you to the love of the Saviour. May the evening of life, which is now come upon you, and upon one who has tenderly and long augmented your joys and alleviated your anxieties, ever be irradiated by the Divine presence; and when it shall please Him, whom you serve, to call you to the temple above, may these glorious words break upon your ear, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed on behalf of the Church and Congregation, Bath, January 30th, 1841:—

HENRY GRIFFITH,

WILLIAM NEWALL,

ISAAC TILLEY

JAMES BRYANT,

JACOB TITLEY,

R. H. GRIFFITH,

SAMUEL FISHER,

Deacons of the Church

H. GODWIN, Chairman of the Committee,	
RICE HOPKINS, Secretary of the Committee.	
JOHN MATTHEWS,	WILLIAM GEORGE,
GEORGE KING,	JOHN BARNARD,
RICHARD PARKER LEMON,	EDWARD SAUNDERS,
WILLIAM PRICE,	CHARLES GODWIN,
RICHARD FINIGAN,	GEORGE NORTHMORE,
WILLIAM JAMES,	THOMAS BARTER,
JOHN GRIFFITHS MANSFORD,	JAMES GRIFFITHS,
J. C. SPENCER,	WILLIAM GIBBONS,
S. KING,	HENRY EDMUND GOODRIDGE,
HENRY MORGAN,	

Being the Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Church and Congregation, held 13th October, 1840.

With this Address, sir, which so fully expresses my own sentiments, I have to present you also with this salver, and purse, (which contains £650,) as a token of our united esteem, affection, and gratitude.

The salver was of silver, with a shell pattern border, containing in the centre the following inscription, surrounded with an engraved wreath of flowers:—

Presented,
 Together with the Sum of Six Hundred and Fifty Pounds,
 to the
 REV. WILLIAM JAY,
 By the Members of the Church and Congregation
 Assembled in Argyle Chapel, Bath,
 And by other Friends,
 On the completion of the Fiftieth Year of his happy and useful Pastorate,
 As a Tribute of
 Christian esteem, affection, and gratitude.
 January 30, 1841.

The Rev. William Jay then addressed the assembly as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and my Christian friends,—Of late years you have not often heard me speak publicly, unless in my own appropriate

sphere. It was not without reflection and conviction that, believing every man is best in his own order, considering the limitation of human powers, and knowing how liable I was to importunities, and feeling the pressure of various important engagements, I was induced to lay down a rule—and which I rendered general, in order to avoid giving particular offence—that I would decline all platform engagements, and confine myself more exclusively to the press and the pulpit.

With regard to the former, I hope I have not erred, because I have not failed, God having given large acceptance and circulation to my various and numerous publications; in consequence of which I have the pleasure to think that, after my decease, there are many who may derive some pleasure and profit from the labors of my pen; and especially that my own church and congregation will be able to have in remembrance many of the things they heard from the living voice.

Nor do I think I have been mistaken with regard to the latter, when I was led to view my principal duty as lying in Argyle Chapel, since, after having preached there for more than half a century, I have had no diminution in attendance or attention; and I now survey this large and voluntary assembly convened together to exhibit tokens of their regard.

Without any intimation or promise from myself, I fear an expectation has been raised that, on this occasion, I should take rather a large review of a ministry, the fiftieth anniversary of whose ordination so many of my friends have agreed to celebrate in this flattering manner. But, in the first place, in the usual course of nature, you will soon, from what I may leave behind me, learn some of the circumstances of my earlier history, if they may be worth inquiring after; and you will see the peculiar, the very peculiar manner in which the providence of God, without any design or effort of my own, or of my humble friends, led me into a work to which I have consecrated so large a portion of my life happily, and I hope not unprofitably. And, in the next place, on Sabbath-day morning last, (as our Chairman has mentioned,) I took a pretty large review of things, especially as they led to the formation of my connection with those who have so long been “my hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing;” together with some other circumstances connected with the Church and with the Pastor.

I seem, therefore, now only called to do what would be a very pleasing duty were it not for the load of emotion under which I

am called to discharge it; for, unless I were made up of insensibility and stupidity, you must suppose that I could not receive such an address, such a token, such a testimonial, without feelings which would be too oppressive and embarrassing to allow of a full, or perhaps even proper, utterance. I will not, therefore, attempt what I feel to be impracticable; but will briefly and simply, and in a manner the most respectful and grateful, acknowledge my obligations to you, Mr. Chairman, for your disinterested, zealous, and judicious agency—to the gentlemen of the Committee who have been connected with you; and to all those who have contributed on this occasion, as if mentioned by name. Many of them are present; they can receive my thanks from my own lips immediately; and I hope that, in some way or other, they will reach all those contributors also who are absent—for I find that I have had friends not only at home but abroad—and also to that distinguished and truly Christian Poet who has deigned to employ his Muse on this occasion.

But what do I owe to those ladies who darted into this business, and who have shown (they are always combined in them) so much earnestness and taste in the arrangement of this festival? I never indeed despair of anything being done, and being done well, when it once gets into the heads, and the hearts, and the hands of females. My fair sisters, I am not indulging the language of flattery. My conscience bears me witness that I have always had a concern in private and in public to plead the cause of your sex; and you may take it, if you please, as a kind of testamentary avowal, that, in a long and not unobserving life, I have always found females—like the dear afflicted one at my right hand—worthy of peculiar confidence, esteem, and praise.

I hope I have character enough to obtain for me a belief, when I affirm, that all, with regard to this Jubilee—excepting the sacred part of it—originated with, and has been carried on by, others; and therefore all the guilt must rest upon the heads of a numerous body of friends, who have been perhaps too partial and too warm in their friendship.

I should be sorry if any have been led to imagine, because I have generally been successful in life, that I had now well feathered a nest for myself, or for one dearer to me than myself. But I can glory in saying this is not the case. While, therefore, with regard to the pecuniary part of this oblation, I am not at a loss to employ it, especially relatively and prospectively, yet it is not with this that I am principally impressed. “How long have I to live that I

should go up with the king to Jerusalem?" I hope Providence and grace have taught me, in whatsoever state I have been, therewith to be content. Nor can I expect to derive any immediate comfort from this present; but as a testimony of respect and approbation I exceedingly prize it; and there are few things which could have afforded me more pleasure, considering the principle from which the gift has sprung, and the various expressions of esteem and regard with which it has been accompanied.

I feel also the unsectarian nature of this boon, as it has come from churchmen and dissenters, and from the various religious parties for whom I have often preached, and for whom I have always prayed, saying, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;" for "whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my mother, and sister, and brother."

From the rank and office of some of the contributors, in Church and State, perhaps it may be expected that there should be a more distinct acknowledgment. I am very willing to render to them the praise which is their due; but you will allow me to say, I have been most affected with the poor of my flock, and nothing will so long remain written on the fleshly table of my heart as the generosity of one individual who presented sixpence to one of my deacons, adding, "I only wish it were a hundred pounds."

I have only one thing more to add. I take this purse, and I present it to you, madam, (*addressing Mrs. Jay, in whose hands he placed the purse, amidst the warm applause of the company*),—I present it to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it has been so well kept. Consider it as entirely sacred to your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I know this has been perfectly unexpected by you, but it is also perfectly deserved by you.

Mr. Chairman, and my Christian friends,—There is not one here this morning but would acquiesce in this appropriation if they knew the value of this female as a wife for more than fifty years; and if they knew also the obligation the public is under to her, if I have been enabled in any measure and degree to serve my generation; and how much her sex owe to one who always raised and confirmed my estimation of them; and especially how much my own church and congregation owe to one who has watched over their preacher's health, who has cheered him under all his trials, who has reminded him continually of his duty, who has animated him in the prosecution of it, and who has freed him, when in her

power, from every interruption and embarrassment, that he might be free in his work; and how much my family owe to her for aiding in training up a number of children, who will always call her blessed; and being the mother of another mother, who now resides in America, shining at the head of a lovely train of thirteen children, all walking with her in the way everlasting.

After the delivery of Mr. Jay's speech, the following gentlemen addressed the meeting: the Rev. R. Elliott of Devizes, the oldest of Mr. Jay's contemporaries, the Rev. J. G. Bedford of Winchester, a minister of the Established Church, the Rev. T. Haynes of Bristol, the Rev. T. East of Birmingham, W. T. Blair, Esq., the Rev. S. Martin of Cheltenham (since of London), Edward Smith, Esq., of London.

The Rev. J. Jackson, of Taunton, then gave out one of the hymns composed for the occasion by James Montgomery, Esq.; after which he pronounced the usual benediction, and dismissed the assembly.

EVENING MEETING.

At the evening meeting in Argyle Chapel, Henry Godwin, Esq., was again called to the chair. On one side of the pulpit was placed a handsome stone pillar commemorative of Mr. Jay's predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Tuppen, and of the erection of the chapel; and on the other side of the pulpit a corresponding pillar commemorating the fifty years' pastorate of the Rev. W. Jay. The pillars are of Scotch granite beautifully polished, and surmounted by a bronze lamp. Prayer was offered by the Rev. John Glanville of Kingswood, and one of the hymns composed by Mr. Montgomery was sung by the congregation. The chairman then addressed the assembly as follows:—

“I believe the present meeting is assembled to praise God, and that praise will constitute the greater part of our employment this evening. We are also assembled for an object which must be familiar to most of our friends who are at all conversant with profane history. We know that the setting up of pillars and obelisks was very common in ancient times; and so early did the practice obtain in the world, that the period when the pyramids of Egypt and others were set up has been the subject of dispute among historians; and, to the present day, there is a difficulty, if not an impossibility, of ascertaining how early the setting up of pillars might have begun in the profane world. We see them also in use in our own time. We have our Wellington pillars and our Nelson pillars, and our obelisks, and the crosses which we see at the roadside; and votive altars which are discovered in digging foundations for buildings in this neighborhood, show us that the custom is ancient, and perhaps laudable.

“But these trophies, these obelisks, these pillars, were raised for mortal heroes, to perpetuate the fame of those whose glory was in the field of battle, who carried carnage, with garments rolled in blood, through the world. They have been crowned indeed with the emblems of victory; but the victory has been attended with the sighs, the mourning, and the tears of widows and orphans. We are, however, assembled this evening to set up other pillars. We have a higher and a brighter object. We have to-night to set up peaceful emblems,—to follow examples recorded in the Scriptures as our authority for what we are about to do. I am sure that most of those who hear me now are familiar with some of the first pillars which were set up, such as that erected by Jacob on his journey to Padanaram. The pillar which he there set up produced an awful impression upon his mind, which constrained him to say, (and may we now and at all times, when we enter this sacred house, entertain similar feelings,)—‘How awful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven.’ A little of this feeling to-night, amidst all our joy and all our praise, will not be either inconvenient or inconsistent.

“There are other accounts in the Scriptures recording similar occurrences, such as the setting up of the twelve pillars by Moses in the wilderness. But there is a pillar spoken of in the Apocalypse which we all should think of; that is the pillar which is to be in heaven; the pillar that is to bear the temple there; the pillar that is to bear the inscription of the Christian’s name, and be placed

in that city whence they shall no more go out. Oh! let us be more emulous than ever, that we may become the pillar that St. John saw in the temple, and that our names may be written upon it."

Resolutions were then passed recording the events celebrated, and expressing the gratitude of the assembly for the successful and happy pastorate of the Rev. W. Jay through fifty years.

The speakers were the Rev. T. East of Birmingham, the Rev. W. Bunting of Manchester, the Rev. T. Haynes of Bristol, the Rev. S. Nichols, &c.

The younger members of the congregation having determined to take part in the celebration, presented their minister with a handsome gold medal and a silver salver. On one side the medal presents a likeness of Mr. Jay, with the following inscription:—

"The Rev. WILLIAM JAY completed a Pastorate of Fifty Years,
January 30, 1841."

The reverse shows the front elevation of Argyle Chapel, with the inscription:—

"Argyle Chapel, Bath, Erected 1789.
First Enlargement, 1804.
Second Enlargement, 1821.

The salver bears the following inscription:—

"The juvenile members of the church and congregation of Argyle Chapel present this salver, bearing a gold medal, commemorative of the event, as a tribute of affection to their highly-esteemed pastor, the Rev. William Jay, on the completion of the jubilee of his ministerial labors, with the sincere hope that he may long be spared to them as their shepherd.—Bath, 30th Jan., 1841."

This testimonial was presented by a deputation of

the young people, headed by Mr. King and Mr. Finigan. Mr. Jay then ascended the pulpit, and addressed his young friends as follows:—

“I feel more at *home* here, though not entirely so, amidst these peculiarities. Mr. Chairman and my dear young friends,—I little imagined I should have been called upon for a second address on this occasion. I feel entirely exhausted, not by exertion, but by emotion; for who ever endured such a persecution of kindness, and friendship, and honor, as I have endured this morning and evening?

“And yet I cannot complain of being called to this service. Yea, I ought to feel gratified and grateful in no ordinary degree. The token I have now received is enhanced and endeared by the very quarter from whence it comes. For the young are the hopes of our families, and of our churches, and of our country. On them we depend to fill all the sacred and civil departments in the community; for one generation passeth away, and another cometh, and none is suffered to continue by reason of death. But, O, could we see a larger number of the rising race coming forward as a seed to serve the Redeemer, who shall be accounted to him for a generation:—how would this gently loosen the cords of life, and enable us to say, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’ My dear young friends,—what a privilege—for I will not refer to it as a *duty* now—what a *privilege* is early piety! hence the language of Solomon which we so often quote, ‘I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me;’ and which has so frequently adorned an early tomb. All that seek shall find. The force of this promise, therefore, must be considered comparatively. All alike find, but all do not find alike. Is there no difference between your finding Him now in the beginning of your journey, to guide you safely forward, and finding Him after wandering in wrong roads, and after being robbed and wounded by thieves, and having your strength worn out, and the shadows of the evening falling upon you? Is there no difference, my young friends, between finding Him in the loveliness and cheerfulness of life, and finding Him ‘when the days and the years draw near wherein ye will say, we have no pleasure in them’? No difference between your finding Him in the health of your countenance and the vigor of your strength, and finding Him only when your bones will be filled with the sins of your youth,

which lie down with you in the grave? No, none find Him like those that seek Him early. None find such peculiar acceptance with Him, none derive such distinguished privileges from Him. A thousand satisfactions and advantages are wanting in a late conversion which adorn and bless an earlier one. Take an old man; his conversion is of importance to himself; but what is it to others? His conversion secures him for eternity, but it is attended with no usefulness in life. He runs no race; he accomplishes no warfare; he gains no laurels; glorifies not God in his body and spirit; nor serves his generation according to the will of God.

“There is a proverb which you, perhaps, may have met with, which says, ‘Young saints prove old devils.’ I would rather reverse this, and say, that *young saints often prove old angels*. Read through the Scriptures; notice the history of Joseph, and Samuel, and David, and Daniel, and John, and Timothy. Read through the history of our godly ancestors. Remember the language of Beza in his will: ‘Lord,’ says he, ‘I thank thee that at the early age of sixteen I was enabled to dedicate myself to thy service.’ Here the speaker could refer to his own experience, and perhaps it would not be improper on this occasion. My young friends, if he had not been cut off in the midst of his days, what a different figure would he have made at this time, had he been the victim of youthful vices! And I am persuaded there is not a Christian here who is not, next to the salvation of his soul, more grateful for an early consecration to the service and glory of God.

“Now I presume that many of our young friends, who have joined in the testimony of respect, are already walking in the truth, and I can have no greater joy than to see this. But I hope this will be the case with all who have joined in this token of respect. Oh, my young friends, it would be sad, it would be dreadful, for any of you, after having come forward thus to honor your minister now, to constrain him hereafter, on a more public occasion, to condemn you—to say, Lord, they are guilty: Lord, they have destroyed themselves. I instructed them; I warned them; I invited them; I besought them with tears to come unto Thee. But they turned away from him that speaketh from heaven; they neglected so great salvation; they rejected the counsel of God against themselves. But I hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak. And, O my young friends, who have thus favored me, could I take many of you by the hand and lead you to the table of the Lord, it would afford me much more delight than

the reception of this medal. And yet I do not undervalue this present; yea, I prize it, not only for the exquisite beauty of the workmanship, but for the sake of those who have presented it. It will remind me of you, my young friends, and lead me to remember you, too, for good.

"This medal, you are aware, cannot long remain in my possession; but it will, as our chairman has remarked, serve as an heirloom in my family; so that my children and my children's children, when they look upon it, may prize it, and remember how long their father labored within these walls, and how God smiled upon him, and was pleased to favor him to the last.

"Here are two pillars erected. Delicacy and my feelings will not allow me to refer to them. Indeed, the allusion would be unnecessary after the remarks which have been made by our chairman. But remember they are *memorials*. One of them is a memorial of my predecessor; the other, after awhile, will be a memorial of myself. O then may I be enjoying Him above, while you are zealously serving Him below; and at last may we all unite in that blessed world where *adieux* and *farewells* will be a sound unknown! 'O God, let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.' Amen."

The Rev. D. Wassell of Bath then gave out one of Mr. Montgomery's hymns, and the Rev. W. Lucy of Bristol pronounced the usual benediction. The chairman then dismissed the assembly.

We subjoin the hymns composed for this interesting occasion by James Montgomery, Esq. :—

A blessing on our Pastor's head,
 Lord God, we fervently implore;
 On him, this day, a blessing shed,
 For life, for death, for evermore.

For all that Thou in him hast wrought,
 For all that Thou by him hast done,
 Our warmest, purest thanks be brought,
 Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, thy Son.

To Thee he gave his flower of youth,
 To Thee his manhood's fruit he gave;
 The herald of life-giving truth,
 Dead souls from deathless death to save.

Forsake him not in his old age,
 But while his Master's cross he bears,
 Faith be his staff on pilgrimage,
 A crown of glory his gray hairs.

With holier zeal his heart enlarge,
 Though strength decline, and sight grow dim,
 While we, the people of his charge,
 Still glorify Thy grace in him.

So, when his warfare here shall cease,
 By suffering perfected in love,
 His ransomed soul shall join in peace
 The church of the first-born above.

HYMN II.

Hallelujah! heart and voice,
 Yielding all the praise to Thee,
 Lord, the flock would now rejoice
 In the Pastor's jubilee.

Hallelujah! heart and voice,
 When the day of God they see,
 All Christ's sheep will thus rejoice,
 On His own grand jubilee.

Hallelujah! heart and voice,
 There in heaven one fold shall be,
 And one Shepherd,—to rejoice
 In eternal jubilee.

The following letter from Mr. Montgomery, addressed to the Chairman of the Committee, H. Godwin, Esq., will appropriately conclude this account of the Jubilee Celebration:—

THE MOUNT, Sheffield, Feb. 9th, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—Accept my best thanks for your packet and the accompanying newspaper, which duly arrived on Saturday. I do heartily congratulate you and your brethren, as well as your venerable pastor *and his partner*, on the happy celebration of his jubilee anniversary in Bath. I have read the proceedings both of the Sabbath and the Tuesday following with great delight; for yet, amidst all the strife, envy, and uncharitableness *in churches*, and *between churches*, so flagrant at this time, you have shown that there are occasions, and there may be found professors, when and of whom even an ungodly world can say, reverence touching their hearts, and softening their tongues, while they utter the words—“See how these Christians love one another!” Alas! how seldom is this exemplified. The record of your festival, however, will be hailed throughout the country, and perhaps through all Christendom, as a blessed evidence of a Philadelphian spirit yet living and breathing in a Laodicean age, when the suspended animation of lukewarmness is only disturbed by the hallucinations of that vain-boasting which says, “I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing,” when—you know where to look for the sequel, and what *that* is. “For the divisions of Reuben there were great *thoughts* of heart,” says Deborah in her song, and she doubles the burthen of her lamentations by adding, “For the divisions of Reuben there were *searchings* of heart.” In the multitude of *our* thoughts within us, on our unhappy divisions, personal, domestic, and denominational, as Christians, may there be great searchings of our hearts, and trying of our ways, that we may turn again to the Lord, and to our *first* love, if we ever loved at all; for assuredly there is an awful apostasy from this, *among* and *between* every section of the catholic church in this land,—and the plague has extended its baleful influence even into the fields of missionary labors. But I must forbear,—the digression has not been wilful, but I was drawn into it insensibly from feeling that the scene of holy harmony at Bath ought not to have been one of rare occurrence, but more or less of every-day felicity among our Saviour’s disciples, when and wherever they meet in His name and He is in the midst.

I thought much of you on the two days, especially on the Tuesday, when the meetings—the love-feasts I ought to call them—were held, because with us the weather was tempestuous, and I feared that with you, if the visitation reached so far, many of your friends might be disappointed of the “hope deferred” which they were already

cherishing when I was at Bath fourteen months ago, of being partakers and helpers of the joy of their brethren and companions on the expected jubilee of their venerated pastor's ministry among their fathers already called to glory, and themselves I trust on their way thither under the staff and rod of the Great Shepherd's ministry to the flock of God in your neighborhood, over which he has been so long a watchful and faithful overseer. It appears, however, that whatever storms might rage without, there was peace within, and as many to enjoy it as the rooms would contain.

I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Godwin for the jubilee medallion—the workmanship of which seems to me admirable, the likeness of your good pastor excellent, and the simple register of dates, on either side, the most appropriate of inscriptions in such a case. It was a beautiful and affecting sequel to the solemnities of the Sabbath, and the festivities of the breakfast on Tuesday, that the children and the youth were allowed to bring their offerings of gratitude and love to the father in the Gospel of both old and young in your church and congregation. I have only to add my heart's desire and prayer to God for you all, that every one of the number of those who participated in the privileges of those two memorable days, may be finally associated in that place where, a thousand and ten thousand ages hence, each may remember with adoring gratitude the blessedness of those meetings on earth, which many of you no doubt felt to be an earnest and foretaste of the glory and felicities of that house of God eternal in the heavens,

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

* * * * *

I am your obliged friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.

A few days after this commemorative service, the Committee of the Bath Auxiliary Bible Society passed the following resolution at a very full meeting by an unanimous vote:—

“That this Committee, participating in the prevalent disposition of the Christian public to glorify God in the long course of consistent piety and extensive usefulness maintained for half a century in this city by the Rev. W. Jay, and fully appreciating the value of

his unwavering attachment to the British and Foreign Bible Society, from its earliest formation—do appoint a deputation to wait upon him, and request his acceptance of the office of a vice-president of the Bath Auxiliary.”

The deputation consisted of the Rev. John East, the mover of the resolution, W. T. Blair, R. Perfect, and W. Sutcliffe, Esqs. The interview was of the most cordial and pleasing description. Mr. Jay accepted the honor, and his name henceforward was placed on the list of vice-presidents of the Bath Auxiliary.

In the year 1845 Mr. Jay experienced a severe trial in the death of Mrs. Jay. She expired, October 14 of this year, in the 79th of her age. From the time of her first seizure, which Mr. Jay has sufficiently described in his twelfth letter, and which took place in the year 1830, she never recovered the full use of her faculties, and, as age produced greater weakness, she gradually sank under the power of disease, so that at length it became impossible to hold intelligent conversation with her. She continued, however, to attend the public service through a great part of her affliction, but it was doubtful whether she understood anything. She seemed sometimes to recognize the persons of those about her, but generally reversed everything, calling a son a daughter, and a daughter a son. With much confusion of memory she would speak of things which took place long before her illness. Even as early as the year 1834 Mr. Jay said in a letter to Mrs. Bolton that her mother was often very low on her account, and adds, “You will suppose I have no little engagement in attending to her in her advancing infirmities, and her almost total absence of employment and amusement.” Again, in a letter written in 1837

to Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, then in America, he says, "Your dear mother grows feebler with years. I think also she gets blunter in apprehension and more perplexed in speech." In April, 1840, speaking of other members of his family, he says, "They have more leisure and opportunity than I have, with so many things pressing upon me alone, which your precious mother formerly divided with me, or, rather, entirely took from me." In October, 1841, he says, "Your invaluable mother gets very feeble, and a short walk soon fatigues her, and she is no stranger to lowness, especially in thinking of death. This is, I believe, a frequent case with those who are best prepared for it. But she does not and cannot complain of any want of esteem, and love, and attention, even to devotedness, from all that are about her, and, with regard to myself, she seems to get dearer every day."

Some months after her decease, he expressed himself thus:—"There is not a day, nor hardly an hour, in which I do not think of your inestimable mother; and though she was getting increasingly helpless, yet still I had her, and delighted to attend her. I now feel very solitary, and often sad, from my social disposition and long experience of such a companion, and as privations and infirmities are likely to increase."

To have watched and attended her so many years under this painful affliction, and with so much tenderness and constancy, under his own advancing years, must have been a heavy burden and a severe discipline for his heart. But his Christian excellency shone the brighter through this dark domestic cloud. At length it passed away, when her sorrowful spirit was emancipated from the bonds of mortality, and preced-

ed her beloved and faithful companion to the realms of perfect and unending bliss.

In the following year he wrote thus to Mr. and Mrs. Bolton:—"You blame me for not writing, but did you know what I have felt (yet how strange!) at the thought of writing since, as it would necessarily turn much upon my great affliction, you would perhaps blame me less. I have yet answered no one. I physically felt the more as other afflictions preceded it; and I was nearly five weeks confined from air and exercise by my accident; so that my strength was lowered, and my spirits broken, when I was called to surrender one who had been my honor, my comfort, my happiness, for fifty-five years. I need not enlarge upon her worth to you. You know I could not say too much of her as a daughter, a wife, a mother, a woman, a Christian.

"What a mild season! My garden already begins to bud forth. How many rose-trees do you imagine I have? Five thousand four hundred and one. How fond I get of flowers! I lately heard of a pious female, who, dying, said, 'I am going to a land of peace and flowers.' Yes—

'There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.'

Well! in that happy region is now ———, and soon we shall follow. Oh, for grace while we live to live unto the Lord, and when we die, 'to die unto the Lord!'"

Referring to the same topic in another letter, he says, "We rejoice to find that you are so improved in health, and are looking forward with glowing hope and pleasure to an interview in the spring—lamenting

only that time will turn the visit into a vision. One mighty loss you will feel and deplore, though on her account we ought to be more than resigned—freed as she is from the burden of the flesh and growing infirmities. There is not a day but I have her variously in remembrance.”

Early in the year 1846 Mr. Jay received a deeply interesting testimony of affectionate respect and gratitude from one class of his congregation, whose welfare both for this life and that to come he had often labored to promote: these were the female servants. They united their humble offerings together, and presented to him a silver sugar-basin, stating simply that it came from many attached female servants in connection with the church and congregation.

Mr. Jay's reply is as follows:—

“Mr. Jay will thank Mary Rogers to communicate to the kind domestics, who with herself have testified their regard by presenting him with a piece of plate;—First, that he is much pleased with the utensil itself, and admires its form and simple elegance. Secondly, that he much values it as to the quarter from which it comes. From no class of his hearers would it have been so welcome. He has, as is well known, always avowed the obligations we are under to good servants, and has always pleaded for their rights. Thirdly, that he is peculiarly thankful, that, while they afford him this token of their esteem, they also acknowledge their having derived spiritual benefit from his labors, and that he has not preached among them in vain.

“He prays and hopes that his services may continue to be acceptable and profitable; and that they who have contributed to ‘this work and labor of love,’ may unceasingly ‘serve the Lord Christ;’ and at last hear from our *one* Master in heaven, ‘Well done, good and faithful *servant*, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

“‘Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—*there* all the honor lies.’

“He now desires each of the servants to accept one of his publications, inscribed with their names and with his own. This will aid their remembrance of him, when the lips upon which they now hang will be silent in the grave, and by this, he ‘being dead,’ may yet be speaking.

“He gladly subscribes himself their grateful and affectionate Pastor,

“WILLIAM JAY.

“Bath, Jan. 7, 1846.”

Mary Rogers is still living, and mourning the loss of her beloved master and pastor. She was an ancient and most valuable servant in his family.

Mr. Jay some years since preached a funeral sermon for a female servant; upon which occasion he observed, that there were two things which caused religious servants to be too generally disliked. The *first* was their fondness for religious gossiping, or *cronyism*, which made them regardless of their time, &c. And, *secondly*, their aptness to carry their equality as Christians into their secular stations, and to use an unbecoming familiarity, instead of a dutiful respect, to their masters and mistresses.

In the year 1846, Mr. Jay having been for some time a widower, and having all his children removed to a distance from him, deemed it desirable to change his state. He chose as his future partner Miss Head, an excellent and pious lady, with whose parents he had early become acquainted through the introduction of his friend and tutor Mr. Winter, who was much attached to them on account of their Christian zeal and liberality. Mr. Jay preached the funeral sermon for Mrs. Head. Miss Head was the last surviving member of this family, and the marriage which took place was not only with the entire approbation of all Mr.

Jay's family, but appeared to them, as well as to himself, kindly ordered in Providence to promote the comfort of his latter days. He always referred to it with the liveliest gratitude to God. The ceremony was performed September 2, 1846, at the Congregational chapel, Worthing, Sussex.

In the year 1847, Mr. Jay proposed to obtain permanent assistance in his ministerial labors; and, with a view to such an arrangement, Mr. R. A. Vaughan preached for a period of three months with much acceptance. At the expiration of that period he received a unanimous invitation to become assistant-minister at Argyle Chapel. He accepted the invitation, and entered upon his stated duties in April, 1848, and continued to discharge them till March, 1850, when he resigned and removed to Birmingham. In the autumn of this year Mr. Jay wrote thus:—

“I cannot do things so quickly and easily as I once could, and feel a growing reluctance to exertion. I must, therefore, be judged of, not by my former but present self, as going on for eighty-two, and feeling in a degree Solomon's description,—‘the grasshopper is a burden,’ and desire fails. Yet I do what I can in my own old work; and, I assure you, friends are not disposed to spare me. We are yet at sea with regard to an assistant; but I hope the Lord will provide, as I want to effect a settlement and retire.”

Towards the end of the year 1851 he expressed his sense of growing infirmity and anticipation of the coming trial in his own peculiar manner, thus:—

“As to myself, I am as well as I can expect to be during the remnant of my advanced life. God has two kinds of duty for us—the *active* and the *passive*—‘for they also serve that wait;’ and I expect to find the latter more trying than the former; but his grace is sufficient for us.”

In the spring of 1852 the Rev. Dr. Johns, rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, paid a visit to this country, and through his acquaintance with the Rev. R. Bolton, obtained an introduction to Mr. Jay, and a temporary sojourn in his house. In a letter to Mr. Bolton he gives the following interesting account of that visit:—

“We arrived in Bath on Saturday, June 26, 1852, and were kindly welcomed by your aged relative, then, I believe, in his eighty-third year. I can never forget the sentiments with which his form and face, his dignified and easy manner, filled me. He was not entirely well, however; and having to preach on the ensuing day, excused himself at an early hour, saying, ‘I must retire into the wilderness. I must pump awhile. You, in travelling, need not do so, but I must.’

“I asked him if he was in the habit of preaching from notes? ‘From catch words, on a slip of paper,’ he answered; ‘but I wish I had never used even these, for the memory is like a true friend, it loves to be trusted.’ This remark made a deep impression on me at the time, and I resolved to treasure it for the benefit of others. He informed me that he endeavored to select his text on Monday morning, stating that by so doing he could meditate upon it all the week. ‘But,’ said he, ‘no clergyman ought to study on Saturday, but should allow his mind perfect rest at that time.’ He approved of formal divisions in sermons, and said his rule was to have about five. His opinion was that they aided the memory of the hearer, and made the subject of the sermon more open and clear. Referring to the Calvinistic system, he said it was a thing to be held, not formally preached. His idea seemed to be that it should leaven the whole character of the pastor and preacher, but not be urged dogmatically.

“In a subsequent conversation, he alluded to the Rev. John Newton, with whom he had been intimately acquainted, and spoke of him with all the warmth of an early friendship, and observed that he surpassed all the ministers of the gospel he had ever known, in the variety and solidity of his qualifications for the sacred office. Alluding to the Rev. Mr. Romaine, he observed that he was a good man, but a high churchman. Mr. Romaine, he went on to say, once remarked to him, that at the beginning of his ministry he could only

count fifty evangelical clergy in the Establishment, but that he could then name five hundred.

“Referring to the present prospects of the English church, he freely gave it as his opinion that the evangelical clergy would carry the day, as they were not only increasing more rapidly than the opposite class, but were more active and enterprising. He said that when he first came to Bath, sixty years ago, there was scarcely a clergyman in the Established Church there who preached the gospel. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘there are few here who do not preach it.’ He alluded in terms of deep regret to the disposition evinced by many of the evangelical clergy to withdraw from the free and affectionate associations which they formerly cultivated with the dissenting ministers. He said, he thought he noticed a change in this matter, and noticed it with sorrow, and appeared to think both would be losers by it. I informed him the same thing was true of the United States, and that we mourned over it.

“On Sunday, June 27th, I heard Mr. Jay preach in the morning in Argyle Chapel. His text was, Psalm cxix. v. 17: ‘Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.’ The passage had been sent to him by a friend, with a request that he would preach from it. He made it the basis of an examination of the question,—When may the Christian be said to be in a safe state? or rather, What may be considered a safe state? His heads of discourse were something like the following:—

“1. When the person is under the influence of a deep concern for his spiritual welfare.

“2. A sound conviction of the exposure to which the soul is ever subjected in its journey through this world.

“3. An abiding conviction of our liability to spiritual injury arising from our weakness.

“4. An unfailing confidence in the faithfulness and ability of God our Saviour to make and keep us safe.

“5. A spirit of earnest prayer and a devout reliance through it upon God.

“Mr. Jay’s manner was calm, and his voice clear and distinct. His object seemed to be to show the sinner’s weakness on the one hand, and his safety on the other; and these points, sustained from Scripture, were also illustrated by one or two quaint but very forcible anecdotes. No one but a person of his age could have used them with advantage; but with his peculiar manner they told with great effect upon the audience, reminding me of Bishop Lat-

imer's favorite style. I have never heard more of the gospel in a single sermon; and in reply to the inquiries of American friends, as to whose preaching I liked best of all I heard while in England and Scotland, my answer has uniformly been, 'The old preacher at Bath, whom you all know as the author of the "Morning and Evening Exercises."' His sermon was full of Christ, discriminating and searching, while in point of style I did not notice a sentence 'out of joint,' from the beginning to the end, and it was an hour in delivery.

"On the ensuing Monday morning, as we were gathered around the breakfast table in the library room, good, kind Mrs. Jay presiding, and by her gentle hospitality making the stranger feel as if he were at home, instead of 3,000 miles from it, an incident occurred which I noticed with pleasure. He inquired of his niece, Miss Jay, if she recollected the text of a sermon she had heard at Ventnor the previous week, and he continued to inquire until the young lady gave it to him. I suspect it was his custom with the young, and was designed to show his desire that they should retain what they had heard. Few opportunities of doing good to souls around him were allowed to pass unimproved; and yet so cheerful, and at times even playful, was his manner, that there was nothing morose or forbidding about him, or calculated to do other than attract even the youngest.

"I cannot omit speaking of his remarkable solemnity in conducting family worship. He read the Scriptures with an emphasis, and expounded as he passed on; whilst in the prayer he seemed to carry all along with him. I do not think there were any with us who could have been much troubled with wandering thoughts. He seemed to chain each heart to his own, and to draw the whole to the Saviour's feet. His accents appear, even now, almost to sound in my ears, as I revert to those sweet and blessed moments.

"Conversing with Mr. Jay seemed like speaking with a past age. He had seen, and known, and heard nearly all the distinguished men in both Church and State, for more than sixty years; and as his memory was fresh, in reference to early incidents, he described Whitfield and his contemporaries, with the leaders in Parliament, and in all the important movements of benevolence, with a minuteness and graphic power that no studied writer could well give to them. How few have lived so long, and lived through an age so abundant in events so deeply interesting to the Christian? As I gazed upon this venerable man, and thought of his long-extended

labors, both in the pulpit and through the press, and then anticipated what has since occurred, his entrance to our Master's presence above, I could scarcely contain my emotions. God be praised for such a life; yet when removed from earth, what a blank is left! Be it ours, my dear brother, to follow him as he followed Christ, and to strive to imitate his meekness and fidelity, his love of souls, and his enlarged interest in the cause of Christ.

“Truly and affectionately, your friend and brother,
 “To the Rev. R. Bolton. HENRY V. D. JOHNS.”

On Lord's-day morning, July 25, 1852, Mr. Jay preached what proved to be, though unexpected at the time, his last sermon, in Argyle Chapel, from the text, Ps. lxiii. 1, 2: “O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee, my soul thirsteth for thee. My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is: to see thy power and thy glory so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.” The preacher was in his usual health, and none who heard him supposed they were listening to his last address from that pulpit. A few of the closing sentences we insert as a beautiful specimen of the interesting and impressive manner in which he terminated his faithful testimony to his people:—

“But I dare say you think it is time for me to conclude, and my age and weakness tell me the same. I therefore hasten to a close, by observing one thing only; that is, experience is both *alarming* and *encouraging*. It is very alarming to those of you who are strangers to it. And this is the case with many who are very familiar with the means of grace. ‘You come as God's people come;’ that is, if you do come to God's house—but no further. You come from curiosity or custom, or to comply with the desires of your connections, or to appease conscience; not to please God, and to hold communion with Him. You have never come—you *know* you have not—to see His power and His glory. You never prayed for it before you came; you never examine yourselves when you go there.

whether you have enjoyed Him. Oh! it is awful to think what a length of time this has been the case with some of you. Five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, without one effectual religious movement! Dear hearers, what will these means of grace do for you? You will never hear to purpose till you *so hear that your souls may live*. You, *singers*; if you do not sing with melody in your hearts to the Lord here, you will not be found among the blissful number of those who shall celebrate His praises in the courts above. And you, *hearers of the gospel*; if you are hearers only, you are deceiving your own souls; and this word of life will only be to you 'a savor of death unto death.' You, *worshippers*; if you 'draw nigh to God with your lips, and honor Him with your mouths, while your heart is far from Him,' and you do not worship Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth, you will pass on from possessing a name and a place among the people of God here, to that place reserved for hypocrites and unbelievers. May you 'seek the Lord while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near!'

"But some of you can say with the psalmist,—

" 'I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat the heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!'

Let the pleasure of former experience increase your expectation. May you ever repair to His temple, humbly believing that you shall be satisfied with the goodness of God's house, 'and made to drink of the waters of life.' And then you shall soon see God in the sanctuary above! And, oh, what a sight will that be! How satisfying! how beautifying! how eternal!—

" 'If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!'

Then, with all the redeemed, you shall be before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. 'They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed

them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' 'Ah!' said Philip Henry, 'if this be heaven, oh! that I were there!'"

HIS ILLNESS AND RESIGNATION OF THE PASTORATE.

After this service he went to Worthing to enjoy his usual relaxation, but was seized with alarming illness. His friend and physician, Dr. Bowie, hastened to attend him, and he was removed to his own house with as much speed and care as possible. To his attendants he then said, "*I am going home, to go home.*" After a few weeks his sufferings were alleviated, and he then resolved to resign his pastorate. He accordingly addressed the following brief but pathetic letter to his people:—

"BATH, October 5, 1852.

"To the Church of Christ assembling in Argyle Chapel.

"To the Deacons and all the Members of the Church.

"MY MOST DEARLY BELOVED,—

"I had fully intended to send from Worthing an official intimation of the resignation of my pastorate, January next; a measure to which my mind has been brought by various considerations and proprieties of things; but a dreadful and painful assault of disorder prevented my doing anything. As soon as possible, I now thus announce officially what I then intended, and had mentioned to my deacons before. Had I my usual ability, I should do this in a very different manner; but you must now excuse a want of enlargement, dictated by extreme depression and weakness.

"The Lord bless and direct you, and enable you to preserve the union, and harmony, and prosperity, and reputation of a church which has been exemplary in the world, endeared by the affectionate and happy connectio of more than sixty-three years to your now resigning pastor,

"WILLIAM JAY"

Upon this a meeting was held on October 30, at which the following resolution was passed:—

“That this church, in receiving the intended resignation, on the 30th of January next, (the day of his ordination,) of its revered and beloved Pastor, devoutly acknowledges the goodness of God in permitting it the distinguished privilege of enjoying a ministry so faithful, valued, and eminently useful for a lengthened period of sixty-three years; and, while it deeply sympathizes with him in his present affliction, prays with submission he may be restored, occasionally to preach the ‘gospel of the grace of God;’ and that, when his labors shall close, an entrance may be ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. That it also traces with gratitude to the same Divine source, the unanimity and peace which have hitherto marked its history; and while it would seek to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, prays that the great Head of the Church may afford it wisdom and guidance in the appointment of a successor to the venerable William Jay.”

CHOICE OF A SUCCESSOR.

Early in the year 1853, among other persons who came to supply the pulpit at Argyle Chapel, was the Rev. William Henry Dyer, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire. After a suitable season of probation, the choice of the majority of the church fell upon Mr. Dyer; and although there was a respectable minority, among whom was Mr. Jay, who dissented from the choice, yet the church asserted its right of election, and determined to give Mr. Dyer an invitation to the pastorate. This occurred in the month of April, and shortly after Mr. Dyer accepted the invitation, and took upon him the oversight of the church and congregation. A division ensued, and a separate church has been since formed, under the ministry of the Rev. Richard Brindley for whom a new chapel is now in

course of erection. This event was the occasion at the time of considerable uneasiness and even pain to Mr. Jay; but in this, as in many other instances, the Great Head of the church has overruled the infirmities and differences of his servants for the trial of their faith in him, and for the furtherance of his own gracious designs to the world and the church.

It was, in one respect, painful that a church, which had been so long distinguished by its harmony, should be divided; and especially so that its venerable pastor should be called to witness the division. But, in another view, it was time for so large and flourishing a body to colonize. The storm often bears precious seed to new fields; and both persecutions and disagreements have been among the means of scattering the good seed of the kingdom more widely. Two ministers of the Gospel are now laboring in the place of one, and it is to be hoped that both will gather fruit unto eternal life; and that, while intent upon the one object which filled the mind and inspired the heart of their venerable predecessor, their people will respectively forget their differences, and strive, if not together yet separately, for the furtherance of the Gospel in the populous city where their lot is cast.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

As early as the year 1844 the complaint which proved fatal had begun to manifest itself, but for some time it did not materially interrupt his labors either from the pulpit or the press. He continued to bear up calmly and energetically, notwithstanding occasional seasons of weakness and attacks of pain. But about a year previous to his last sickness came on the severe

attack at Worthing already noticed. From this his recovery was only partial and temporary. Yet in the spring and summer of the following year (1853) he was enabled to take short journeys, and enjoy a little of the society of his friends. During this period he visited Bradford, and preached several times there and at Bratton between April and the end of August. Early in September he visited Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, and preached at the opening of Lord Ducie's new chapel at Tortworth, from John, xx. 16: "Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master!" Again, the following Sunday, Sept. 11, he preached at Tortworth, from Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

"In the next week," says Mr. Rice Hopkins, "he came to spend a few days at the house of his old friend Mr. Long (my father-in-law), at Kingswood, near Wotton-under-Edge, and I was there to meet him. Although frequently suffering much pain, he was remarkably cheerful, and every day rode or walked out, and visited several friends in the neighborhood. On the following Sabbath (Sept. 18) he preached in Kingswood meeting-house, and that was the last time he ever preached. The sermon occupied fifty minutes, and was delivered with great pathos. You will be able to form some idea of its contents from the following brief heads. The text was taken from the fortieth chapter of Job and part of the fourth verse, 'Behold, I am vile.'"

In his introduction he remarked that self-knowledge is of inestimable importance. Even the heathens used to say that the adage, "*Know thyself*," was descended from heaven. Truly has Mr. Pope said, that "the

proper study of mankind is man." Having briefly enlarged upon this topic, and pointed out the importance of every man being fully acquainted with his own character and prospects, he proceeded to consider the subject of the text, and noticed,

I. The nature of the self-accusation—"I am vile."

1. What it included. *Vile* signifies base, mean, despicable, worthless; and it can only be applied to that which is sinful.

2. The person by whom it was uttered. It was not by a notorious sinner, nor by a penitent brought for the first time to a conviction of his sin; nor by a backslider returning to God; but by Job, an eminently pious man.

3. The time when it was uttered. It was after he had had manifestations of the glory of God.

II. The way in which this perception of vileness is obtained.

1. The Spirit of God operating upon the mind.

2. The medium is the Word of God, convincing of sin, and showing the spirituality of the Law of God.

3. The manner is sometimes instantaneous, but more commonly gradual.

III. The effects of this perception.

1. Conviction of sin.

2. A sense of our own inability to save ourselves.

3. A conviction of the necessity of salvation by Jesus Christ.

4. A persuasion of the importance of regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

5. Candor and tenderness in judging of the faults of others.

6. Hatred to sin, and an increasing desire of holiness.

IV. The way to endure this perception.

1. Are you vile? This vileness is not peculiar to yourself.

2. Are you vile? If a Christian, you are only vile considered in yourself, but not in Christ Jesus.

3. The time will soon come when this vileness will be done away.

“ Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.”

Christians, is not this worth dying for?

These were the last words of the last sermon preached by the venerated deceased, he being then in his eighty-fifth year.

Upon his return to Bath, after the visit to his children and friends, he wrote thus to Mrs. Ashton :—

“ We arrived here in safety about two hours before yours and dear Garfit’s letters came to hand. You are mistaken in supposing I am returned so much better than I went. I behaved as well as I could; but I felt exceedingly weak, and suffered more than usual from my complaint, and do suffer. But I valued and enjoyed the visit. How could it be otherwise, when every attention was exquisitely paid me, as if I had been a prince royal; and I was in the midst of such a family as I never witnessed. I was often, from indisposition and suffering, in a mood to find fault, but not one thing could I censure,—yea, I kept applauding.

“ As well as weakness and pain would allow, I preached with freedom and pleasure in the new chapel, and was much pleased with my visit to the new earl and his lady. I daily rode out, drawn by the ponies, and was much amused in feeding them. Mr. Long and Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were unusually kind and attentive, as if they thought (not an unreasonable conclusion) that this might be my last visit.

“ Bath, Sept. 19, 1853.”

From the date of this letter till about Christmas, he suffered much anguish of body, but was occasionally able to read and write a little. As his sufferings permitted, he attended to the printing and publishing of his last work, entitled, "Female Scripture Biography," the last sheet of which was corrected and sent to the press only on the Friday, December 23, 1853; and on Tuesday the 27th, at half-past six in the evening, he calmly slept in Jesus.

He had never laid much stress upon death-bed experiences, and used to say, "Tell me not how he died, but how he lived." Without entering, therefore, into a lengthened detail of his last days and hours, we may yet put on record a few of his memorable and emphatic words, which will enable his numerous friends to realize in some measure the character of the last scenes. The acuteness of his sufferings sometimes gave a tinge of melancholy to his utterances; but these were the groanings of the creature waiting to "be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

In his various conversations, particularly with Mrs. Jay, he said, "Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he will put strength in me." "He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him; but he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee. I know, O Lord, that all thy judgments are right."

"The sharpest sufferings I endure flow from his faithful care."

"What are all my sufferings here when once compared with his?"

- “Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,” &c. O, blessed prediction, and how gloriously fulfilled! “The sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

“Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”

“Jesus, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

“Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thyself I cling.”

On another occasion he expressed his feelings thus: “But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.” “O my God, give me patience; forsake me not, a poor sinner. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto I have declared thy wondrous works. Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not.” Adding, in the words of the hymn,

“Even down to old age my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.”

Afterwards he exclaimed, "Exceeding great and priceless promises!" Sooner all nature shall change than one of his promises fail.

On another occasion, when one of his attendants was reading to him, as was the constant practice, a certain speculative work on theology, which was then occasioning much controversy, was mentioned, he said, "Don't puzzle yourselves with such subjects. View God as he is, infinitely holy, wise, true, merciful, gracious, amiable. View him not as a tyrant, but as he is, God of all grace. Look entirely to him at all times, and under all circumstances. He is ever waiting to be gracious. He changeth not. He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'"

One day, while suffering under great bodily distress, he said, "I fear God has forsaken me. Let me not be impatient; let me repose in his love. I fear I am impatient." Mrs. Jay replied, "Think of the feelings of your precious Saviour: like you, he said, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' He has promised never to forsake you. His grace is sufficient for you." He then replied, "I mourn, I do not murmur. 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.' I desire to lie passive, and know no will but his. 'In patience possess ye your souls.' Lay no more upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear; and I will glorify thee in my sore affliction."

"Dear Lord! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up;
 That cannot hurt that comes from thee.

Dash it with thy unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there;

The saints forever blessed above
 Were often most afflicted here.

From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss thy chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.’”

“The language of the publican,” he said, “did, does, and ever will, befit me; and even down to death must be my cry, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’”

“‘Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum;
 Mercy through Christ is all my suit;
 Lord, let thy mercy come.’”

“I do not murmur—allow me to groan. It seems to ease my pain. Objects most dear and attractive now fail to interest. O for a grateful heart! I have made some little stir in life, but now I am nothing. God seems to be saying, ‘I can do without you.’ An official character is not to be judged of by his ministerial work. He is compelled often to administer comfort to others when he is perhaps not enjoying it himself. You see the sail, but not the ballast.”

On Christmas-day his sufferings were very severe, and he said to Dr. Bowie, “O Doctor, what a Christmas-day! but I can say, ‘Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;’” and then he quoted 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5, “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away,

reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time!" He was particularly partial to the hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!" often repeated it, and especially the last verse—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee."

On the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 27, the day of his death, he said, "Oh, none of you know what it is to die." From this time he spoke little, but sank gradually into the arms of death, becoming so still and calm that the precise period of his departure could not be perceived. Though he uttered but few words on the bed of death, yet there was the silent testimony of a settled peace ; while his long life and entire labors had afforded a faithful and consistent witness for God and Truth.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE AND INTERMENT.

In accordance with the wishes of Mr. Jay's widow and the other members of his family, it was determined that the funeral should be as private as possible.*

* Mr. Ashton, as Mr. Jay's son-in-law, legal adviser, and executor, attended and directed the obsequies of his venerable relative. On the very day following his return to his residence at Cambridge, after the affecting and exciting scenes at Bath, he was smitten by an alarming attack of paralysis ; from the severity and peril of which he was somewhat recovered, when he was suddenly over-

The interment took place on the 2d of January, 1854, in the vault which had been prepared many years before for members of his family previously deceased, in the cemetery at Snow Hill, belonging to Argyle chapel.

The service was conducted by the Rev. John Owen, minister of the Vineyard Chapel, in the connection of the late Countess of Huntingdon. In the course of the funeral oration Mr. Owen paid the following tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of Mr. Jay :—

“In referring to our departed friend, whether we regard him as a believer in Christ, as a minister of the everlasting Gospel, as a pastor of a Christian church for so long a period, as a philantthro-

taken by the most afflictive bereavement which a husband can be called on to endure. On Sunday afternoon, February 19th, 1854, Mrs. Ashton, while walking in those beautiful grounds which she had herself planned, and every tree and shrub of which was planted by her own hand, or under her directions, was taken suddenly ill. She hastened into the house, and medical aid was instantly sent for, but before it arrived the vital spark was extinct. She expired in the room and before the eyes of her suffering husband. Thus abruptly was this superior and excellent woman snatched from an earthly paradise which she had embellished by her taste, and animated by her presence. Along those walks, and amidst those shrubberies, she had often led her beloved father, under whose smiles and in whose presence they appeared still more interesting and lovely. Both have now disappeared from the fairy-land, to meet, and unite, we trust, in a fairer, happier Eden.

The bereaved, afflicted husband still remains in this lovely spot to converse with the reminiscences of “joys departed never to return” *here*, but to be renewed and surpassed in the society of those loved ones where neither death nor sin can enter. May the Divine Comforter give him, in his solitary and mournful hours, many bright hopes and blissful anticipations of an union in the celestial paradise with all that was most dear to him here.

pist, as an author, as a citizen, or as a friend, we cannot but sorrow,—but most of all that we shall see his face no more on earth. There are circumstances, we admit, my dear friends, which greatly soothe our pain, under the loss we have sustained, and which tend to moderate our regret, and to hasten our grief on this occasion, when we call to mind the early commencement and lengthened period of his religious course,—the remarkable and increasing acceptableness and usefulness of his ministration,—the variety and unique excellence of his published works;—when we look at the unsullied purity of his moral character, when we reflect on his peaceful end, and think of his present blessedness in the presence of Jehovah,—there is much, my brethren, to soothe our griefs. We mourn, but not on his account. No! He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and has now joined the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven; he is with the spirits of just men made perfect. He is with the Saviour he loved, the Saviour he proclaimed, and will be with him forever.

“And yet we cannot but mourn on our own account. We suffer a loss—a great loss—by his removal from our midst. We lose his wise counsels, his instructive example, his ready co-operation, his tender sympathy, and his fervent intercessions, and therefore we mourn. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and we may weep at the grave of the venerated Jay. His name will forever be imprinted on my memory. For fifty years I have known it; for forty in connection with religion, for thirty-five as a fellow-minister of the Gospel, and especially during the last twenty-five have I regarded him as a son would regard connection with his father. From my first taking up my residence in this city to the last day of his life there was never a mis-thought or a mis-word between us, and therefore I cannot but mourn his loss on my own account. But how can we best express the sincerity of our grief, and manifest our tender regard for his memory? Why, by embracing the blessed truths which he so long proclaimed, by following the course he pointed out from the pulpit, and recommended through the press,—by devoting ourselves to the service of the Lord,—by imitating his excellence,—and by seeking through faith in Christ and dependence on the Holy Spirit to attain that rest into which he has entered, and to be with him forever in the presence of God and of the Lamb. In order to this we must have an interest in God our Saviour and Sanctifier; and ~~the~~ while we stand mourning at the

tomb of our departed friend and father, we may yet, in the triumphant language of the Apostle, say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"I shall not attempt to refer to the loss sustained by the bereaved relations who are present, and those who are absent, because of the near approach of the solemn service in which our revered friend from Birmingham (the Rev. J. A. James) who is with us this morning, will take part, and when, aided by the Spirit of God, he will offer such instruction and consolation as may render the removal of our beloved friend of advantage to our souls."

The day of interment was one of the most inclement in a winter of extraordinary severity, yet a train of mourning friends, members of his own church, with many from other denominations, joined of their own accord in the sable procession, to pay this impressive tribute of affectionate esteem to the memory of the aged pastor; and, regardless of the drifting snow and piercing wind, to drop a silent tear upon his grave, while many a sorrowful heart devoutly exclaimed, "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" But for the wishes of the family to make the obsequies as unostentatious as possible, a large number of ministers, both from the city of Bath and the neighboring towns, would gladly have been present on the mournful occasion to do honor to the memory of the deceased. Many of the houses and shops in the line of the procession gave evidence to the mourning of the inhabitants by their closed windows; while within the cemetery a large concourse, despite the severity of the weather, assembled to witness the interment.

The Rev. John Owen, after the address from which

we have given an extract, offered an impressive prayer, and having pronounced the apostolic benediction, the funeral procession was re-formed, and the mourners left the ground. Then the hundreds who had congregated to behold the mortal remains of William Jay consigned to their last resting-place flocked into the little building to gaze upon his coffin, and slowly and sorrowfully the assembled multitude dispersed.

The inscription on the coffin was as follows:—

REV. WILLIAM JAY,
DIED
27TH DECEMBER, 1853.
AGED 84 YEARS.

On the following Thursday evening, Jan. 4, the funeral sermon was preached in the Vineyard Chapel by the Rev. John Angell James, from 2 Kings, ii. 14, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Funeral sermons were also preached on the occasion in Argyle Chapel on the following Lord's-day, by the Rev. James Sherman of London, and the Rev. W. H. Dyer; also by the Rev. Richard Brindley, to the separate congregation worshipping *pro tempore* in the assembly-room

Thus closed the lengthened earthly career of this eminent servant of Christ, who, through the period of *sixty-three* years, faithfully discharged his ministerial commission, and diligently served his generation in a city distinguished indeed by its fashion and gaiety, but

yet not wholly insensible to the attractions of his eloquent and evangelic labors.

Whatever may be the monument which shall be raised to perpetuate the memory of so good, so great, and so useful a man; and whatever may be the terms of just eulogy which the hand of affection may inscribe upon it, this volume, mainly from his own pen, as well as his other published works, will constitute his best and most desirable memorial. The characters inscribed by the chisel of the sculptor will be obliterated by "time's effacing fingers," and the marble that shall bear them will resolve itself into dust; but the truths he has embalmed in his writings, or by his eloquent tongue written upon living hearts, will retain their interest and influence undiminished amidst all material ruin and desolation; and the writings of William Jay will continue to shed light upon the pathway of many a traveller Zionward, and to train many of the heirs of immortality for their portion in the skies.

When William Jay died, the city in which he had so long labored lost one of its most honorable patriarchs, one of its richest ornaments and holiest attractions. *There*, under his ministry, senators, wearied with the cares of state, had listened gratefully to the Saviour's invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and found that repose which only faith and hope can impart. *There*, many of the slaves of dissipation and vice were emancipated by the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth, from the fetters of their fatal enchantment, and were brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. *There* the eager votaries of fashion, thirsting for the pleasures of sense, and proving the emptiness

of the wells from which they hoped to draw them, were allured by his sweet voice to taste the fountain of living water, and found the bliss which they had vainly sought from worldly sources. There, too, the victims of fell diseases, who had tried many physicians and were nothing bettered, were directed by him to the Divine Physician of their souls, and received that healing which made their bodily afflictions light, by teaching them to triumph over death.

But this ministry is now closed. He that granted it for so long a space, and made it so rich a blessing, has seen fit to withdraw it. The city that possessed his pulpit, around which such distinguished assemblies crowded, now exhibits his sepulchre. From the one they heard his living voice, from the other they will learn the silent but eloquent lesson of his death. No saintly shrine will be erected to court and stimulate the incense of superstitious and idolatrous worship, though he was a saint in the church below, and is now a glorified one in the church above; yet to his tomb a pathway will be worn by the feet of many pilgrims of affection, from his own and other countries, who will inquire for the spot—not where rest the ashes of the great dramatist, poet, philosopher, or statesman, but where, till the morning of the resurrection, repose the remains of the wise, and good, and holy William Jay, the great and useful preacher of the Gospel of our salvation.

We shall here subjoin some miscellaneous recollections and sketches of his life and manners, which will, no doubt, interest the reader by giving him a pleasing

yet not wholly insensible to the attractions of his eloquent and evangelic labors.

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sight of Mr. Jay in the heart of his family, and among his familiar friends.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

“It was the practice of my dear father,” writes one of his daughters, “to throw off all study on the Saturday, that he and his subject might be fresh for the Sabbath. On that day (and O, what a jovous afternoon that was to us children!) we were indulged in rambling with him in a country walk, choosing the side of some running brook, which he delighted to follow, or sending us scrambling into field or hedge-row for wild flowers; and, when each brought their little nosegay, to receive the prize held out to them for the best flowers, or best arranged.

“How full of hope and happiness was he, and how free to make others the partakers of his joys! How many will remember the pleasure in his later years it gave him to fill his pockets with apples, books, and pence; and then either from the carriage-box, or in walking, he would throw them so dexterously to a too ready group of boys and girls, who were fleet enough, or had skill enough, to carry away the prize; and how he always gave his throw in favor of the girls.

“Our dear father was strongly excited by music, of the pleasure of which he was susceptible in the highest degree. He had an ear formed to enjoy the simplest melody, and, though little cultivated, he relished its highest charms; and a simple air would transport his feelings to the utmost pitch. In his last visit to Stone, how did he delight to lie on the sofa, and hear his granddaughters sing, and often said, ‘How delightful now to enter heaven.’

“Another little trait of his character was his sweet thought of giving pleasure to others. It was almost always his habit to go into his garden before service, and pick each of the servants a good handful of flowers, arranged by himself, which they were desired on no account to bring home, but give to some of the poor people, who would value them doubly sent from such a garden.”

FAMILY PRAYER.

Mr. Bolton says, “My father-in-law came in to breakfast with us, as our early hour suited him best. In family worship I was struck with his prayer for us:—

“Peace be to this house! May thy servants at the head of it enjoy much of this peace—that peace which the world cannot give by its good things, nor by its evil things take away—that peace which passeth all understanding. Let all their dear children live before thee, be the care of thy tender providence, and the early subjects of thy grace. We are now going forth into the engagements of the day: let thy presence go with us. Whether alone or in company, may we sanctify thee in all our thoughts, and all our words—concerned to improve all our opportunities of gaining good and doing good, and the more so as we see the day approaching which will deprive us of both.”

In connection with Mr. Jay’s peculiar gift in family prayer, we introduce the following anecdote communicated by Mr. Waylen:—

“A domestic servant, of rare excellence of character, was, when very young, nursing old Mrs. Colbourn of Chippenham. Under great anxiety, she resolved to descend and listen at the door of the parlor at a mo-

ment when she knew Mr. Jay was leading the devotions of the house, he being then on a visit there. If reference to herself individually should occur in his prayer, she resolved to take it as 'a token for good.' And such was the wished-for result. She is now in my house."

SIMPLICITY OF MANNER AT HOME.

A near witness testifies that his simplicity seemed innate and natural; for he was as free from affectation as from guile. The gentleness, ingenuousness and unsuspectingness of a little child were ever displayed by him. Thinking no evil himself he believed every one open and sincere as himself, and his heart was pained when he met with deceivers.

Nothing could satisfy him in his preaching but bringing forth the whole story of Matthew Henry's three R's, Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration—Jesus Christ and him crucified, to meet the condition of poor sinners—to try to save souls; and if in any part of his sermon he considered that he had been deficient, his heart felt deeply, and he longed for the next opportunity of preaching more fully, more pathetically, and practically. Such seasons were most prayerfully and tearfully implored in private previously, and he would then bless God for the enjoyment, and entreat that it might not be different with him in public. Sometimes he seemed under such a happy divine influence that a blessing was felt to rest in an indescribable manner upon his conversation. His heart was all alive to participate in the woes of those around him, and his expressions were so balmy that they soothed the deepest wounds even when they could not

heal. The piety and copiousness of his prayers were very remarkable. You felt that they were poured forth from a heart which seemed the very sanctuary of devotion. He lived, as it were, in the precincts of heaven, and was ever ready to present petitions to God. He was especially observant of devotion when he had public services in prospect. He always took a *prayerful* review of his subject, and often was a tearful, wrestling season of communion with God in private the prelude to the holiest and happiest seasons in public. His practice uniformly was to go from the closet to the pulpit. Nothing was allowed to intervene. In this, doubtless, may be found one of the elements of his efficiency and success. He came as from the Divine presence with a message from God to men. Devotion had given greater strength to his arm and keener edge to his weapon. Hence he spake "not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts." Happy would it be for the church of Christ if all its ministers conscientiously followed this example! How would it contribute both to their happiness and success!

DR. BOWIE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. JAY, AND
ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DAYS.

I had the great privilege of affording him my medical assistance to the close of his honored life (for a period of more than thirty years), and am happy to say receiving to the last, and at the last, the same proofs of esteem, affection, and regard, which he had for so many years bestowed on me, and for which blessing I indeed give God thanks. You ask me if I have any recollections of our dear departed friend. I answer,

none in writing, but many in mind. It would be perfectly impossible for any one to have had the privilege I possessed for more than thirty years of having him as my pastor and friend, without having numerous recollections of one I ever considered a shining star, and one of the most extraordinary individuals this country, or indeed any other, ever saw. I here will say that I allude now to him as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. Here, in my opinion, he was *quite unique*, and unlike every other preacher I ever heard. If you will allow me to say, it was not, in my opinion, that Mr. Jay possessed any *one* peculiar point of mental character which made him the highly-finished preacher; but he appears to me to have combined in himself a number of faculties arising from his organization, which in the highest degree fitted him to excel as a preacher. He possessed very great powers of imagery, pathos, and irony, all of which were occasionally brought out in the pulpit; and when to these powers are added Mr. Jay's great knowledge of the holy Scriptures, which enabled him to *dovetail*, as it were, all the statements with texts suitable to his subject; his general information, derived from his extensive and laborious readings, which, having a most retentive memory, he could use at all times; and his great knowledge of the human heart—I need not say that, with his vigorous and powerful mind brought under the influence of the operation of the Holy Spirit, these points and advantages enabled him well to fill the office of a minister and teacher. I must not forget in this my catalogue of excellences for the pulpit, that Mr. Jay was the simplest creature possible to be conceived: his sermons were all delivered without the

least effort and difficulty, and so simple that any one might have said—nay, indeed, I often did say—I could do all this myself. In this simplicity of dear Mr. Jay's preaching I consider lay one of his chief excellences ; and certainly it may be said, that by Mr. Jay the poor had the Gospel preached unto them. He was, at the same time, a most sententious preacher, and could, by a few words said in a pithy and sometimes quaint manner, produce a wonderful effect. This I have often seen and felt, and some such sayings have never been obliterated from my mind, even after a distance of many years. Although this was often the case to a remarkable degree, yet all his sermons were from first to last most interesting and powerful ; and no individual ever kept up the continued attention of his hearers more than our beloved friend. He was emphatically a textual preacher, never wandering from his subject ; and in this point he so much excelled, that, in endeavoring to give what he considered to be the true meaning of the Scripture he had in hand, he might appear at different times to preach against many of the preconceived views of some of his Christian hearers, so anxious always was he to give every text its true interpretation, without reference to any system of divinity, however good and admired. This it was, combined with the great variety of subjects chosen by him for the pulpit, which made it necessary to hear Mr. Jay again and again, previous to any one being enabled to come to a proper and sound opinion as to the nature and exact character of his preaching. One thing more I only will add to the list of qualities possessed by Mr. Jay for a preacher, and that is, his most melodious and well-modulated voice, by which he in-

deed gave the grand truths of the Gospel through a silver trumpet; and he was, in my opinion, from all the combination of powers I have now mentioned, the most fascinating preacher this country has seen for many a day; and so interesting was his preaching, at least to myself—and I hope I may add useful—that all preaching appeared tame after hearing him. This may perhaps have arisen from his peculiar style, so unlike any other, and from the fact that during about thirty-four years, when I had the privilege of hearing him generally twice a week, and sometimes three times, I had been so deeply identified with his mode of preaching, that I could hear no one else so well, nor, I think, so profitably. It was not only preaching, but teaching, and that, too, in the most beautiful and winning manner. The simple and clear way in which Mr. Jay divided and explained all his sermons, added to the attractive style of delivery, made all he said easily remembered, and, indeed, *so attractive* was his mode of preaching, that numerous individuals whom I have met with during my lifetime who have heard him only once, have been at the end of years able to give the substance, if not the division, of the only sermon they ever heard from his lips. One of many such instances I will now relate. A few years ago, a clergyman of the Church of England, now dead, called on me for medical advice. On seeing in my room a print of Mr. Jay, he at once recognized it, and inquired kindly after him. I asked him if he was acquainted with Mr. Jay; he replied, "No; but I have heard him preach once, and I shall now give you his sermon." He arose from his chair, and gave the text, Psalm xvi., verse 8. He then began, and at once I saw he had

indeed heard him preach, as I recognized the well-known manner of treating his subject. I inquired when it was that he had heard this sermon which had so deeply impressed him. He replied, "Thirty-five years ago. I was then a student at Oxford, and passing through London, I understood that the far-famed Mr. Jay of Bath was to preach in Surrey Chapel. I went, and I have now given you the outline of his sermon, which I shall never forget."

One other instance of the simplicity and attractiveness of his preaching, so as to awaken a spirit of inquiry in a child, I shall relate. Travelling in a railway carriage some little time ago, an elderly gentleman sat opposite to me. Finding I came from Bath, he asked me how Mr. Jay was. I told him, and he informed me that, at the early age of eight years, he was deeply interested with a sermon which he heard preached by Mr. Jay at Argyle Chapel; and, filled with a spirit of inquiry, his mother had taken him to chapel; and the preacher took for his text Acts, ix. 16, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." When he went home he eagerly asked his mother many questions regarding what he had heard, as, "Where was Macedonia? what help was wanting? and who was to go over?" Although young, it made him desirous and anxious to know more on the subject which had so engrossed his attention, and the recollection of the sermon was even then most vivid. I have already said that Mr. Jay did in his preaching often make a wonderful impression by a single sentence delivered in a powerful manner. One of these I shall mention as pressing most strongly at this moment on my mind, although heard by me many years ago. He had been

preaching on the repentance of Judas, and took occasion in the discourse to attack the love of money, as one of the, if not the principal, sins, of the Church of God; and at the close of one of the divisions of his subject, he burst forth in his own peculiar and emphatic manner with the following awful sentence: "Avarice, avarice, is the monsoon, the devil's trade-wind, from the church into hell." Another at this time presses itself forcibly on my memory, and although, perhaps, by the very fastidious it may be said not well fitted for the pulpit, yet at the time of delivery it made a wonderful impression, and now is so clear before me that I must give it. Mr. Jay was speaking of the glaring inconsistency of many professors of the Gospel, and endeavoring to show how impossible it was to expect the Divine blessing to rest on half-and-half undecided professors of religion. He rested much on the necessity there was for decision for God, and the clear manifestation before the church and the world in the believer's walk and character, so as to leave no doubt who indeed was his Master; and in the midst of a powerful appeal pronounced the following: "Some of you, my dear brethren, are so inconsistent and undecided, that if at this moment I saw the devil running away with some of you, I could not call out, 'Stop thief!'—he would but carry off his own property."

Mr. Jay I would call, in his views, a moderate Calvinist; but never was shackled by any system of divinity, and never feared to give from the pulpit what he conceived to be the whole counsel of God. If he apparently met with difficulties in the subject he was at the time treating, he would mention the circumstances, and leave them, without an attempt to combine

what was, in his opinion, far beyond man's finite powers. Thus one day speaking of Judas, he said he was fore-ordained of God to betray the Saviour, and yet he betrayed him willingly, and is damned for the deed—having said so, he in his own peculiar and well-known manner leaned over the pulpit, and exclaimed, "Now do not look at me for an explanation of this subject—both statements are true—the foreknowledge of God, and the free agency of man—and when we reach heaven, and not till then, shall we be able to understand all, which in our present imperfect condition is quite beyond our grasp and finite minds."

I may here allude to Mr. Jay's great faithfulness in the pulpit, and most fearlessly giving reproof to any of his hearers if by him deemed necessary. One instance of this is now most vivid before me, although it happened many years ago, and that to myself. The valuable and most interesting course of lectures, now forming one of his published volumes, under the title of "The Christian Contemplated," was delivered in Argyle Chapel, and occupied the Sabbath morning of each week till completed. At the time of delivery I was much younger than I am now; and from God's peculiar dealings with me, added to my natural character, I had embraced, more than was agreeable to my beloved pastor, what are usually called the high doctrines of the Gospel; and I fear I had more than once been led to declare that I considered the lectures from their practical nature to be Christless. At the close of the delivery of the last lecture, he said, "My brethren, I have done with the course of lectures which I had announced, but I have not done with those of you who have denounced them to be Christless."

Having said this, he began an admonition, of a wise and useful character, in the following striking and forcible manner: "You mushroom Christians—you men of one idea—you who would have a minister go round a few of your favorite texts just like a blind horse in a mill—am I to be taught preaching by you?" I may add that the next day I called to visit Mrs. Jay professionally. I met Mr. Jay in the room, who actually was looking for a leaf of the lecture preached on the previous day, which he had mislaid, and in his own quick way he addressed me by saying, "How are you, doctor, did you take part of my sermon yesterday?" I answered, "Yes, I did." He replied, holding out his hand, "Then give it to me, for I have lost a leaf; and if I am to publish these lectures, I must find it." I said, "No, dear sir, I have no leaf of your lecture, but I did take part of it notwithstanding." He instantly replied, "Doctor, if the cap fits you, wear it," and left the room. I do hope and believe this quiet and just reproof tended, under God's blessing, to make me more prudent and cautious for the future.

It is well known that occasionally Mr. Jay would engage the attention of his hearers most powerfully by the introduction of an anecdote into his sermon, which was always much to the point, and told with much effect. This habit, however, for several years previous to his retirement from the pulpit was much given up, and seldom or ever indulged in.

From my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Jay, it may be expected that something ought to be said by me with regard to his social habits and character. Here, however, little need or indeed can be re-

lated. He lived in such a primitive manner, as to put it very much out of the power of any individual like myself, engaged in active employment, to see much of him. He rose at five—breakfasted at seven—dined at one—drank tea at five—supped at nine—went to bed at ten—and this I may say was a general rule without any exception. He was most regular in his daily exercise; and one of the many reasons which under God tended to give him such a fine constitution was his choosing the early part of the day for his pulpit and press studies. He from breakfast till dinner-time devoted himself to this work—and after that period, he, I have reason to believe, seldom or ever did so—and I have heard him more than once say that he never was found in his study after nine o'clock at night. The after part of the day was usually spent in exercise and general reading. His mind was so well stored with information, and his memory so retentive, that it was quite a treat to pass a short time in his society. You never could be with him for any time without discovering the depth of his information, the strength of his mind, and the easy and simple manner of his conversation, which was at all times so interesting and attractive that you had much difficulty in leaving his company, and never did so without admiration and instruction. My usual time for seeing him was when I knew he was at tea, and at which hour I often contrived to be professionally in his neighborhood, that I might have the pleasure of a little conversation with him. Mr. Jay was all his life so completely accustomed to be listened to, and not much to listen, that perhaps for some years after I knew him he might occasionally appear impatient of

being interrupted or contradicted ; but that indeed was seldom attempted by any one, as all were generally too glad to hear the good and great man, whose words flowing from him were like the dew which watereth the earth. Mr. Jay was a man with whom no one felt he could ever take a liberty ; and of all men I ever knew, he was the only one in whose presence I always, in a manner, felt a kind of reserve, fearing in any way to give him the smallest offence ; in fact I had an exalted opinion of him, and gave him reverence.

Like all on earth Mr. Jay had many trials, and none greater than the long and severe illness of his first wife ; and I may I trust be allowed to say, without any fear of misconception in the mind of any one, that he grew much in grace under his trials ; and when I add that he was at times thankful *even to me* for a word of admonition or encouragement, it will I think be evident that his fine mind and understanding were much brought into subjection to the grace of that blessed Redeemer whom he had so long preached, not only as the atoning Saviour, but the bright example.

During his long and most painful illness, for nearly eighteen months, he never murmured, but gave a noble testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and its being able to sustain the believer under every trying dispensation—he became in fact like a little child ;—and in the midst of great sufferings and sleepless nights, over which medicine had little or no control, he was enabled to glorify God in the fire, and to leave a powerful and lasting evidence of the truth and efficacy of that Gospel which he had so many years so truthfully preached to others. Mr. Jay through life had always a natural fear of death—that is, of the agonies of the dying

struggle—but even all this he was at last quite freed from ; and he died so peacefully and quietly that for a short time after the spirit had taken its flight to mansions in the skies, it was not known to his sorrowing relations that he had gone home to Jesus. “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

MR. JAY'S FAMILIAR EXPOSITIONS AT THE PRAYER MEETINGS.

Those who knew Mr. Jay at home in the weekly round of his duties would scarcely deem our work complete if we failed to exhibit him as for a very long period he had appeared in his vestry on a Monday evening, like a father in the midst of his family, explaining to them and enforcing upon them some portion of God's Word, in the most simple and familiar manner.

It is believed that he rarely, if ever, made any written preparation for these services ; but having fixed upon a portion of Scripture before he left his home, he turned it over in his mind as he walked to his chapel, a distance of nearly a mile. When he entered his vestry, he took his seat in his arm-chair at a table, and gave out a hymn in his own peculiarly feeling and devotional way. When this had been sung, he would call upon one of his deacons to engage in prayer. He then opened the Bible, read a text or a few verses, and, in a style more like serious and engaging conversation than preaching, spoke upon the words or subject in an easy and colloquial manner, often with striking originality, point, or pathos, as the text might require. The hearer felt, and could hardly fail to feel, as much at

ease as the speaker, who sat all the time as if in your parlor, conversing with you on your spiritual interests, and the great things of God's salvation. A specimen or two of these familiar services we shall here insert. They have been furnished by friends who were accustomed to take notes, and of course do but imperfectly represent the original:—

Psalm xci. ver. 14: "I will set him on high, because he hath known my name."

This psalm has sometimes been called the charter of the believer's privileges; and in this sense I wish you were all chartists, and in no other; for I do not approve of the other charter at all. A great man once said: "The whole of this psalm has been fulfilled in my experience, except the last clause of the last verse; and that will be fulfilled I am fully persuaded within an hour." Now what is that verse? "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." The former part had been fulfilled, for he died at the age of 95. He had lived long enough, I should suppose, to have seen all that was worth seeing, to hear all that was worth hearing, and to enjoy all that was to be enjoyed; and he must surely have known the vanity of all things here below. But what is meant by the last clause which yet remained to be accomplished? "And show him my salvation." This is future. How can that be? The believer is saved *now*; that is, he is in a state of salvation, in a state of safety.

More *happy*, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

But the believer's salvation will be more fully shown, when Christ shall say to all his redeemed, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." But only think of this good man's saying,—that he was fully persuaded that this would be accomplished *within an hour*! Oh, what a solemn thought! How would many of you feel, if you *knew* that you were but one hour out of eternity?—but one hour from a world of spirits;—that in *one* hour you would be in the presence of your Redeemer! Beyond the reach of every care. There is but a step between me and death! Perhaps there is but a step

between you and—*hell!* But oh, what an overwhelming thought, if there is but a step between you and *heaven!* I remember good Ambrose sitting in his chair, feeling the pains of death coming over him, he raised his eyes, and exclaimed; “Come, good angels, and do your office, and gently waft me into Abraham’s bosom.” But you will say, what has all this to do with the subject? Why, it is a part of the loaf that I wish to divide among you to-night; and I do not think it much signifies where I begin to cut first.

Now, “I will set him on high because he hath known my name.” The name of the Lord is often put for the Lord himself. Many texts might be brought forward to prove this. I will mention only one; Ps. lxxvi., “The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.” Not into a word, but into Jehovah himself. Now, what is it to know the Lord? People sometimes speak of head-knowledge. But it is a singular expression; as if there were such a thing as *arm-knowledge* or *leg-knowledge*. Where should knowledge be but in the head? At the same time, it is very expressive, as making the difference between a mere speculative knowledge of the great truths of Christianity, and that knowledge and conviction of the heart which is here implied. Ah, what pleasure does it give you to say—“I know such and such a distinguished person.” What an honor would you feel it to be to be able to say, “I know the king and am intimate with him.” Or, if he were living, to be able to say, “I know Milton, and am intimate with him.” But the Christian can say far more; ‘I know the Lord, the king of kings, and am intimate with Him. He is my Father and my Friend.’

Now, here is the promise,—“I will set him on high, *because* he hath *known my name.*” We must not look on this word *because* as a *condition*. Our dear brother used this term last night, and I began to fear lest he should be misunderstood. But he afterwards explained himself very clearly. Yet why should we use a word of doubtful meaning, when there are others that would answer the purpose quite as well, if not better? It is true that some of the old writers use this term, but it is in a different sense to that in which it is employed now-a-days. Now it is employed to signify a sort of claim that one has upon another for a reward; but they used it to express a sort of connection, that God would do one thing *because* he had done another; thus, *because* God had given faith, he had also given salvation, and in that sense it is used here.

Now, what is meant by this promise—“I will set him on high?”

Is not Christ risen from the dead? Has he not ascended above the skies? And are not all his believing followers ascended with him? Is not this to ascend on high? Cannot the believer look forward to heaven as his inheritance, his kingdom, his everlasting portion? Call you not this *high*? The king is the highest civil officer, the priest the highest ecclesiastical; and God will make all his people kings and priests unto himself, and their kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom, and their priesthood one that endureth forever.

But notice not only the promise, but the agent by whom it is performed, that is, God himself. There are many kinds of promises. There are the devil's promises,—they are false and deluding. O, beware of them! There are the world's promises. They seem all bright and fair; but what are they? Only vanity; yea, lighter than vanity itself. Then there are men's promises. O, trust not in them, for they are uncertain—often deceptive. But there are God's promises. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Lean on **THEM**, trust in **THEM**, and you shall never be confounded.

“O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven *our own*.”

Another Monday evening exercise was as follows:—Having read the words, “O Lord, forgive: O Lord, hearken and do,” (Daniel, ix. 19,) he observed,—

This is one of Daniel's prayers. The Scripture is full of prayers, and I love them much. Now let us speak of Daniel. He was a temperate man. This will account for his haleness and vigor, at least in some measure. But he was rich in grace. He had been raised from one stage to another, till he became prime minister over twenty-seven provinces; yet he found time to pray thrice every day. Many people who have not half the business to attend to, to what he had, say they have scarcely time to pray *once* a day. Daniel was highly favored. Three miracles were performed *by him*; one was interpreting the king's dream; the second, recalling Nebuchadnezzar; a third, interpreting the handwriting on the wall. But one miracle was performed *for him*; that was, his safety in the den of lions. Twice the angel Gabriel came to him with the words, “O Daniel, man greatly beloved!” Some will say, “I would not

have told him that to his face, lest it should make him proud." But Gabriel knew better. The proud are always the most backward to praise. The reason is, they judge from themselves; because when they are praised *they* are so *puffed up*, they think others must be the same. The celebrated Dr. Robinson having preached three times on one Sunday at a chapel in London, after the evening service a man came into the vestry and said to him,—“This morning, sir, it was a very dry opportunity; in the afternoon I got no food for my soul; but this evening you have preached a most blessed sermon, and I hope to live in the enjoyment of it for some time to come. But I hope you will not be proud at my telling you so.” “No, no,” said the doctor, “for I have no opinion of your judgment.”

Let us notice this prayer before us. How importunate it is! It is not one of the sleepy prayers. If a person were to come and ask a favor of you, and were to fall asleep in doing it, you would spurn him from your presence. Yet how often do we act so with the blessed God! The first thing here is *forgiveness*,—O Lord, *forgive!* The second thing to pray for is *attention*,—“Hearken and do.” Do what? He does not say what, and I am glad he does not. If a beggar were to call out to a king as he was passing, “*Hearken and do,*” he would be repulsed for his impertinence. But how different it is with this King! He says, “Call upon me, and I will answer:”—“Ask, and ye shall receive.” He can changethe hardest heart; can renew and sanctify the vilest passions; and can make those whom we imagine to be beyond the reach of mercy, “pillars in the house of our God.” He will do this for you, if you apply to Him. He did not turn a deaf ear to the cry of Daniel. Nor will He to your cry. Let your sins be what they may, He can and will wash them all away in the blood of His dear Son. Blessed be His name.

One Monday evening, he had been addressing his people on the importance and blessedness of humility, and closed his remarks by observing,—

“How beautifully Bunyan has represented the shepherd’s boy in the valley of humiliation, cheerful and happy, while singing,—‘He that is down need fear no fall,’ &c. But you all know his song, and we will now unite in singing it, for it will do for us as well as for him:—

“He that is down need fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
 Little be it, or much;
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.”

He then proceeded with the following verses, which were sung in succession, as if they had formed one hymn :—

“Turn, pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego;
 All earthborn cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.

Then shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heavenly pleasure fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

Forever His dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every song.”

The impression produced by the mixture of verses and by the climax was felt to be highly profitable and elevating. Those who witnessed that scene will never forget it.

It was at one of these week-evening meetings he finished his labors at Argyle Chapel, observing at the

close, "I shall never enter this place again;" adding some remarks of great tenderness and solemnity to his friends, who stood round him.

On the 21st of March, 1853, he went to the vestry, intending to give only a short address; but the congregation assembled was so large that they were obliged to adjourn to the chapel. He selected for his subject the appropriate words of the 116th Psalm, verses 1 and 2: "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I praise him as long as I live." The testimony of so venerable, so faithful a man of God, laboring under much weakness and pain of body, yet with all the devotedness and zeal of his youthful days, pointing all to the throne of grace, and expressing, with touching sensibility, his own gratitude for the help he had therein derived, was felt to be most deeply impressive and affecting.

The following Monday evening, March 28, Easter Monday, was the occasion when he made the remark above noticed, that he should enter that place of worship no more. On this last occasion he spoke again in the chapel, but on neither of these occasions from the pulpit. The subject was taken from Isaiah, liv. 17, "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." This is described by those who were present as a most interesting, solemn, and edifying address.

Thus ended his public ministry in Bath.

The following testimony of respect and expression of friendship for Mr. Jay, from so excellent a nobleman as the Earl of Gainsborough, will doubtless be acceptable and gratifying to the reader. In a letter to

Mrs. Edward Jay, written since the solemn event took place, the Earl of Gainsborough says:—

“Although at his good old age the great change has been a glorious one for your excellent father, yet I cannot hear of the departure of my long-loved and revered friend without much sorrow and emotion, and deep concern for all those who have sustained so truly irreparable a bereavement. I hope his last hours were free from much suffering.

“It is painful to me to have been out of England; for it would have been a real gratification to me to have followed the dear and honored remains of my beloved friend to the grave.

“It will give me much pleasure to hear from you, and that Mrs. Jay and all of you are well.

“It grieves me that I have not seen dear Mr. Jay lately; and, should I live to return to England, it was one of my pleasant anticipations that I should have seen him once more. I trust that through the mercy of that blessed Saviour he so long and so ardently served, to meet him again where friends will no more be separated.

“Believe me, my dear Mrs. Jay,

“Sincerely and affectionately yours,

“GAINSBOROUGH.

“Naples, February 4, 1854.”

PART III.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER,

IN

A SERIES OF REMINISCENCES.

BY

WILLIAM JAY.

“Clothed in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee.”—COWPER.

“Mark the perfect man.”—DAVID.

PREFACE.

MY residence in Bath gave me many opportunities of multiplying connections, or at least acquaintances; and, in a long course of years, I have become more or less intimate with many interesting individuals from Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and various parts of England.

Not long after my settlement in this city, I found a coterie of rather singular characters; it included Lutterbray, the celebrated landscape-painter, Sir James and Lady Wright,* Miss Lace, a natural daughter of Lord de Spencer,† Rev. Briant Hill,‡ Miss Charles Wesley, &c.

* Both these lie in our burying-ground, and their escutcheons were sent into the vestry. Lady Wright was the sister of More, Archbishop of Canterbury. None of the family attended the death or the funeral.

† She was a woman of great talent and much learning; yet I fear from her neglect of public worship, and a prayer (which she showed me) written for her daily use, on the principles of pure deism, that she was at least sceptical as to the truth and importance of Christianity. After some injuries which the tomb of Sir James and Lady Wright had sustained, she repaired it, and had her name engraved as the repairer in the corner of the panel. Some may remember her strange flight with a gentleman, as if carried off unwillingly; also her throwing away a camphor bag from her bosom.

‡ Author of a poem on Italy, and brother to Sir Richard and Rowland Hill.

All these occasionally attended my preaching, and I was personally acquainted with them all. They *seemed* alive to eternal things, and to be in a state of serious inquiry. They had their own private and social meetings (it would seem for various purposes), but I could never learn how they conducted them; and they held some occult sentiment, which they were neither ready to explain nor to recommend. Many supposed they had some leanings towards the continental Illuminati.

In a long ministry, and in a varied and extensive intercourse with the religious world, I have met with no few *curious* characters, mental and moral non-descripts; owning no party, and owned by no party; signalized and observable by uncommon, strange, preposterous opinions, usages, pretensions. With very little that is romantic in my frame, I have never been able to pass by such anomalies without notice and reflection; and if I had a descriptive humor, by a little enlargement and coloring, I could produce reminiscences enough to excite wonder and ridicule, laughter and sadness.

But, oh, how many have I seen and admired in the various denominations of Christians, who have been Israelites indeed in whom there has been no guile; enlightened in their principles, walking in the truth, consistent and uniform in their conduct, devoted to the cause of the Gospel, and ready to every good work; and, though not free from infirmities, "adorn-
ing the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

These are worthy of observation, and remembrance, and a record; and we are commanded to "*mark* the

perfect man, and *behold* the upright, for the end of such is peace.”

As I have not found many of these among the very rich, so I have found none of them among the *abject* poor. Whatever *they* were originally, converting grace made them temperate and diligent; gained for them the countenance and help of their fellow-Christians, and secured for them the favor of Providence, so that not only their “bread was given, and their water was sure,” but it “blessed their bread and their water,” and made “the little that a righteous man had better than the riches of many wicked.” Lo this! we have proved it—so it is—“I have been young, and now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.”

I here, then, notice some of these individuals, in various conditions and circumstances of life; especially those I was acquainted with in the earlier parts of my ministry; and who had some considerable influence on what I have *been*, and what I have *done*, and what I have *written*.

While I thus, in a measure, gratify allowable curiosity, I desire and hope to do something more. Facts are better than definitions, and exemplifications than descriptions; and as we cannot form an idea of love or hope, pride or avarice, in the abstract—virtues and vices, excellences and defects, are best shown in their subjects and actings. And is not *this* the method of the sacred writers?

Almost every memento of celebrated personages is desired and welcomed, and readers are anxious and eager to catch at every trifling anecdote that helps to form a conception of their individuality, or to connect

their private history with their public fame. I have, therefore, rather largely brought forward several more public and distinguished characters; but my design extended beyond them.

There are other beings who deserve attention, and who may be, as examples, more within common reach. Johnson has said that "there is hardly a life of which some useful narrative may not be furnished." Yes; there are many who never see a college, or enter a pulpit, or publish a book, who can serve their generation by the will of God. They embody and fulfil religion in their private stations; and though they make no figure in the annals of worldly renown, are great in the sight of the Lord. "Their day is coming," called "the manifestation of the sons of God," when, however shaded here, they will "shine forth as stars in the kingdom of their Father."

Some of these I have selected, and would gladly have noticed by name many more; but I have been obliged to restrain my inclination, and confine myself to a few; and, had I chosen much humbler individuals than any I have selected, the Scriptures would have justified my choice; for while they leave in oblivion philosophers, statesmen, and conquerors, they furnish to all ages the very name of "Rhoda," the poor damsel who announced with so much ecstasy the presence of Peter. Inspiration says nothing of the builders of the Egyptian pyramids, but it records the names of the "midwives, Shiphrah and Puah, who feared God, and for whom God built houses." An oak was consecrated to memorialize Deborah, Rebecca's nurse.

“Laurels may flourish round the conqueror’s tomb,
 But happiest they who win the world to come :
 Believers have a silent field to fight,
 And their exploits are veil’d from human sight.
 They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
 Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of Hell :
 Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
 And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.”

Cowper’s Epitaph on Mary Higgin’s

Will my readers just notice what follows, not as apologetical but explanatory ?

First. As I profess to give only brief sketches, let none look for anything more.

Second. I have not endeavored to observe the precise order of time in which intercourse with the characters noticed was carried on, as I write from the present promptings of remembrance ; and I know of no cases in which dates would have contributed to the proof or importance of the events and circumstances recorded.

Third. In some of these Reminiscences, I fear instances of a similarity of remark and reflection may be found repeated. But I was not able to compare them for the purpose of such detections ; and the recurrences may not be useless, being found in different connections, and applied to different purposes.

Fourth. I hoped, but in vain, to have had time and leisure to transcribe and correct the whole of these hasty and free sketches. In that case I might have reduced some parts, and added others ; but I should have *altered* little, as I always wrote according to my knowledge and conviction, and only spake the truth in love.

Finally. Some will probably censure the egotisms

which seem so much to abound. But in a work of this kind references to myself were unavoidable ; and in such narratives personal circumstances are often inseparable from things introduced *solely* to illustrate somewhat pertaining to the character itself under review.

And here the writer must be satisfied with a consciousness of his own motives. When his work itself is read, he will be out of the reach of human censure or applause.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

MR. NEWTON, once the vicar of Olney, and afterwards the rector of St. Mary's Woolnoth, is well known by his remarkable conversion, his various writings, and his usefulness to the church of God at large.

During my first visit to London to supply Mr. Hill's chapel, one Friday morning, after hearing me, he came into the vestry. I did not then know his person; but he introduced himself, and, to my surprise, intimated a wish to retire into the house with me. I led him into the study; and I have never forgotten the condescension and kindness with which he addressed me. Taking me by the hand, he said, "Some of us are going off the stage, but we rejoice to see others rising up and coming forward. But, my young friend, you are in a very trying situation, and I am concerned for your safety and welfare. I have been so many years in the ministry, and so many years a minister in London; and if you will allow me to mention some of the snares and dangers to which you are exposed, I shall be happy to do it." How could I help feeling, not only willing to receive, but grateful for, such a seasonable warning? And how useful may the aged servants of God be to the younger, if they would privately and freely communicate of their experiences and observations!

Some of the things he mentioned seemed for the moment rather strange and needless ; but I confided in his wisdom, and time has fully shown me that they were all words in season.

Contrasts strike us ; and it is curious and useful to observe the different qualities and manners of good men themselves. A week after this interview, one of his very attached followers (a Mr. B——y), wished to introduce me to Mr. Romaine. I can truly say I shrunk back from modest timidity ; but he urged me, and prevailed ; and one Tuesday morning, after the service at Blackfriars Church, he took me into the vestry, and, with a few words, mentioned my name. But Mr. Romaine noticed me in no other way than, as, immediately leaving the room, he said, very audibly, “ There *was* a Sir Harry Trelawney.” I inferred that some faithful caution was intended, but, a mere youth from the country, and little acquainted with the religious world, I had never heard of the person by whose errors or fall I was to be warned, until I inquired. I have no doubt of the aim of both these admonishers, and I ought to have been thankful to the latter as well as the former ; but severity does not actuate like affection ; and “ he that *winneth* souls is wise.”

Mr. Newton also invited me to call upon him, and to his kind of open breakfast I soon repaired ; and for years afterward, whenever I was in town, I availed myself as often as it was in my power of this invaluable privilege. On these occasions one met with ministers and Christians of all denominations ; for he loved all who loved the Saviour, and all, while they were with him, felt themselves to be “ one in Christ Jesus.”

In the family worship, after reading a chapter, he

would add a few remarks on some verse or sentence, very brief, but weighty and striking, and affording a sentiment for the day. Whoever was present, he always prayed himself; the prayer was never long, but remarkably suitable and simple. After the service and the breakfast, he withdrew to his study with any of his male friends who could remain for awhile, and there, with his pipe (the only pipe I ever liked, except Robert Hall's), he would converse in a manner the most easy, and free, and varied, and delightful, and edifying.

Much has been published concerning this excellent man, and it is possible that some of the few things I would gratify my readers with may have been reported by others who witnessed them; but I shall mention nothing underived from my own personal knowledge and observation.

There was nothing about him dull, or gloomy, or puritanical, according to the common meaning of the term. As he had much good-nature, so he had much pleasantry, and frequently emitted sparks of lively wit, or rather humor; yet they never affected the comfort or reputation of any one, but were perfectly innocent and harmless. Sometimes he had the strangest fetches of drollery. Thus, one day, by a strong sneeze, he shook off a fly which had perched upon his gnomon, and immediately said, "Now if this fly keeps a diary, he'll write, 'To-day a terrible earthquake!'" At another time, when I asked him how he slept, he instantly replied, "I'm like a beefsteak—once turned, and I'm done."

"Some people," said he, "believe much better than they reason. I once heard a good old woman arguing

in favor of eternal election. 'Sir,' said she, 'I am sure if God had not chosen me before I was born, he would never have chosen me after.' "

At another time he mentioned facetiously, and with his peculiar smile, the language of a poor good woman when dying,—“ I believe his word, and am persuaded, notwithstanding my unworthiness and guilt, that my Lord Jesus will save me from all my sins and sorrows, and bring me home to himself; and if he does, he will never hear the last of it!”

He one day told of a countryman who said to his minister, “ You often speak of our FORE-fathers; now I know only of three, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Pray, sir, who is the *fourth*?”

He also more than once mentioned that he knew a good man and woman, who read the Scriptures morning and evening in their daily worship, to whom a gentleman gave a folio commentary to aid them. But after they had tried it for some time, the husband said to the wife, “ I think we did better before we had this great book. When we read the Bible itself only it was like a glass of pure wine; but now it is like a glass of wine in a pail of water.”

One day, speaking of the various effects of affliction, he said, “ I lately visited a good woman who had just had her house and goods destroyed by fire. I said to her, ‘ Madam, I am come to congratulate you.’ ‘ What!’ she replied, ‘ upon the destruction of my property?’ ‘ No, but to hail you on your possessing property which nothing can destroy.’ This awakened a surprise and a smile in her tears, like a sunshine in the showers of April. ‘ What enabled the Hebrew believers to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, but

knowing in themselves that in heaven they had a better and an enduring substance?"

When I one day called upon him, he said, "I am glad to see you, for I have just received a letter from Bath, and you may know something of the writer," mentioning his name. I told him I did, and that he had been for years a hearer of mine, but he was a most awful character, and "almost in all evil." "But," says he, "he writes now like a penitent." I said, "He may be such; but, if he be, I shall never despair of the conversion of any one again." "Oh," says he, "I never did, since God saved me."

I recollect a little sailor-boy calling upon him, with his father. Mr. Newton soon noticed him, and, taking him between his knees, he told him he had been much at sea himself, and then sang part of a naval song. Was this beneath him? Would not the lad always favorably remember him?

One morning in the family worship he read 2 Peter, iii. 1—9, the last words being, "but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He began his exposition thus: "These words, I suppose, are a hard bone for a Calvinist to pick." He was aware that one in the company required some moderating. This person, a little too forward, as well as too high, afterwards, as we were at breakfast, rather abruptly said, "Pray, Mr. Newton, are you a Calvinist?" He replied, "Why, sir, I am not fond of calling myself by any particular name in religion. But why do you ask me the question?" "Because," he replied, "sometimes when I read you, and sometimes when I hear you, I think you are a Calvinist; and then, again, I think

you are not." "Why, sir," said Mr. Newton, "I am more of a Calvinist than anything else; but I use my Calvinism in my writing and my preaching as I use this sugar"—taking a lump, and putting it into his tea-cup, and stirring it, adding, "I do not give it alone, and whole; but mixed, and diluted."

Another morning a forward young man said, "Pray, Mr. Newton, what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?" "Sir," said he, "I never think of it. I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there it ends."

Another morning there was, with several other preachers, sitting in his study, a Baptist minister, a very good man, who had appeared to some disproportionately zealous in making converts to his own opinion. The conversation was turning upon the choice of texts, "Ah," said Mr. Newton, "Brother S——n, there is one text *I* can preach from, and which *you* cannot." "Sir," said he, "what can that be?" Mr. Newton replied, "God sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." Mr. S——n took the hint, without the least offence, and no one laughed more heartily.

As my brother-in-law was vicar of Olney, I sometimes visited that hallowed spot; and as, of course, I could not minister in the church, I always went, when I was going to engage in the meeting, and studied my sermon in the pew where Cowper heard, and in sight of the pulpit where Newton preached. "Superstition!" say some. But I found it good to be there. And how was I struck when at the parsonage-house I went up into the attic which was the study of this man of God, and saw, over his desk, on the wall, in very

large letters, "REMEMBER THAT THOU WAST A BONDS-MAN IN THE LAND OF EGYPT, AND THE LORD THY GOD REDEEMED THEE;" and "SINCE THOU HAST BEEN PRECIOUS IN MY SIGHT THOU HAST BEEN HONORABLE, AND I HAVE LOVED THEE;—*et unus pro omnibus!*"

While residing at Olney, Mr. Newton did much to liberalize and harmonize the religious parties; and one of his candid arrangements, I know, continued years after, and I hope does continue still. It was this:—At the beginning of the year, the Episcopalians, Independents, and Baptists, blended their congregations three days following, and each minister preached in his own place a sermon to the young. I suggested the propriety of a little alteration, viz., for one sermon to be addressed to the young, and one to the middle-aged, and one to the old. As another proof and instance of his liberality and candor, though a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, he drew up the plan for the Dissenting Academy at Newport Pagnell, which was placed under the superintendence of the Rev. Thomas Bull, and supported by that great philanthropist, John Thornton, Esq.

. In those days pious and evangelical clergymen of the Establishment were very few; and, owing to their sentiments and zeal, were often less regarded in their own communion than among many of the orthodox dissenters; and, therefore, when invited by them, they scrupled not to visit them, and even to make a considerable stay at their houses. Mr. Newton for many years visited Portswood, near Southampton, a place from which many of his printed letters were dated. Here lived Walter Taylor, Esq., a dissenter in affluent circumstances, and block-maker to the navy. Under

his hospitable roof Mr. Newton commonly spent five or six weeks annually, and while there he sometimes heard the Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, Mr. Taylor's brother-in-law, and pastor of the Independent Church, and preached also frequently in his host's laundry to his family and workmen, and the neighboring villagers.

Thus he speaks in one of his letters to Mr. Campbell: "Here are five churches, but no pulpit open for me. But Mr. Taylor has opened his house, and made room for about 300 hearers. I preach three evenings in the week while I stay. We are often full. My hearers are chiefly from the neighboring villages, and seem willing to hear the Gospel, if they had any one to preach it to them. But, alas! in these parts, and in many parts of the kingdom, 'the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.'"

Mr. Romaine also for many years annually visited Mr. Taylor for the same length of time; but he would never enter the meeting at Southampton with the family, or speak in their unconsecrated premises to the poor, and ignorant, and perishing, who would have hung upon his lips. But high-churchism had no scruples to accept the accommodations about the house, and table, and carriage, and horses, for these were not schismatics, though their owner was. A Puseyite would have been more consistent. He would not have gone in with the uncircumcised and the unclean, nor had fellowship with them—"no, not to eat."

I remember another instance of Mr. Newton's candor and liberality. When Dr. Buchanan, who had been much befriended by him, went out to India, holding a valuable ecclesiastical appointment, he seemed at first to have been shy of the Baptist missionaries.

Upon hearing this, Mr. Newton wrote him a kind but faithful letter, in which he said (I had this from his own mouth), "It is easy for you (little as yet tried in character, and from your superior and patronized station), to look down upon men who have given themselves to the Lord, and are bearing the burden and heat of the day. I do not look for miracles; but if God were to work one in our day, I should not wonder if it were in favor of Dr. Carey." The admonition was well received, and this great and good man became kind and friendly.

The first year I went to London I heard two popular clergymen, who were going through the same epistle—the Epistle to the Ephesians. Both went on leisurely, and from verse to verse, till they came to the practical parts and relative duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, when one of them intimated he could not enlarge here, for the grace of God would teach them all this;* the other endeavored to do as much justice to the preceptive as to the doctrinal demands. I need not say this was Mr. Newton.

Moderate and candid men are the most firm and unyielding with regard to their principles. Mr. Newton exemplified this. In his letters to persons from whom he differed, we find him avowing his own convictions without the least hesitation or reserve; and not even sparing reproof when necessary, and without respect of persons. Dining one day with Mr. Henry Thornton, I remember his speaking of Mr. Newton's curate, Mr. G——nn. He said, "I went to hear him,

* How came the apostle not to know this; why took he the needless trouble of enforcing these duties?

and was much dissatisfied with the lowness of his address, and the manner in which he spiritualized his subject, which was, 'I will make you fishers of men;' in the discussion of which everything with regard to fishing and fish was quaintly and facetiously explained and applied. Deeming it very objectionable, and likely to cause reproach, I wrote my complaint to Mr. Newton; in reply to which here is his answer: 'My dear Sir,—I fear you did not go to hear my good man with a spiritual appetite, or you would have found food, as well as the many who hung on his lips.'” &c. Nor did the able and enlightened statesman (Mr. Thornton), though not convinced, take it amiss, but admired his rebuker.

Mr. Newton's intimate connection with Cowper is well known. Some have thought the divine was hurtful to the poet. How mistaken were they! He was the very man, of all others, I should have chosen for him. He was not rigid in his creed. His views of the gospel were most free and encouraging. He had the tenderest disposition; and always judiciously regarded his friend's depression and despondency as a physical effect, for the removal of which he prayed, but never reasoned or argued with him concerning it. Hence, also, on the other hand, when his niece, Miss C., was for a season in the public institution for mental disorders, in visiting her, he found two individuals there whose cases, he was persuaded, had been mistaken. He considered them merely as subjects of spiritual distress; and he not only conversed but corresponded with them; and I remember his reading some of their letters, and remarking that here the preacher, rather than the physician, was wanting; adding, that he

“thought God sometimes placed persons there to keep them out of this mad world.”

I can testify to a case in some measure confirmatory of this. I knew a female whose irreligious friends, misunderstanding the nature and cause of her complaint, had sent her to this place of confinement. Her distress and despair arose from a deep conviction of her state as a sinner, and an utter ignorance of the way of salvation. One day, therefore, seeing a gentleman passing by her ward, whom she had known at her father's house, she most earnestly pressed him to obtain her release for a few days, during which he could judge concerning her state, when he would find it was not derangement. He did so. The gentleman was Mr. W——n, the celebrated oculist. At his desire I immediately met her. After she had heard me at Surrey Chapel, on the narrative of the Syro-Phœnician woman, she retired to pass the remainder of the day in weeping, not tears of sorrow, but of joy; for now she had found the consolation of Israel, the balm in Gilead, the Physician there. She returned no more to her confinement, but some time after married, and I believe is now living, an excellent wife and mother. There are cases in which, in this respect, it is extremely difficult, yet very important, to distinguish things that differ, both as to ourselves and others.

Mr. Newton's attachment to his wife—I was going to say, was extreme. Some have wondered at this, as she seemed to them to have few, if any, attractions. But neither strangers nor friends could have known her like himself; and we may be assured love and esteem so deep and durable were not expended on little worth. Besides, God had in many ways remarkably

employed her, both as his preserver and benefactress. He has told the public what supports and frames the Lord gave him at her decease; and how he inferred from them that it was the will of God he should not lie by from his official duties, but perform them as at other times, regardless of the opinion or censure of the world. Accordingly, the reminiscient heard him preach, while she lay unburied, from "He hath done all things well;" a text which not every divine could safely have taken on such an occasion. He also, the following Sunday, preached her funeral sermon, from Habakkuk, iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." This text, he said, he had never taken before, keeping it in reserve for his greatest affliction, should he be exercised with it. And here a curious thing was observed. When he came to speak of Mrs. Newton, (which he did with a voice rather tremulous at first,) he said, it might seem strange for him to speak of the excellences of his wife, but he hoped he might be permitted to mention candidly a few of her faults or failings. He then spoke of her excessive attachment to himself,—of her judging and estimating others by their regard to himself, &c., which had the effect (though in the simplicity of his character he meant not so) of leading his hearers to think and ask, "If these were her chief faults, what were her excellences?"

He always seemed to have a present and lively feeling of his obligation to Divine grace in saving him

from his former state. He often, therefore, adverted to it in his conversation. Perhaps, with regard to his *profligacy*, in that state, from the subsequent spirituality of his mind, like Bunyan and some other good men, he spake too strongly. Yet he must have gone great lengths in *guilt* to justify what I have more than once heard him say,—that he had so sinned away the advantages of a good education, and resisted and stifled all his convictions, that for a time he had no more conscience than a brute; that, do what he would, he felt no moral reproof; and that, when a disease had brought him apparently near death, he had no terror, and would have died like a lamb.

Though, at his first awakening, owing to his being then engaged in it, and the force of habit, he was not struck with the evil of the accursed slave-trade—yet, when led to just reflection upon that subject, no one could think worse of its enormity, or bewail himself more for the share he had had in it. To this, also, he often referred; and one day, as a person told him that the Americans had dubbed him D.D., he said, “I always resolved I would accept of no diploma, unless it came from the poor blacks.”

Not long before his death, a minister I well knew visited him, to whom he said, as he shook hands with him, “I suppose you will expect some sentence at parting? Well, let it be this,—

“Beware of Peter’s word,
Nor confidently say,
‘I never will deny thee, Lord;’
But grant I never may!”

Alas! that this kind of dying, oracular admonition

was lost upon this person, for he fell under the power of temptation!

I saw Mr. Newton near the closing scene. He was hardly able to talk; and all I find I had noted down upon my leaving him is this,—“My memory is nearly gone; but I remember two things: That I am a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Saviour.” And, “Did you not, when I saw you at your house in Bath, desire me to pray for you? Well, then, now you must pray for me.”

Mr. Southey says, and says truly, that “Mr. Newton was a strong-minded man.” He did not, indeed, *always* show this in his preaching; for, owing to his ease of address, and illustration, and enlargement, and on which he could lean, and the numerous claims upon his time from the poor and afflicted, and visitors, and correspondents, he frequently entered the pulpit with little preparation; and frequently, as Mr. Cecil in his *Life* remarks and laments, (and which he himself owned,) got the substance of his discourse between his house and his church. Some of his published sermons are exquisitely natural, and simple, and intelligible, and easily remembered; and would be much better models for young ministers than such as abound with abstruseness, and elaboration, and pomp, and finery.

I always admired, not only Mr. Newton's theology, which moulded doctrine, and experience, and practice so finely into each other, but also his composition. Not a few of my younger brethren were formerly surprised at my calling it elegant; but they now have a much better authority than mine. Cowper has expressed his preference of his style to that of either Gib-

bon, or Robertson, or Hume. His volume on ecclesiastical history is above all praise, and makes every reader lament that he was not enabled or encouraged to continue that work to our own times. But he is most known by his admirable "Letters."

I heard him one day observe the sovereignty of God, not only in the choice of his instruments, but even in the mode in which he used them, and which often did not correspond with their own wishes, or the expectations of others. "Hervey," said he, "who was so blessed as a writer, was hardly able to mention a single instance of conversion by his preaching, and nothing could exceed the lifelessness of his audience; and I rather reckoned upon doing more good by some of my other works than by my 'Letters,' which I wrote without study, or any public design; but the Lord said, 'You shall be most useful by *them*;' and I learned to say, 'Thy will be done! use me as Thou pleasest, only *make* me useful.'" What thousands have derived repeated profit and pleasure from the perusal of these utterances of the heart! Nor ever will they cease to be found means of grace, whilst God has a church on earth. With regard to myself, I commonly had one of these Letters read to me on every Sabbath evening, after the labors of the day; and what refreshment and profit have I derived from them!

As numbers of his letters are continually issuing in collections, and also appearing separately in periodicals, evincing how acceptable, and even called for, they still are, perhaps the reminiscent will be more than excused if he here introduces the two following, as they are very characteristic of the man and his manner.

The first was addressed to, and given me, by Mrs. Wathen, wife of the celebrated oculist to the king, and dated from Portswood Green, near Southampton, July 26, 1799. It was as follows :—

“MY DEAR MADAM,—As you kindly engaged my promise to write, I need make no apologies ; you will receive my letter in good part, and I am sure I shall write it with a hearty goodwill.

“But what shall be the subject? Indeed, properly speaking, I have, or ought to have, but *one*. This, however, is very comprehensive ; I mean Jesus Christ and him crucified. It will at least help to fill up the paper if I give you some account how I have in general managed it, as minister.

“When the Lord, after he had mercifully given me some experimental knowledge of the Gospel for myself, was pleased to honor me with a commission to preach to others, I found myself possessed of an infallible medicine for the cure of all diseases, and I was surrounded with multitudes whom I saw were sick of a mortal disease, and, as we say, at death’s door. I thought at first to do great things with my catholicism. But I soon observed the fatal disorder I wished to relieve was attended with one very discouraging symptom. Most of the sick people, though I could read death in their countenances, thought themselves well ; they insisted on it that nothing ailed them, and were angry with me because I would not believe them. Some of them could scarcely hear with patience what I said of the power and skill of the Physician who gave me the medicine. Others thought they might apply to him when they were really ill, but at present they had no need of him. Oh, how I labored with some, but all in vain, to convince them of their danger. Now and then I did prevail with one, who then thankfully took the medicine, and presently recovered.

“And as I and my fellow practitioners were daily praising the virtues and efficacy of our medicine, some of our patients learned to talk after us ; they did not take the medicine, but they praised it. They would allow they had been sick once ; but now, to be sure, they must be well, for they could say as much in favor of the medicine as we could ourselves. I fear many died under this mistake. They would not make such a mistake in common life. Many go to see the table spread at a Lord Mayor’s feast, but the sight of the delicacies which they must not taste will not satisfy the appe-

tite like a plain dinner at home. But, alas! our patients were not hungry.

“Some felt themselves unwell, but would not own it; they tried to look as cheerful as they could. These depended on medicines of their own contrivance; and, though they suffered many things, and grew worse and worse daily, they refused to try mine. It was judged by one too *simple*; like Naaman, who, for a time, though he would have done some hard thing, disdained such an easy remedy as ‘only wash, and be clean.’ Others refused, unless I could clearly explain to them all the ingredients belonging to my medicine, which I had neither ability to do, nor they capacity to comprehend. They said, likewise, that the regimen which I prescribed was too strict; for I told them honestly that if they did not abstain from some things of which they were very fond, my medicine would do them no good. I was often grieved, though not so much as I ought, to see so many determined to die, rather than take the only medicine that could preserve their lives.

“There were more than a few who deceived both themselves and me, by pretending to take my medicines, and yet did not. None grieved me more than these; but they could not deceive me long. For, as the medicine was infallible, I knew that whoever took it, and observed the regimen, would soon show signs of convalescence, and that they were getting better, though they were not perfectly well; and, therefore, when these signs were wanting, I was sure the medicine had not been taken.

“I have not time to enumerate all the signs that accompany salvation, but I shall mention a few. First, a broken and contrite spirit. This is indispensably necessary, for by nature we are full of pride; and God resisteth the proud, and giveth his grace only to the humble. Secondly, a simple and upright spirit, free from artifice and disguise. It is said of the blessed man whose sins are forgiven, In his spirit there is no guile. He is open and undisguised. Thirdly, gentle, gracious tempers. If a man like a lion takes my medicine, he presently becomes a lamb. He is not easily offended. He is very easily reconciled; he indulges no anger; he harbors no resentment; he lives upon forgiveness himself, and is therefore ready to forgive, if he has aught against any. Fourthly, benevolence, kindness, and an endeavor to please, in opposition to that selfishness which is our natural character. Fifthly, a spiritual mind, which is the beginning of life and peace; a weanedness from the

world and its poor toys, and a thirst for communion with God through Christ.

“I could go on, but let this suffice. These signs are at first weak, for a Christian is a child before he is a man; but grace grows by exercise, by experience, and by a diligent use of the appointed means. My medicine enlightens the understanding, softens the heart, and gives a realizing of what the Scriptures declare of the glorious person, the wonderful love, the bitter sufferings, of the Saviour, and the necessity and efficacy of his death and agonies upon the Cross. When these things are understood by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, (whose influence is always afforded to those that take the medicine,) the cure is already begun; all the rest will follow, and the patient recovers apace; though there are sometimes transient relapses, and a spice of the old disorder will hang about them, until they are removed to the pure air of a better world.

“I hope, my dear madam, this medicine is your food, that you live upon it, and feel the salutary effects of it every day. Oh, what love! that such a Saviour should die for such sinners as we are; and what a marvellous mercy to me that I should be brought from the horrid wilds of Africa to proclaim his goodness! That I who was an infidel, a blasphemer, and a profligate, should be spared to stand as a proof that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners! You and I are far advanced in years; we know not what a day may bring forth. Perhaps we may never meet upon earth; but, oh! may we meet above, to praise Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood! to partake of that fulness of joy, and to drink of those rivers of pleasure, which are at His right hand for evermore!

“JOHN NEWTON.

“Portswood Green, July 26th, 1799.’

The second was addressed to a sister of my wife, Mrs. H——ll, on a domestic bereavement; the date worn off. The following is a copy:—

“MY DEAR MADAM,—Upon returning home last night, I found your favor, dated the 10th. I must begin to write immediately, as I am very busy; but other business must wait till you are answered. I have thought of you and yours almost continually since Monday evening, when I first heard the affecting news. I have felt for you

and your family, and Mr. H——l. I called on him on Tuesday, and dropped my tear with his. I had proposed going on to G—— Street, but he told me you were gone to S——. And now, what shall I say? *I also* have seen affliction; I have been wounded where my feelings were most sensible; and I have found, as you now find, that the Lord is all sufficient, and can bear us up under the severest trials. I congratulate you on the comfortable words she spoke before she went home. I longed to hear such language from my dear Mary. I thought it would be a great alleviation to the stroke, but it pleased the Lord to show me he could support me without it. I bless his name I have good reason to hope and believe she is now before the throne, but during the latter part of her illness her mind was overwhelmed with a black cloud of dark and dreadful temptations. They were mercifully removed before her departure, but not till she was brought too low to be able to speak. She could only wave her hand as a token that the bitterness of death was past. I often think how our Queen's parents felt when our King sent to demand her in marriage. I suppose when she left them they did not expect to see her again; in this sense she was dead to them. Yet it was not considered a subject of condolence; neither they nor their court went into mourning for her; on the contrary, there was much rejoicing; they thought she was going to be Queen of Great Britain, and the hope of hearing of her welfare and prosperity made amends for the loss of her company, and they gave their full and cheerful consent to her coming hither. But if a woman were raised even from a dunghill to be a queen, it would be a small thing compared with the change Mrs. W—— has experienced. Far superior to all the queens of the earth, she is now equal to the angels; yea, much more, nearly related to Him whom all the angels worship. We cannot hear directly *from* her, but we may hear *of* her as often as we please; the good Word of God tells us *where* she is, and *how* she is; we know not the local spot, but she is with her Saviour; the Lamb that was slain has brought her home to himself, to see his glory; she has done with sin, sorrow, and pain forever; she feeds upon the fruit of the tree of life, and drinks at the fountain head of happiness; the glory of the Lord which she continually beholds has transformed her fully into the same image; she sees Him as He is, and by that sight she is become like Him, to the utmost measure of creature capacity. Is, then, her removal to be bewailed as a calamity? I know that as a mother you must feel; may all your painful feelings

be sanctified! but I rather call upon to rejoice; your daughter is daughter to the great King; she is now clothed with light and glory; it is but a short separation; you will follow her soon, and I trust that all your daughters will in due time follow you. May I meet you all there! Miss C—— unites with me in cordial [love] to you, to them, and to Mrs. P——, if with you.

I am,

“Your very affectionate, and much obliged,

“JOHN NEWTON.”

Besides two or three volumes of his letters which he published himself, or left selected and arranged for publication after his death, there are before the public his letters to Cowper the poet, to Mr. Wilberforce, and Mrs. More (inserted in their lives); his letters to the Rev. Samuel Palmer; his letters to the Rev. John Campbell; his letters to the Rev. Mr. Coffin; and his letters to Mr. Jones, a deacon of an Independent church; and a volume of letters called “The Aged Pilgrim;” and his letters (to the Rev. William Bull). To all these we may add those that have appeared singly in the *Christian Observer*, the *Guardian*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Congregational Magazine*, &c.; and yet the letters in print are nothing to the number he wrote!

One star differs from another star in glory. True: religion exists in various degrees. Nehemiah not only feared God, but feared God above many; and the good ground yielded thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. I deem Mr. Newton the most perfect instance of the spirit and temper of Christianity I ever knew—shall I say with the *exception*?—no, but with the addition of *Cornelius Winter*?

REV. JOHN RYLAND, SENIOR, M. A.

MR. RYLAND resided at Northampton as the pastor of the Baptist church, where also, for many years, he kept a large and flourishing school. He had, when I became acquainted with him, no pastorate, but preached occasionally for any of his brethren. His residence was then at Enfield, where he had a seminary; but he passed his vacations at the house of one of his sons who carried on trade in Blackfriars Road. There he was all the time of my first and second engagements at Surrey Chapel; and, as the chapel was near, he frequently heard me, and I gained his approbation and attachment.

He was a peculiar character, and had many things about him *outré* and *bizarre*, as the French would call them; but those who have heard him represented as made up only of these are grossly imposed upon. We are far from justifying all his bold sayings and occasional sallies of temperament; but as those who knew him can testify, he was commonly grave, and habitually sustained a dignified deportment; and he had excellences which more than balanced his defects. His apprehension, imagination, and memory, to use an expression of his own, rendered his brains like fish-hooks, which seized and retained everything within their

reach. His preaching was probably unique, occasionally overstepping the proprieties of the pulpit, but grappling much with conscience, and dealing out the most tremendous blows at error, sin, and the mere forms of godliness.

Mr. Hall has said in print, "He was a most extraordinary man, and rarely, if ever, has full justice been done to his character." And Mr. Hervey, rector of Weston Farell, often entertained him at his parsonage, and kept up a frequent correspondence with him, as may be seen in seventy of his letters inserted in his life by Mr. Ryland. These letters show, not only the value he attached to Mr. Ryland's friendship, but the confidence he placed even in his judgment, consulting him with regard to his own several publications, as well as desiring his opinion of the works of others.

The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland was at the house of a wholesale linendraper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——h, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlor, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance; his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what could I think when, walking towards me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, "Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!" But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said,

“Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.” He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town, had been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other seasonable and useful remarks.

From this strange commencement a peculiar intimacy ensued. We were seldom a day apart during my eight weeks’ continuance in town, and the intercourse was renewed the following year, when we were both in town again at the same time. As the chapel was very new, and spacious, he obtained leave from the managers to deliver in it a course of philosophical lectures, Mr. Adams, the celebrated optician, aiding him in the experimental parts. The lectures were on Friday mornings, at the end of which there was always a short sermon at the reading-desk; and the lecturer would say to his attendants, “You have been seeing the works of the God of Nature; now go yonder, and hear a *Jay* talk of the works of the God of Grace.”

As I was then single, and had the chapel-house to myself, he soon found its roominess and quiet more agreeable than the noise of grandchildren; and, as he did not dissent much from Mr. Berridge’s notion, that prudence is a rascally virtue, he quartered himself too much upon me, often bringing over his friends with him; regardless of the fact that I was not the owner but only the occupier of the dwelling. As I was near, and rose early (as he also did), he soon turned me also to some account. He was often publishing, and was fonder of *dictating* than of writing. I was therefore gradually and increasingly drawn in to be his aman-

uensis; and at different times I wrote from his lips his "Qualifications of an able Expositor" for Scott's Bible; "The Corner Stone of the British Constitution;" "Address to the Youth of England and France;" and a large proportion of the 'Life of James Hervey.'" His publications were very numerous; too numerous for the contents to be distinct and finished; yet all abounded with strong and striking passages.

As he was eccentric, and eccentricity often appears like a degree of derangement, and with some always passes for it, this perhaps considerably affected the circulation and influence of his various works. I was struck with him as an original, and only viewed him as eccentric. His conversation, and illustrations, and expressions, were frequently very uncommon and impressive. His mind was never quiescent. He always seemed laboring to throw off something fresh and forcible, not only in his public discourses, but in his ordinary conversation. He sometimes failed, and you had (yet rarely) only extravagance; but he sometimes succeeded, and persons of some mind must have been surprised at his fine touches and strokes of genius. As to myself, I derived no little advantage from him. He was full of information, and ready to communicate. He seized my mind, and was always leading me to think. By his commendations he cheered and encouraged me, and several of his counsels and admonitions guided my youth, and have not been forgotten through life. One of them he often repeated: it was against sitting up late for study. He dwelt on the baneful consequences of this practice, and ran over several instances in which good and useful men had been sufferers by it, losing their health, and shortening their

days; and when I took my leave of him at our first parting, he exclaimed, with a stentorian voice, "If ever you are in your study after nine o'clock, I wish (*expressing a terrific object*) may appear, and drive you to bed!" I do not think I have *ever* transgressed this rule; and, if I had, I should not certainly have expected such a sight; yet I have never been there at the *approach* of the ninth hour without remembering the *tender* wish; and to preserve it from oblivion was his design in clothing it with such terror.

He never seemed so much in his element as when he had those around him who were not only willing to receive, but eager to draw forth from his ample stores. The young could never leave his company unaffected and uninstructed. I once passed a day at his house. It was the fifth of November. He took advantage of the season with his pupils. There was an effigy of Guy Fawkes. A court of justice was established for his trial. The indictment was read; witnesses were examined; counsel was heard. But he was clearly and fully convicted; when Mr. R. himself being the judge, summed up the case; and, putting on his black cap, pronounced the awful sentence—that he should be carried forth and burned at the stake; which sentence was executed amidst shouts of joy from his pupils. Of this, I confess, my feelings did not entirely approve.

Speaking of him one day to Mr. Hall, he related the following occurrence:—"When I was quite a lad, my father took me to Mr. Ryland's school at Northampton. That afternoon I drank tea along with him in the parlor. Mr. Ryland was violently against the American war; and, the subject happening to be men-

tioned, he rose, and said, with a fierce countenance and voice,—‘If I was General Washington, I would summon all my officers around me, and make them bleed from their arms into a basin, and dip their swords into its contents, and swear they would not sheath them till America had gained her independence.’ I was perfectly terrified. ‘What a master,’—thought I, ‘am I to be left under him?’ and when I went to bed, I could not for some time go to sleep.”

Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, “Mr. —, you must pray.” “Sir,” said he, “I cannot.” He urged him again, but in vain. “Then, Sir,” said he, “I declare, if you will not, I’ll call in the watchman.” At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man; (I knew him too;) he opened the door, and said, “Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,” said he, “is a young pastor that can’t pray; so you must pray for him.”

At this time, the first opposition was made to the Slave Trade, and he threw all his impassioned energies into the condemnation of the accursed traffic. One morning I was reading to him some of the reported miseries and cruelties of the middle passage; among others, of a captain who had a fine female slave in his cabin, but, when her infant cried, he snatched him up, and flung him out into the sea; still requiring the wretched creature to remain, as the gratifier of his vile passions. At the recital of this Mr. Ryland seemed frantic, and to lose his usual self-control. He felt this, and paced up and down the room, “Oh, God, preserve me! Oh, God, preserve me!” and then unable to

contain any longer, burst forth into a dreadful imprecation, which I dare not repeat. It shocked me, and I am far from justifying it; and yet, had the reader been present to witness the excitement and the struggle, he would hardly have been severe in condemning him. Is there not a feeling of justice, as well as of mercy? And what is mercy, compared with justice? The one is confined to our economy of imperfection and evil; the other pervades all worlds, and reigns for ever. Justice and judgment are the habitation of *His* throne; who is *holy* in *all* his ways, and *righteous* in *all* his works.

One afternoon we went together to drink tea with Mrs. —, and she prevailed upon us to spend the evening. His supper was always spinach, and an egg on a slice of toasted bread, and a glass of pure water. At the domestic worship he said, "You, Eusebius," (so he commonly called me, I know not wherefore,) "you shall pray, and I will for a few minutes expound." (He was never tedious.) He took the story of the woman of Canaan. After commenting on her affliction, and application for relief, he came to her trial and her success;—reading the words—"*And he answered her not a word;*" he said, "Is this the benefactor of whom I have heard so much before I came? He seems to have the dead palsy in his tongue."—"*And the disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us.*"—"And why should we be troubled with a stranger? We know not whence she is, and she seems determined to hang on till she is heard."—"But he said, *I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;*" "and you know you are not one of them; and what right have you to clamor thus?"—"Then came she, *falling at his feet, and cried, Lord*

help me ! But he said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs ; And she said, True, Lord, yet the dogs can eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."—"What I want is no more to thee than a crum, compared with the immense provisions of Thy board ; and I come only for a crum, and a crum I must have ; and, if Thou refuse me a seat at Thy table with Thy family, wilt Thou refuse me a crawl and a crum underneath ? The family will lose nothing by my gaining all I want." Omnipotence can withstand this attack no longer ; but He yields the victory,—not to her humility, and importunity, and perseverance,—but to her *faith*, that produced and employed all these, for "all things are possible to him that believeth."—"O, woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Lord, what was that you said ?" "Why, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Why, then, I will have my dear child instantly healed." "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Why, then, I will have my poor soul saved." "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Why, then, I will have all my sins pardoned and destroyed." "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Why, then, I'll have all my wants supplied from thy riches in glory." "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. Here, take the key, and go, and be not afraid to rifle all my treasures."

"Now, Mrs. —, this woman was a dog, a sad dog, a sinful dog, and if she had had her desert she would have been driven out of doors ; and yet there is not a woman in this house comparable to her. Let us pray."

N. B.—I relate as characteristic what I did not wholly admire as proper. I repeat the same with regard to another instance :

He took my place on Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from Daniel's words to Belshazzar—"But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." After an introduction, giving some account of Belshazzar, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying,—“But you cannot suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a — rascal as this,”—and then stated, that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in *four* grand instances.

Mr. Ryland was exceedingly full of striking, and useful, and entertaining anecdotes, and (which is everything in anecdotes) he told them with admirable clearness, and brevity, and ease. I heard him repeat more than once many of those which Dr. Newman has published in his account of him; some of which, for want of his stating the circumstances which introduced or followed them, appear less credible than they otherwise would do. For instance, when, during the execrable badness of the singing after sermon, he said, “I wonder the angels of God do not wrench off your necks,” he had been preaching on the presence of the angels in our assemblies. The thing itself was very exceptionable, but this circumstance rendered it less unnatural and improbable.

Though he was rather high in his doctrinal sentiments, and not entirely friendly to some of Fuller's views, he was not soured and malignant towards others.

He was intimate with Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Rowland Hill, and much attached to many other preachers less systematically orthodox than himself; and labor-

ed, as opportunity offered, with them. He was, indeed, a lover of all good men; and, while many talked of candor, he exercised it. Though he was a firm Baptist, he was no friend to bigotry or exclusiveness. He warmly advocated the cause of mixed communions, and republished Bunyan's reasons for the practice, with the addition of some of his own. And this brings to my mind the following occurrence: I was one day to dine with him at a friend's house; the company was large; and, while waiting for the dinner, a minister asked him his opinion concerning strict communion, and excluding pious men from the Lord's table. He replied thus,—“ You *decide* the thing by calling it *the Lord's table*. Suppose, sir, when I entered this room, I had taken upon me to say,—‘ Mr. Such-an-one,’ (naming him,) ‘ you shall not sit down at this table; and Mrs. Such-an-one,’ (naming her,) ‘ you shall not sit down at this table;’—what would Mr. D——, the master of the house, say? ‘ Why, John Ryland, you have forgotten yourself. *You* are not the owner of this table, but the *master* is. The table is mine, and I have a *right* to invite them, and I *have* invited them; and is it for *you* to forbid them? So in the church. The table is *the Lord's*; and all who are called by his grace are *his* guests, and he has *bidden* them.”

I cannot but think some of his own brethren, and of his own denomination, bore too hard upon him for some difficulty in his pecuniary circumstances. They did not indeed charge him with dishonesty and injustice, but they seemed to forget that a brother may be overtaken in a fault, and that the fault in this case was in reality the effect of an excellence or virtue. In his ardor for learning and science, he was too free in the

purchase of books, for his own use and also to give poor ministers who had few intellectual helps ; and also, in the exercise of beneficence to the poor and needy, he was drawn beyond his means. I was told by a person who attended the examination of his affairs, that, when something rather reflecting on his integrity had escaped from one of the party, he instantly rose up, and turned his face to the wall, and, looking up to heaven, said, "Lord, thou knowest I am not wicked ! Oh, give me grace to preserve my temper and tongue, while I endeavor to answer and rectify the mistake of my brother." This instantly softened and melted the party, and he soon gave them full satisfaction. If God had not called Lot "*just* Lot," we should probably never have registered him in our calendar of saints. Dr. Rippon, one of his permanently attached friends and advisers, preached his funeral sermon ; and, as they were letting down the deceased into the grave, he pointed to the coffin, and said with admirable impression,—

"Defects through Nature's best productions run,—
Our friend had spots,—and spots are in the sun !"

The Rev. Mr. Bell, of Cheshunt, who attended him, informed me of the blessed state of his mind in his dying hours ; reporting, among other things which he addressed to himself,—“ Oh, Bell, I charge you, I charge you to love and preach Christ ! Oh, how good has he always been to me, and how good is he now ! My body is as full of ease, and my soul is as full of joy, as it can hold ! ”

Dr. Newman, the late tutor of the Baptist Academy at Mile-End, and who has published affectionate Me-

moirs of him, was originally a youth whom Mr. Ryland took up, and entirely educated gratis.

I need not say the late Dr. Ryland was his son, who had the ability, and learning, and excellence of his father, (without any of his errata,) whose praise is in all the churches, and whose character, and consistency, and integrity, were proverbial; so that Mr. Hall, who preached his funeral sermon, once said, "I would as soon have Dr. Ryland's word as Gabriel's oath." John Ryland, the father, was a devourer of books, and an excessive praiser of some of them. Thus I remember his saying,—“If the dipping of my pen in my very blood would recommend ‘Witsius’ Economy of the Covenants,’ I would not forbear doing it for a moment.” Of Henry’s Exposition he said,—“It is impossible for a person of piety and taste to read this book without wishing to be shut out from the whole world, and to read it through without one moment’s interruption.” Owen, also, was an extreme favorite with him, and whose Latin work on “Divine Justice” he translated. He gloried in Bunyan; and I recollect his speaking with warmth against Mr. Booth, who, in his defence of strict communion, had said,—“Let him (Bunyan) dream, but not lay down rules for gospel-worship.”

He had a great number of manuscripts, some of which I saw from time to time. He used to say, “These I shall bequeath to twelve ministers, each having a key to the box containing them; and, if you are a good boy, you shall be one of them.” What became of them?

Though so many years have elapsed since, I feel it pleasant and useful to recall the opportunities I had

of being in company with him, and of leading him about from place to place, when leaning on my arm ; and I retain many impressions he made upon me when I was most susceptible of impressions.

If sometimes he seemed severe, it was really more in the force of his expression than the feeling of his heart. No one was more capable of tenderness ; and I remember his saying, "My mother died when I was five years of age, and I have ten thousand times wished that she was alive, that I might wait upon her."

I wish I had written down more of his sayings and remarks. These are a few of them :—"My dunghill heart."—"The promises are the saints' legacies."—"When a Christian is matured for heaven, he leaves the present world as the acorn leaves its cup."—"Work for the world is done *best* when work for God is done *first*."—"It is perilous to read any impure book ; you will never get it out of your faculties till you are dead. My imagination was tainted young, and I shall never get rid of it till I get into heaven."

He used facetiously to mention that, when he resided in Warwick, he lived in the Parsonage House, which he rented of the Rector, Dr. Tate ; who, when he was reflected upon by some high ecclesiastic for letting it to a Dissenter, replied,—“What would you have me do ? I have brought the man as near the Church as I can, but I cannot force him into it.”

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

It was very soon after my settlement in Bath that I had the honor and advantage of commencing an acquaintance with this inestimable man, and which led to an intimacy which continued for his life.

He was then lodging in Queen's Square Terrace, his relation, Mr. Henry Thornton, Member for the Borough, being with him. It was by a note of invitation I called upon him. As I had not been before in the company of any distinguished personage, I felt exceedingly backward as I approached the door, and held the knocker some seconds in my hand before I could use it. But, unlike his excellent kinsman, whose manner was as cold as his disposition was generous, and with whom, instead of advancing you had always to begin your friendship, and never could be free; he instantly loosened me from my fears and embarrassment, and, without lowering my respect, inspired me with confidence and attachment.

Was there ever a being who possessed such a power of endearing himself, making all hearts his own, as soon as they approached him; and not only preserving but increasing affection, by every additional opportunity of intercourse? Perhaps, if one sentence could more fully express him than another, it would

be an incomparable readiness to give pleasure, and to be pleased.

I had several other interviews with him during that visit to Bath. They were all delightful and useful. One Sabbath morning, after hearing me on a subject which had reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, he mildly asked me whether something I had advanced did not carry the distinctions in the Divine Nature too far, and whether it might not be made to countenance Tritheism? He was correct; I saw my mistake; and was thankful for such an early proof of his attention and kindness.

He asked me if I had Quintilian, and finding I had never seen him, he promised, on his return, to send it to me; but for what reason I know not, instead of this, he sent me the works of Dr. Witherspoon. To the Treatise of this Author on "Regeneration," he was much attached; and some years after he wrote an Essay to prefix to it, in a series of publications issued by Chalmers and Collins of Glasgow. Concerning this admirable Essay, I remember his complaining that he wrote it only to prefix to Witherspoon's "Treatise on *Regeneration*;" but the Publishers connected with it his work on *Justification*, "with which," said he, "I was less acquainted, and might not have so highly and entirely approved. This was not fair."

His preferences in religion were not censorious or exclusive. He had a real and large liberality towards those who differed from him in some of the more external and subordinate parts of Christianity; or rather its administrations; and, therefore, he made no scruple to attend occasionally in places which at that time ignorance and not *law*, called *conventicles*; and in two

instances, at least, he partook of the Lord's Supper in Nonconformist Churches. Are all those dead who have heard him more than once say:—"Though I am an Episcopalian by education and conviction, I yet feel such a oneness and sympathy with the cause of God at large, that nothing would be more delightful than my communing once every year with *every* Church that holds the Head, even Christ"? And did this render him a worse Churchman? What must we have thought of such a Church if it had?

While I was preaching in London, and he was visiting in Bath, I received from him the following letter:—

Near Bath, Sept. 22d, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,—I commence my letter with unaffected doubts whether I should apologize for delaying it so long or for even now writing it. I have for a fortnight past been on the point of taking up my pen, and knowing, on the one hand, that I am addressing a man of whose candor and liberality of spirit I would rather speak to any other than to himself; and, on the other, my conscience bearing me witness, that I am actuated by motives of pure benevolence, and love without dissimulation; I will proceed to fulfil the most valuable duty of friendship. Yet, when I go on to state that it is to observe on your mode of preaching that I have resolved to address you, I am aware that I may, not without reason, appear guilty of somewhat of the same presumption as the philosopher who undertook to lecture Hannibal on the Art of War; for you must, it can be no compliment to say it, have studied vastly more than myself the way of addressing your hearers, and have balanced opposite considerations, &c., &c. Yet it may be of use to a minister that a friend should tell him what the hearers say, not to control but to inform his judgment, that, having all before him, he may at length decide for himself.

I have then (to come to the point) been told from various quarters, that your general strain of preaching has been of late, not sufficiently Evangelical; and though the few opportunities I have myself had of hearing you (opportunities which I always prize as

the greatest of my Bath pleasures), scarcely qualify me to judge for myself on this question; yet I should not be honest, were I not to confess, that they have rather confirmed the report which had reached me from others. It has been ascribed to your having witnessed the sad consequences of an unwarranted application of the promises and blessings of the Gospel, and I have myself also ascribed it to a cause connected with the former; I mean, to your observing that the bulk of professors were shamefully uninstructed in the Christian system, and ignorant of the very Scriptures in which they say they have eternal life.

I hope I need not assure you, that no man is more vehement against that way of preaching which indolence, I fear, more than any other consideration, has rendered so general, of following so little the example of the sacred writers, as to be always insisting on one single topic. I cannot want you to leave your *fatness* (*sic*) with which your talents and knowledge enable you to honor God and serve man. I cannot wish you to give up the various melodies with which a bountiful Creator hath endowed you for the unvaried strain of one cuckoo note; but there is a mode (and no man knows it better) of preaching evangelical truth practically, and applying evangelically the rich and full variety of the doctrines and precepts of the Word of God. I am aware, too, that there may be no danger of your being misunderstood by your own stated congregation. But indeed, my dear sir, you are "a debtor to the Greeks and barbarians." Consider the situation in which you stand. Not another minister in Bath, whom any of the poor wretched upper classes are likely to hear, who preaches the Gospel. They come, perhaps, to your chapel; they never heard the word of life before; they never may have another opportunity. Pity them, my dear sir, as I know you do. They, above all others, deserve to be pitied. I have, alas! been more conversant with them than you, and am, therefore, the more impressed with a sense of their wretched ignorance in spiritual things.

And now, my dear sir, I have only to express my hopes, that you will do justice to the motives of esteem and regard which have dictated this letter; and it may be as well to add, that no human being, not even Mrs. W. herself, knows of its being written. It appears to me that all friendly offices of this kind are likely to be more pure from all improper mixture, when they are known by the two individuals alone, from whom and to whom the representation is made. And, besides this motive for secrecy, I must add, that it

requires a very different degree of evidence and conviction to warrant the *private* communication of a hint to a friend, and the mention of it, if it is to become ever so little more public: for, if anything be *at all* undivulged, who shall say, "thus far, and no farther."

I cannot pass this occasion of expressing the sincere pleasure, and I hope I may say, improvement, with which I have read your first and a great part of your second volume of Sermons; the publication of which may, I trust, be beneficial in various ways, and I must advise your sending forth an addition to their number.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

"Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head; and even my prayer also shall be for him in his calamity." This letter was most gratefully received. Nothing also could have been more seasonable. It was really needed. There was ground, at least in a considerable degree, for the pious apprehension. From the motives mentioned by him, I had insensibly been led too far, and enlarged too much on what some have called "the guarding side"—perhaps also with regard to some, from a little vain wish to avoid the offence of the Cross. As I found this friendly admonition useful to myself, I hope it will be serviceable, especially to some of my younger brethren, who may be in danger from a similar mistake. The truth is, we are not to preach the *less* the doctrines which some pervert or abuse, but to preach them the *more*, only in a better manner, holding them forth, not only in all their richness, but also in all their connections, proportions, influences, and effects. I trust I was enabled to act upon the counsel so timely and delicately given; and many of my friends noticed, forthwith, the advantage in my gen-

eral strain of preaching. But little were they aware of the cause to which, under God, it was owing.

And what a view does it give us of the mind of this pre-eminent man, that, amidst all his public engagements, he could turn his attention to an humble individual, who had no secular distinction, and who was laboring in a different religious community from his own. But he considered the importance of his *situation*, and his opportunities of doing some good there, and especially, *that* good which was spiritual and eternal, and which was the first and last wish of his heart, by *whomsoever* it might be accomplished.

I have said, in another place, and I repeat it, that some are too Orthodox to be Evangelical. Because Mr. Wilberforce held not the exclusive part of Calvinism, suspicions have prevailed, that he was not quite sound in doctrine. But let any who question even the degree of his evangelism, read not only his own invaluable book, but even this letter, and see what kind of preaching that was, for which he was so zealous, and to which he was persuaded God only gave testimony, as to the word of his grace.

And may I not ask, and does not even a regard to Truth itself allow me to ask, whether this Letter does not breathe a regard which his "Memoirs" seemed designed to deny or to diminish.

I need not quote the—*only*—kind of references to the Reminiscent which appear in that work; but I leave the reader to inquire for what purpose such insignificant notices were inserted. And let a thousand instances of kindness, and the following correspondence, assist them to answer.

I prefix a note from Mrs. Wilberforce.

Bath—Sunday night.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to offer a *trifle* towards the good work which I heard of to-day,—the enlarging your Chapel. May the undertaking lead to as much good as your heart can desire,

With every good wish to yourself, Mrs. Jay, and family,

I am, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful.

B. A. WILBERFORCE.

No. 7, South Parade, Thursday Evening, 14th Oct. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I trust you know the cordial esteem and regard which I feel, and have long felt for you, too well, not to be *sure* that I must sympathize with you in your present season of affliction; (and let me say the same, and with no less truth, for my dear Mrs. Wilberforce also;) yet I must intrude on you for a few moments, to assure you of the sincerity of my condolence. May it please God to support and comfort you under this trying dispensation.*

I remain, my dear Sir, ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

W. WILBERFORCE.

P. S. I beg you will not trouble yourself to return me any answer.

No. 5, Queen's Square, Friday.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just now requested to introduce to you some young people who are truly worthy of the privilege of your acquaintance, and, I hope, friendship.

The ladies are the daughters of a widow recently become such, Mrs. Wolf. The gentleman, an officer in the navy, a son of Dr. Hall, Dean of Durham, and late head of Christ Church, Oxford. It has pleased God to touch his heart to true piety, which is more attractive by the singularly pleasing form in which it is presented. He is about to be united with Miss Amelia Wolf, and she also, I am assured, is truly religious.

I could not refuse their desire, that I would recommend them to your friendly attention, though I tell them how little time you can spare even to your oldest friends.

I am ever, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

N. B. I ought to mention that Mr. Hall's wish to know you arose first from a sermon he heard you preach last night.

* It was the death of a lovely and pious daughter.

No. 5, Queen's Square, 26th May, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—It would have given both Mrs. Wilberforce and myself pleasure to call again on Mrs. Jay and you, before our departure to-morrow; but I fear we cannot; and therefore, I trouble you by the pen with a question or two, which I should otherwise put orally.

It occurs to me that you can probably inform me who and what Mr. Campbell is. He writes to me occasionally from Edinburgh upon religious subjects, and I have now occasion to answer a recent letter of his, concerning the Apocryphal dispute. I know not whether to call him *Rev.* or *Esq.*; and he may think it strange that I do not know his proper description; I probably did know it, but I have forgot it.

We may probably be able to go to Mr. Hall's chapel on Sunday. Can you inform me where it is situated, and at what hour service begins?

I take the pen in my *own* hand to add, that I cannot but sincerely regret my not having had the profit and pleasure of hearing you, and joining with you in worship, during this visit to Bath. Both you and I, I believe, and indeed I cannot doubt it, are much more closely bound to each other by the substance of Christian principles, (besides a personal friendship which has long been, and will continue, I trust, during our lives, to be a subject of mutual pleasure to both of us,) than we are separated by any differences as to the outward form and mechanism of religion. I had rather wished for a few minutes' private conversation with you, but I fear I shall not be able to call (or Mrs. W. on Mrs. Jay) before my departure to-morrow about 12 o'clock. If you should be walking this way, I should be happy to see you; and if not, let me thus take my leave for the present, assuring you of the cordial esteem and regard with which I am, with our best respects to Mrs. Jay,

My dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

No. 9, North Parade, Wednesday, 17th Oct. 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—We cannot but remember with pleasure the visits you kindly paid us last year, and Mrs. Wilberforce and I much wish to renew the enjoyment. Mrs. W. reminds me that you used sometimes to take your tea while we took our dinner.

Would you favor us with your company at a quarter before five o'clock to-morrow?

I can truly say that the hope of seeing you is always one of the most gratifying objects in my prospect, when I look forward to the renewal of my visits to Bath; and that I am, with cordial esteem and regard,

Ever sincerely yours,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Near Uxbridge, 7th Jan.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a .£5-note to reimburse you for the sum you were so kind as to lay down for me; and I return you thanks for so kindly inquiring into the case; perhaps it would be for the poor young man's own benefit, to caution him against relying on future aid from me. I have sometimes found a little pecuniary assistance practically injurious for the want of this warning.

I thank you for naming the Eclectic, and will procure the number; I used to take in that publication, but discontinued it, partly because the increasing numbers of such periodical works compelled me to select; and still more, because it became so much more of a party work; otherwise my knowing that occasionally R. Hall and Foster wrote in it, was a strong inducement to take it in. Were not my eyes very indifferent and my stock of leisure *very* small, I would enter for a few minutes into the Roman Catholic Question. I have not seen "Cobbett" for some time. My chief reason for ever taking in his paper was, that I could not otherwise see it; and I thought it right to know what were the lessons of a very able and influential political teacher on the passing events of the day. But when I heard his paper circulation had much declined, I declined also.

My motives for supporting what is very ill entitled Catholic emancipation, were not that I thought that when granted the Roman Catholics would desire no more; still less, because I did not entertain a very strong repugnance to the Roman Catholic religion of the present day; (and this last I thought it right in fairness to declare to the two Roman Catholic deputies who called on me as *a friend* a few years ago, Drs. Everett and Murray;) but because I really believe the actual state of the laws tends to maintain, nay probably to extend, certainly to exasperate and embitter, the influence of the Roman Catholic tenets. The Roman Catholics can and now do vote for Members of Parliament, though they cannot become such. The consequence is, that they choose Members who, though Protestant by profession, (commonly, perhaps, neutrals at

heart,) are full as subservient to Roman Catholic interests, as avowed Roman Catholics could be, while they may speak a language, which uttered by Roman Catholics, would call forth a spirit in the Protestants to at least an equal amount; but to which, when held by Protestants, no objection could be made without a man's being considered guilty of a personal affront. Put the question arithmetically. The influence excited on the side of the Roman Catholics is now the sum of their own and that of Protestants whom they elect or favor. When Roman Catholics should be eligible, it would be only the difference. The existing state of the laws keeps the Roman Catholics in a continual state of irritation, reminded of their incapacities; for they are brought forward to vote, but not to be elected. I also lay much stress on the effect of Roman Catholic gentlemen mixing in Parliament with Protestants, and thus habitually learning to disrelish, as galling and humiliating, the subjection to the priests, in which, after all, consists much of the strength and evil of their religion. But I must lay down my pen, only remarking, that I cannot be afraid of Popery in this country, but that I should not be greatly surprised to see the Roman Catholic oriflamb waving in Ireland, the Roman Catholic mass being supported by the military regulars of some continental Roman Catholic power. However, be this as it may, I cannot but trust all will end well, both for Ireland herself, and much more for England, when I witness the continually increasing flood of light, which she (England) is the instrument of diffusing through the Pagan World. India is likely, I hope, ere long, to become the glory of this country.

My dear Sir, you seduce me, you see, even on paper, into too long a *tête-à-tête*, and I have scarcely left myself room to request you to present Mrs. W's and my own best remembrances to Mrs. Jay, and to assure you of her cordial good wishes as well as my own, for the temporal, and still more for the spiritual, well-being of you and yours.

Ever, my dear Sir, your sincere and affectionate friend,

W. WILBERFORCE.

When I published my "Evening Exercises," I dedicated them to my Illustrious Friend. As the preface was long, and animadverted on various and some of them disputed topics, I sent it to him in manuscript, begging he would strike out whatever he disapproved

of; but he returned it without a single erasure; and when the volumes came out, as soon as he received the copy I presented to him, he wrote me the following letter:—

Elenden House, near Birmingham, 30th Dec., 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I will not withhold from Mrs. Wilberforce the pleasure of answering your friendly letter, I cannot be satisfied without assuring you, with my own pen, that I feel honored as well as gratified by the proof of your esteem and regard for me, which you gave by desiring to place my name at the head of your publication. It gives me unaffected pleasure to reflect that my name will thus be permanently associated with yours, and may this, my dear Sir, with all your other labors of love, be abundantly blessed. May the Gracious Giver of all good, who has already rendered you an instrument of such extensive usefulness, continue to prosper your endeavor to promote the temporal, and still more, the eternal benefit of your fellow-creatures; and after a long protracted sphere of usefulness and honor, may you at length hear addressed to you these blessed words,—“Well done, good and faithful servant,” &c.

Suffer me also to add my humble prayer, and let me hope that it will be yours also, that I may one day welcome you into that better world; and that, though by somewhat different paths, yet tending to the same point, and graduating, if I may use the expression, to the same centre, we may at length meet where holiness and happiness, where love and peace, and gratitude and joy, will be unalloyed and everlasting. Such, my dear Sir, is my sincere wish, and sometimes shall be the prayer for you, and for all that are dear to you.

Yours, with cordial esteem and attachment,

W. W.

As a *beautiful* contrast to this, I insert a few sentences from a little work the author sent by post to Mr. William Jay, Bath, a few years ago.

They were all pencil-marked, to render them the more *emphatic*.

“And this is the reason why church people, and especially clergymen, may not keep company with and make friends of any of those who call themselves Dissenting ministers.

“Every Dissenting teacher is plainly making a division: every churchman therefore, is commanded to *avoid him*. Be his gentle-

ness and mildness what they may, in comparison with the miserable bitterness of most modern Dissenters; be his personal holiness, his mind and intellectual qualifications what they may; be his friendship, however dear to me, how can I continue it, when God has commanded me to avoid him? To pray for him as an erring brother,—to desire his present and future welfare,—to cherish towards him all kindly and brotherly feeling,—to assist him, if need be, with my counsel or my purse; these things would be a duty and a pleasure; but to make him any longer a friend or an intimate would be a *sin*.

“Therefore he feels (*i. e.* a true churchman) that it would be sin to attend their places of worship or preaching, to acknowledge them in public meetings or elsewhere, as fellow-ministers of the Word of God, or choose them as the friendly companions of his leisure hours.

“If this tract has done the readers any good, it will influence their conduct, and make them resolve never to make themselves partakers of other men’s sins, by going to a Dissenting meeting even *once*; whether on Sunday or week-day, in the morning, or afternoon, or evening; whether because they hope to get good or for curiosity; or to be friendly and neighborly. It is quite plain that all Dissent is sin. Now, how very shocking it is, that many good sort of people think really of coming to church on the Sunday morning, and then going to meeting in the evening! But, people, I am afraid, will have to answer, not only for their own sin in going sometimes, but for the sin of those who go always, and whom, by their example, they have encouraged to do so.”

“CHRISTIAN UNITY,”*

BY HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M. A.,
INCUMBENT OF WALMER, KENT.

“What wonder such sentiments led to Rome! They spring from it. ‘A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.’ ‘By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.’”

* Referring to this uncharitable pamphlet in a letter dated Bath, October 17, 1837, he observes,—“Mr. Wilberforce’s life is forthcoming, but I expect it will be a very partial representation of him, especially on the score of his *liberality*. It is written by his two clerical sons, who are now so high, that one of them has published

Mr. Wilberforce sent me, as soon as they were published, inscribed with his own hand, his "Practical Piety;" and his work on "Slavery" addressed "to Prince Talleyrand."

I remember, owing to some occurrence, Mr. Wilberforce gave me an admonition never to notice *any* thing concerning one's self in the public prints. "If you do," said he, "you must notice *every* thing; or what passes unnoticed will pass for truth, which cannot be refuted;" adding, "our character and conduct must be both our defenders and advocates."

He then mentioned the following imputation concerning himself:—"Some time ago, in Benjamin Flower's 'Cambridge Journal,' it was said, 'Behold an instance of the Pharisaism of St. Wilberforce! He was lately seen walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room, reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets, to be seen of men.'

"As there is generally some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge or reproach, I began to reflect; and I soon found the occasion of the calumny; and it was this:—I was walking in the Pump Room in conversation with General ———; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned; and, as I had a Horace in my pocket, I sought, and found, and read the words.

a tract in condemnation of Mr. Baptist Noel's candor, and calls upon the members of *the* church to have 'no *social* or *friendly* intercourse with any Dissenters, and to visit them only as subjects of poverty and affliction to relieve them.' Yet their honored father used to say,—'Though I am an Episcopalian, I should like to commune once every year with every Christian church that held the Head.'

This was the plain *bit of wire* which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation; yet I never thought it worth while to attempt to refute or rectify what I could have so easily done."

When there was some thought of abridging the privileges enjoyed by Dissenters under the Toleration Act, Mr. Wilberforce wrote to the Reminiscent. I am sorry I have either lost or mislaid this letter; but I well remember its contents. He expressed himself as exceedingly averse to the design, and wishing and hoping that all the interference of government might be avoided. But he would just ask whether the Dissenters and Methodists, in the licensing of preachers, would object to the requisition of a certificate or testimony from the *churches to which they belonged*. I answered, that, as far as I knew them, their apprehensions were too much excited to acquiesce even in such an *apparently* safe measure. At that season, however, and for want of some reflection, I confess I was *rather* disposed to differ from them; and the more, as it had been till then the wise and good usage among them, before any of their members went forth officiating, to receive a sanction from the united approval, benediction, and prayers of the minister and people in whose communion they lived. And what has been often the result of persons becoming preachers without consulting with, and unrecommended by, any one but themselves?

Here I remember a case rather curious and instructive. A young man thought he was called to leave common and civil life, and to enter the ministry; neither his own pastor nor father knew anything of this. The persuasion of his sacred destiny originated

solely with *himself*. Though fully satisfied in his own mind, yet from a kind of respect for a family friend, and to save appearances, he wished to converse with me upon the subject. By no means like-minded with himself, and fearful of giving offence (a sad infirmity in such a case), I begged him to consult an older authority, and one who I knew had a firmer, bolder manner. An interview soon taking place, the young man told him that he had been for some time persuaded that he was called to the ministry; and asked his aged adviser what he deemed the best sign or evidence of a Divine call to the work. "Sir," said the sage, "what I should deem the best sign or evidence would be a man's not thinking of it, but considering himself the last person in the world God would select for this purpose; and who, if God came for him, would be found like Saul, 'hid among the stuff,' and requiring an effort to draw him out."

I remember his relating a remarkable circumstance concerning Carlile the infidel. "The wretched creature," said he, "was then in the prison at Dorchester, having been prosecuted for his vile and infamous publications. As I was then visiting at the house of a magistrate in the neighborhood, I thought I should like to see the prisoner and converse with him, perfectly *incog*. Aftersome general conversation, I learned from him something of his former life, and found that he had formerly been among the Wesleyan Methodists, and even a class-leader. I then began to speak on the subject of religion. He said he did not wish to enter on that topic, for he had long ago made up his mind, and did not wish to have it disturbed; and, seeing me take out my little Bible, he said, 'I wish to

have nothing to do with that book; and you cannot wonder at this, for if that book be true, I am damned forever.' I was shocked, and said, 'No, no, Mr. Carlile; according to that book, there is hope for all who will seek for mercy and forgiveness; for it assures us, that God hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.' I also said more, but it seemed to have no effect at the time, and I knew not that it had any afterwards. But," added he, "we see (as we are needing hope) how desirable and necessary it is that there should always be an obvious and powerful ground for it; that despair hardens even more than presumption; and that men live so as to make the Bible their enemy, and then hate it because it does not prophesy good concerning them, but evil."

I cannot help adding a circumstance not irrelevant to this occurrence. Preaching one Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, after his (Mr. Carlile's) release from prison, I mentioned in my sermon the above anecdote. When I came down from the pulpit, some one told me that Carlile had been hearing me, and insisted upon seeing me. I said, by all means; desire him to come into the vestry. He entered; I arose and received him courteously, and gave him my hand, remembering that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be patient towards all men, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if haply God might give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." I asked him for what purpose he wished to see me. He said, "I do not charge you with intentional misrepresentation, but I have heard you say this evening what is not true." Then stating what I had related, I said, "Are you sure this is not true?" "I am: I am certain

Mr. Wilberforce never conversed with me or saw me in prison." "Do you know Mr. Wilberforce personally?" "I do not. I look upon him as a bigoted but very good and benevolent man; but I am sure I never saw him." "Well, as you never saw him, how are you sure that, among others who visited you, he never saw you in your confinement; especially as his design was to keep himself unknown? Do you think," said I, "Wilberforce would forge a letter, or utter a serious falsehood?" "No, I think he would not." "And as for myself," I said, "I am sure I have accurately reported his relation, for I received it in writing at the time." This rather softened and silenced him, and he only murmured, "Well, I remember nothing of it."

I desired him to be seated, and said, "I should be glad, Mr. Carlile, to have a little further conversation," to which he seemed disposed; but some of his disciples, who had followed him into the vestry, rudely urged him to come away; saying, "These gospel preachers will say anything that serves their purpose."

As he had not behaved improperly, and as such characters are often too harshly treated, I felt a disposition to pray for him, and determined I would call upon him. This I did the next day, but he was not at home, and as I had to leave London immediately, I had no opportunity to renew the call. I regret I did not write to him.

In their periodical, the week after, there was a tolerably fair account of the thing, unaccompanied with any reflections on myself.

I may add that Mr. Wilberforce, after relating the above occurrence, said, "It is a very difficult and perplexing subject, but I begin to question whether such

prosecutions are not more injurious than beneficial; as they awaken attention to the works, and frequently enlist feelings on behalf of the writers;”—remarking that Carlile, probably, did more mischief while in prison, than before his trial and condemnation;—alluding to several tracts he issued while there, composed entirely of Scripture, quoting *only* passages which would represent the Bible as filled exclusively with what seemed indelicate and impure; and excusing, if not countenancing, immorality!

“It was,” says Lord Brougham, “the constant maxim of my revered friend, Mr. Wilberforce, that no man should be prosecuted for his attacks on religion. He gave this opinion in Parliament; and he was wont to say, that the ground of it was his belief in the truth of religion. If religion be, as I believe it to be, true, it has nothing to fear from such assaults; but it may be injured by the secular arm interposing.”

I cannot omit noticing my last interview with him. Having received a note from Mrs. Wilberforce, that they should leave Bath in two days, and mentioning the increased indisposition of her beloved husband, and the possibility of my not seeing him again, by her desire I called. I was introduced to him alone, as he was lying upon the sofa. Though it was obvious that the outward man was fast declining, all his pious and friendly principles and feelings evinced their full vigor. Propriety required the interview to be short; there could be, therefore, no lengthened conversation. The following, however, I have found, which I wrote down as soon as I returned, precluding any mistake concerning it.

Something had led him to mention that noblest of

all institutions—the Bible Society; and as the Trinitarian Bible Society was about that time making a noise in our city, and assailing and seeking to divide and injure the old institution, he eagerly inquired whether there were many defections. I told him I believed the defections were almost entirely confined to his own community; for I did not know, in the circle of my acquaintance, one minister or member among all the Dissenters and Methodists who had revolted. “Well,” he said, “I am thankful for this; and hope the good cause will continue to flourish.”

He also said, “I see what is the best way to reduce an undue attachment to the subordinate things in religion;—it is to keep up a supreme regard to the more important ones; for we shall then have little time and less inclination to engage in the strivings and strifes of bigots.”

He also observed, “I see much in the state of the world and church which I deplore, yet I am not among the croakers. I think real religion is spreading; and, I am persuaded, will increasingly spread, till the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

Taking my hand at parting, he pressed it to his bosom, and said, “I am glad you have not turned aside after any of the ‘*lo! heres*’ and ‘*lo! theres*,’ many of which you must have witnessed; but have kept to the common, plain, and important truths, in which all Christians are nearly agreed; and I hope you will never leave the good old way,—God bless you!” What an interview! what a parting! what a benediction!

I leave others to speak of him as a politician. I

know some of the liberals were much dissatisfied with him; but he would not be a gagged party man. He preserved his independence by accepting nothing from government; and always gave his vote according to his conviction. I remember after the French Revolution, and for some time during the war, when the rage of opinion ran so high, he more than once desired me to say among my connexions, (he knew that some whom he valued were puzzled and grieved with his seeming devotedness to the prime minister,) that they were not to suppose he entirely approved of *all* Mr. Pitt's measures; but the times were peculiarly perilous, and it was necessary to support the government generally, when there were so many tendencies to anarchy and confusion.

I well remember how Mrs. More herself, and others of his friends and advisers, wondered and grieved at his favoring the Catholic Emancipation Bill. No one could dislike popery more than he did; but he thought it reasonable that all its adherents should realize their civil rights and immunities; and that, with regard to religious parties, all restraints and oppositions excited and strengthened their zeal the more, and resembled the dams in a river that caused the water to rise higher and spread wider.—See a preceding letter to the Reminiscent on this subject.

But time and language would fail me to speak of this man as a benefactor, and especially as the poor negro's friend. His disinterested, self-denying, laborious, undeclining efforts in this cause of justice and humanity are too well known to need enlargement, and will call down the blessing of millions, and ages yet to come will glory in his memory.

Whose very soul has not melted, not only at the poetry, but the praise of the sonnet, by the author of the "Task"?—

"Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
 Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
 Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd
 From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain ;
 Friend of the poor, the wronged, the fetter-galled,
 Fear not lest labor such as thine be vain.
 Thou hast achieved a part ; hast gained the ear
 Of Britain's Senate to thy glorious cause ;
 Hope smiles, Joy springs ; and though cold Caution pause,
 And weave delay, the better hour is near
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
 By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.

Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
 From all the Just on earth, and all the Blest above."

But who or what can do justice to such a character ? Every notice of him is necessarily an eulogy. Here was a man, not only great among the good, but good among the great. The most popular man (according to Madame de Staël) in this country, and yet an example of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," whatsoever things have any virtue or any praise in them.

But what, amidst so much and such varied intercourse with company and scenes so little favorable to religious decision and improvement, enabled him to maintain such spirituality and fervor, and to be always ready to engage so easily and naturally in pious conversation and exercises ?

First. The firmness of his convictions. Religious sentiments in him were firm, were not opinions, but principles. That is, sentiments which had attached to them both certainty and importance.

Secondly. His inviolable sanctification of the Lord's day. With him how truly was the Sabbath a delight, and the holy of the Lord, honorable! When did he not "turn away his foot from the Sabbath from polluting it, not doing his own ways, not finding his own pleasure, not speaking his own words"?

I was once dining with him on the Sabbath: it was before his marriage. We were quite alone; no servant was in attendance; we had only a dumb-waiter. The conversation turned upon the subject of my discourse that morning—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved"—of which he begged the outline. "I just now," he said, "met Mr. Bushe on the North Parade; he told me there was very bad news; but I did not ask concerning it, and I dare not open a paper on the Lord's day."

Thirdly. His always attending, when in his power, the House of God and the preaching of the Word, and that word which was found to be the savor of life unto life.

Fourthly. His family worship. Here I refer not only to its existence and regularity, but to the manner in which he discharged it. What a solemn importance seemed always attached to it! What a freedom from formality! What a simplicity in the performance! What a seriousness and degree of impression, and of effect!

Fifthly—and perhaps above all—His determination to secure time for private devotion. This befriended

the effect two ways—first, by the natural influence of these exercises themselves; secondly, by the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, which prayer, and especially such prayer, is accredited to obtain. “Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.” “But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”

It would not only be needless but presumptuous in me to speak of his senatorial rank and claims. It is undisputed what an eminent place in oratory he occupied and maintained, when eloquence in the House of Commons rivalled that of Athens and Rome. His voice was fine, deep, clear, distinct, and flexible; his animation was often great; and the impression of many of his speeches, especially of those he delivered on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, peculiarly powerful.

“I never,” says Mackintosh, “saw any one who touched life at so many points; and this is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absolutely in the contemplation of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any of those there. There was all the charm of youth about him, and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his day as when I saw him in his glory many years ago.”

“I never,” says Southey, “saw any other man who seemed to enjoy such a perpetual serenity and sunshine of spirit. In conversing with him you feel assured that there is no guile in him; that if ever there was a good man, and a happy man on earth, he was one.”

Again: "There is such a constant hilarity in every look and motion, such a sweetness in all his tones, such a benignity in all his thoughts, words, and actions—that you can feel nothing but love and admiration for a creature of so happy and blessed a nature."

APPENDIX BY THE EDITORS.

Having found the following additional letters of Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay, we venture to insert them as further proofs of their friendly and confidential intercourse.

If any of the readers of this article should also have been readers of Mr. Wilberforce's *Life* by his sons, as is more than probable, the disclosures here made will be surprising, and in some respects painful. It will be no matter of surprise that two such men, holding similar religious views, and residing in Bath at the close of the last century, when Evangelical preaching was rare in the Church, should have become friends; and that the friendship of two such souls should have become permanent, and ripen into mutual cordiality and confidence. But the matter of surprise and pain will be to observe that a *Life* of Wilberforce could possibly have been written, and a voluminous *Life* too, in which it could be made to appear that there existed between them nothing but a mere cold, slight, and on Mr. Wilberforce's side, not very respectful or polite acquaintance.

For the purpose of enabling the readers of Mr. Jay's *Reminiscence* of Wilberforce to judge of the representation of this matter by the two reverend sons who have taken upon them virtually to ignore the friendly inti-

macy of their father with the Dissenting Minister of Bath, we shall extract from their Work all the notices of Mr. Jay we have been able to find, and then an opinion may be formed of the spirit which dictated this meagre, and not very delicate, exhibition of facts for public perusal from Mr. Wilberforce's Diary.

Vol. II., p. 234, under date 1797.

"Sunday. Randolph's, morning—Evening, Jay's—comfortable, happy Sunday."

Vol. II., p. 240. Same year.

"Asked to subscribe to Jay's velvet cushion, but refused."

Vol. II., p. 313—date 1798.

"Sir George Beaumont, Creykes, &c., with us. Jay told us his origin and story very simply, a bricklayer employed at Beckford's house—began to preach at 16—humble and not democratical."

Vol. II., p. 351.—date 1799.

"I found that so much use was made of my going to Jay's that I have kept away."

Vol. II., p. 361. Date 1800. Referring to a projected Bill to restrict Dissenting preachers, and stating that he had explained to Mr. Pitt the only limitation of the Toleration Act to which he would consent, viz., that no one should exercise the office of a Teacher without a testimonial from the sect to which he belonged, he says:

"This would just put a stop to the practice which I am told prevails at Salisbury, and (as I heard from Mr. Jay, the Dissenting Minister) at Bath, of a number of raw, ignorant lads, going out on preaching parties every Sunday."

Vol. V., p. 258, date 1825.

“—— at Jay’s, where I greatly wished to go, but thought it wrong.”

This sentence seems ambiguous through the omission of a name. It evidently refers to some person in Mr. Wilberforce’s family, less scrupulous than himself, who went to hear Mr. Jay (possibly Mrs. W.) We are at a loss to conceive for what purpose the extract was made, unless to give publicity to Mr. Wilberforce’s opinion, that it was wrong for him to go to the Dissenting Chapel to hear the Dissenting Minister with whom he had been on terms of the strictest friendship for nearly thirty years, whom he had frequently entertained at his table, introduced to his selectest friends, corresponded with familiarly and confidentially, and allowed his name to appear in the dedication of one of his works, expressing his sense of the honor, and his gratification at the request, and adding, “it gives me unaffected pleasure to reflect that my name will thus be permanently associated with yours.” Thus wrote Mr. Wilberforce, Dec. 30, 1831.

After this, as appears from the foregoing Reminiscence, Mr. Jay visited Mr. Wilberforce during his illness at Bath, at the special request conveyed to him by Mrs. W., when other esteemed friends were not allowed access to him. From these facts it appears that there had been no suspension of intercourse or decay of friendship, either between 1799 and 1825, or from 1825 to the end of the year 1831, when he so kindly and gracefully accepted the *dedication* of “The Christian Contemplated.” Even the entry made in the Diary in the year 1799, respecting his “keeping away from Jay’s Chapel, because so much use was made of it,” is certainly not intended to intimate that after that period

he never attended again ; for it is well known that he did go after that date.

In the Correspondence now published there is a note dated a year after any notice of Mr. Jay given in the Life of Wilberforce, "Queen's Square, May 26, 1826," in which Mr. Wilberforce requests directions of Mr. Jay where in Bristol he might find Mr. Hall's Chapel, saying, "We may probably be able to go to Mr. Hall's Chapel on Sunday." If Mr. Wilberforce had relinquished so early as 1799 the pleasure and profit of attending upon Mr. Jay's ministry, and in 1825 thought that it was "*wrong*," that is, morally sinful, though he wished for it greatly, would he have asked the way to another Dissenting Chapel in 1826, and would he, or could he have said in the same note of inquiry, *I cannot but sincerely regret my not having had the profit and pleasure of hearing you and joining with you in worship during this visit to Bath?*"

It is certainly not impossible that the same pen should have written the two notices in the Diary respecting attendance at Mr. Jay's Chapel, and those other sentences we have quoted from the Letter of May 26, 1826, to Mr. Jay. But if it did, then something unmentioned would, if known, reconcile them with honor and integrity, or some intentional concealment gives them the appearance of contradiction. If no explanation can be given of this matter, Mr. Wilberforce's memory will have to bear the suspicion of hollow profession and faithless friendship, or the monument his reverend sons have reared to his memory will convey a false impression.

Those two good and great men while living appear to have had no misunderstanding and no alienation

through a friendship of thirty-five years, and they have now met in a happier world, and united in purer worship than they ever joined in here. But the Biography of the one was undoubtedly made the means of deeply wounding the heart of the other; because he was conscious that it gave to the world a most imperfect and unjust view of the long friendship which had existed between himself and Mr. Wilberforce. It had been kinder and wiser, as it now appears, not to have let the world know that Mr. Wilberforce had any acquaintance with the Dissenting Minister of Bath, or had ever delighted to hear and to patronize him, than to have inserted the few slighting and ambiguous extracts we have cited from the Diary.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay.

Near London—May 7th, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will not quite take you at your word and return no answer at all; but I will so far avail myself of your friendly allowance for me, as merely to thank you for your kind communication.

Archbishop Usher's, and Bishop Bedell's Life, have long been in my library, and have been favorites with me.—I have often quoted them to some of our Irish Rulers; and had their examples been followed, Ireland would have been in a far better state,

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

W. WILBERFORCE.

P. S.—The memorandum I hope to get to-morrow when I go to town. I am detained here to-day by indisposition.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay.

Pulteney St.—Wednesday.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you and Mrs. Jay dine with us on Friday next, at half-past four or a quarter before five, to meet my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Noel, with whom I wish to bring you well acquainted? And may I beg you to bring your son-in-law, Mr. Bolton also, on

whom I meant to call in order to entitle myself to ask him ; but I trust he will excuse the breach of ceremony. I hope his lady and little one are doing well.

With cordial esteem and regard,

My dear Sir,

Ever sincerely yours,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay.

Maidenhead Bridge, 28th August, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,—One word merely to satisfy you that your letter has reached my hands. I thank you for pointing out to me how I may fulfil my intention of begging Dr. Kollock's acceptance of a pledge of my friendly esteem ; though, unless, on my return home, I find Mr. Verplank's address, or unless you can favor me with it, I shall still be at a loss. If I find the former not to be the case, I will—

(Here the letter breaks off and is taken up again.)

Near London.—December 26, 1817.

Such was actually a letter I meant to send to you four months ago ; and I now send it chiefly to do myself justice both with you and other gentlemen concerned, by preventing its being supposed that I had neglected the business. I found Mr. Verplank's address after a time (I think at the Northumberland Coffee House) but he was gone from it.

What, however, has prompted me now to despatch this long retained letter, is my wishing to request from you in confidence any intelligence you can send me concerning —. A more intemperate, or, in all respects, unadvised publication I scarcely ever read. Who is Mr. —? What his connections? What his talents and acquirements? * * * *

Let me assure you, with best remembrances to Mrs. Jay, that I am with cordial esteem and regard,

My dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Excuse the effects of great and necessary haste.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay.

No. 8, North Parade, Saturday, 19th September, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—When we arrived at Bath we were told you were absent, but soon after we heard you had returned, and ever since I have been wishing, and Mrs. W not less, though she knew of Mrs. Jay's absence, to pay our respects to you. But the weather has been so variable, as to render it quite unsafe for any one who, like myself, may probably suffer greatly from the slightest exposure to rain, to venture far from shelter, or from a sedan chair. Our time, however, is hastening away, and it would really grieve me to have visited Bath without seeing an old friend whom I so sincerely esteem and love. Will you give us the pleasure of your company in the way in which we enjoyed it formerly—you taking your tea while we are at our dinner? Do name a day on which we may hope to enjoy this pleasure at half-past four o'clock.

Believe me, with cordial attachment,

Ever sincerely yours,

The Rev. Wm. Jay.

W. WILBERFORCE.

P. S.—We have heard with unfeigned concern of Mrs. Jay's indisposition, and hope she is mending.

If the *same to you*, I had rather see you any other day than Monday next; but if that day suit you better, I will make it convenient to us also.

Mrs. Wilberforce to Mr. Jay.

Elmdon House, Birmingham, December 29th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to offer you many thanks for your most kind and acceptable present, in addition to the most valuable "Morning Thoughts." May we only all of us profit by them as we ought. I am very sorry I have not been able to write sooner, as you wished to hear from me before you take measures respecting the stereotyping. It gave us much satisfaction to hear of the former volumes having been thus fixed, and that these latter ones are to share their fate; and America to profit by them as well as England. We cannot offer any alterations. I should have said that my husband gladly accepts the undivided moiety which you offer him in these volumes. But I hope *he* will add a few words for himself, though you know his eyes forbid much writing, and I am sorry to say that we have much business of an uncomfortable nature

demanding time and writing, which has been one of the results of our losses; until we are a little freer from these demands, more falls to Mr. W.'s share to dictate and write than is good for him; added to all which we have now much anxiety about our dear daughter's health. Her brother found her far from well—and as she has a cough, which I fear began before her confinement, and still hangs on her, though till very lately little noticed by her medical man, we know not yet what to expect respecting her. Her brother Robert has hitherto remained with her, hoping to send us better accounts, but as yet they are not mended, and we are very uneasy about her. You, my dear Sir, who have now above a twelvemonth been suffering from much anxiety and daily sorrow, will know how to sympathize with us.

I write to-day in much haste—therefore will not enter on this sad Bible Society question; but with best regards, and every good wish to yourself, Mrs. Jay, and all your family, subscribe myself,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere,

B. A. WILBERFORCE.

Since writing the above I am thankful to be able to say, we have heard a much better account of our daughter. The cough seems yielding, and we are encouraged to hope there is no cause for alarm and that we shall soon hear she is better.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

SOME time after the publication of the life of Mrs. More in five volumes, and which (with a few exceptions) I much approved, I received, being then in London, the following note:—

141 Strand, Monday, March 9.

REVEREND SIR,—In consequence of the communication made here this day by your son, respecting a new Memoir of my late excellent friend Mrs. H. More, I write to say it will afford me much pleasure in having a conference with you upon the subject.—Will it suit your convenience to call upon me to-morrow between twelve and four? Or shall I call upon you between twelve and three?

Your obedient servant,

THOS. CADELL.

The interview explained the design. Many persons, he said, “had expressed a wish for a memoir of his admired friend, more select and compendious,” &c.; and he asked if, knowing her as I did, I would undertake it. I immediately declined, saying, I wanted leisure, and did not deem myself fully adequate to the work; that, with whatever candor I wrote, a tinge of my own principles as a Dissenter would hardly be avoidable; that Mrs. More was an Episcopalian, and a very large majority of her connexions belonged to the Established Church; and that an author of her own com-

munity had better be employed, especially for his own profit as the publisher. He said, in reply, that the objection did not weigh with him ; but, if I declined, he had an offer from a clergyman, which, as yet, was unanswered, &c. I also intimated that it was probable I should leave behind me a reminiscence of her, along with some others.

The intimation is here imperfectly realized.

With this eminent and excellent woman I was, by the kind providence of God, early and intimately acquainted. When I took up my residence in Bath, she had a house in Pulteney-street, in which she passed the winter-half of the year. To this I had a free and welcome access, which was the more inviting, as it afforded an opportunity of frequently meeting with very interesting company, though none was so attractive and engaging as her own.

Mr. Pope has said, "Most women have no character at all." If this be intended to satirize, it fails of its purpose ; and, as it is ordained that, in their complete state, light should be without color, air without odor, and water without taste, so it is actually the perfection of woman to be characterless. Mrs. More had the proof of true greatness, to be distinguished by nothing extraordinary on ordinary occasions. In her habits she had no little peculiarities, or solecisms, or *wonderfulnesses*. When, therefore, Mr. Hall, returning one day from a visit to her house, was asked by an eager inquirer what he found in Mrs. More remarkable, answered, "Nothing, ma'am."

She was perfectly free from all direct and indirect attempts at display, so that no one in the company was terrified into silence by a profusion of talent, but

each was rather encouraged to speak. Nor, though entitled to take the lead in conversation, did she engross a disproportionate share of the discourse. Yet she spoke with great ease and elegance, and what she delivered was always seasonable, and pertinent, and tending to usefulness. No one could be freer from the common fault of tale-bearing and scandal, or more heedful of the admonition, "Speak evil of no man."

At the period after the French Revolution, when there was such fierceness of party spirit, both political and ecclesiastical, it was surprising with what address she continued to manage and harmonize the differing parts of her company; so that, if they met as foes, they separated as friends.

On one side Mrs. More's parentage was descended from Nonconformists, but she herself preferred the Establishment; not, however, to the unchurching of other churches, or the invalidating of the orders of their pastors. For many years after my settlement in Bath, I never heard of any clergyman of a decidedly evangelical character officiating in any of the Established pulpits; so that when Newton, Scott, Cecil, Foster, and others visited our city, they had access only to my father-in-law's church at Bath Easton, who held the same sentiments with themselves. As, therefore, Mrs. More had begun increasingly to appreciate and relish a certain kind of preaching, as to *doctrine*, she made no scruple to sacrifice a little of the Episcopalian, and attended *frequently* and *commonly* in Argyle Chapel.

I think I have elsewhere mentioned some hints which I received from her as to delivery and composition; but here I remark one thing only, with regard

to preaching. Even in this more early stage of her religious experience, and notwithstanding her talents, if she peculiarly noticed a sermon, it was sure to be not one that betrayed a little ingenuity or originality in the preacher, but one that bore upon the conscience of the hearer, and was most likely to awaken and convert the sinner; observing, that preaching was an instrument, and that the best instrument was that which answered its end best; adding, "a knife is valued for its edge, and not for its ebon handle." Thus, even her praise, like everything else about her, was moral, instructive, and edifying.

From hence may not some preachers derive a lesson? When they preach before an individual or two of greater learning and talent than themselves, in order to suit and please *them*, how often are they tempted to overlook the body of the congregation, and to drop familiar illustrations and striking applications, which would be useful to the common people and the poor! But, first, are hearers, merely on account of literary or intellectual endowments, deserving of such exclusive, or at least peculiar, reference and regard? And, secondly, are even such personages always, or commonly, pleased with such (shall I call it?) flattery or partiality? If they have anything like piety and benevolence, as well as personal distinction, they will always commend a discourse which is best adapted to benefit the people at large. Such an aim, therefore, has frequently failed of its purpose; and the mistaken preacher has been unprofitable to the many, and not acceptable to the select few. What case is there in which he who walketh uprightly does not walk surely? And in what does not God honor those that

honor him? Perhaps a personal allusion here may hardly be allowable; otherwise I would say that, as I have had more opportunities of addressing such peculiar individuals than some of my brethren, so I was never induced by their presence to alter the manner of my preaching, which I had been led from conviction to adopt; and I never found that I had cause to repent of my consistency.

Besides Mrs. More's attendance on my ministry, she did (oh! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon!) she did, one Sabbath (oh, let that day be darkness! let not God regard it from above!) she did—affected by the discourse she had been hearing on the love of Christ, and feeling powerfully inclined to remain, and join with those who were just going to commemorate the death of their common Saviour—she actually did stay, and partake with them!

The offence, it would seem, was not repeated. She, therefore, years after, applied to me, by Mr. H——, for a kind of certificate that she had only received the communion in Argyle Chapel *once*; saying, that it was not with her for a moment a question of *right* or *wrong*, but of *truth* or *falsehood*, for the Anti-Jacobin Review and other enemies had charged her with the thing as her *common* practice; whilst she, whenever asked, had said it was a *single* deed.

The affair itself excited much animadversion and censure at the time, and also since. There was also some misrepresentation of the fact itself. Dr. Valpy, in particular, in his reminiscences, has related the account of this *awful* transaction, given him, he says, by Mrs. More herself. I am far, very far indeed, from accusing such a man of wilful misstatement; but,

could I believe in the exactness of the relation, I should despise, as much as I now respect, the memory of Mrs. More, whose veracity and honor were unimpeachable. The inaccuracy of the *circumstances*, therefore, was doubtless casual, and probably arose, after a distance of time, from indistinctness in remembering a conversation too trifling, in such an article, to have made a very deep impression upon so occupied and candid a mind as that of Dr. Valpy.

The late Mr. Owen, Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, assured me he was once present at the table of Bishop Porteus, when this affair was mentioned in a way not very friendly to Mrs. More. The narrator had enlarged the thing, and several clergymen present had much censured it; but his Lordship, stripping off the additions, and stating the case precisely as it took place, and which he could do, from his intimacy with Mrs. More, said, with a smile, "This is the front of the offending; but it had been better, especially for the sake of her friends, not to have done it."

This, from such a quarter, was rather candid; but he might have said, as the late Rev. Richard Cecil did, when hearing of a similar accusation against a good churchman,—“Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he went into the house of God, and did eat the shew-bread, which it was not lawful to eat, only for the priests?”

And now, what do the spread of such clamors and the need of such denials and apologies imply? Is it a state of things which a mind imbued with the spirit of the New Testament can approve? Are we not only

to have our own convictions, but to forbid every one else to be fully persuaded in his own mind? Are we not only to *prefer* but to *exclude*? While our general practice shows our choice, are we by a single act to evince our charity? Are we to behave towards those we believe to be born of God, as if they were strangers and foreigners, and not our fellow-citizens, because they live in another street? Or, as not being of the household of faith, because, as children, they are not of the same growth; or, as servants, they are not in the same employment? Shall we resemble John or Jesus? John, who said,—“Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us?” Or Jesus, who said,—“Forbid him not; for there is no man who shall do a miracle in my name that can speak lightly of me; for he that is not against us is on our part?”

Two other questions may be asked:—*First*, As all the present distinctions and differences among Christians will be done away with hereafter, is an approach to the spirit and manners of that heavenly state to be considered an excellency or a disparagement now?

Secondly, If the Lord's supper were designed, as it obviously was, to unite the followers of Christ, reminding them, by the participation of the *same* bread and the *same* cup, that they are all equally partakers of the same symbolized benefits; is it not as strange as it is lamentable that this ordinance should even become the means or occasion of dividing them, and making them think and feel that they are not one in Christ Jesus? And whence is it that Christians can join in all other acts and exercises of religion, and turn from, and turn against, each other, when required to sit at

the same table, and eat and drink in remembrance of Him who died for them and rose again? Oh, let the same mind be in us which was also in Him, who stretched forth his hand towards his disciples, and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren. For *whosoever* shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the *same* is my *brother*, and *sister*, and *mother!*" And must we always be ashamed, and blush to own all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, unless we meet them in a particular place, or wearing a particular dress?

Some feel and display a better disposition, and form a noble contrast to many miserably contracted beings. Archbishop Usher, having expressed his sense of, what he apprehended, the deficiency of certain churches abroad, in being without *Episcopacy*, adds,—“ Yet, for the testifying of my communion with these churches, which I do love and honor as true members of the church universal, I do confess that, with like affection, I could receive the blessed sacrament at the hands of the Dutch ministers, if I were in Holland, and at the hands of the French ministers, if I were at Charenton.”

And the Rev. Baptist Noel, more honorable by his spirit than by his rank, though a clergyman of the church, even pleads for the possibility and propriety of an occasional exchange of services between the Episcopalians and Dissenters. And would this tend to destroy anything, but what is better abolished than maintained in our respective departments? This was formerly allowed in the Kirk of Scotland; and was it this that injured or endangered its institutions? The Free Church safely and nobly tolerates and promotes

the same practice now; and "as many as walk by this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God."

It is marvellous, but it seems there are those who profess to believe not only the truth, but the importance of evangelical principles, who can wish that Mrs. More, whose talents were to have such an extensive influence over others, should, at the formation of her spiritual character, rather never have heard those evangelical doctrines, than have heard them where she did hear them!

To return from this unintentional digression, which, yet, I found it almost impossible to avoid; I never knew a person in whom the words of our Lord were more exemplified:—"To him that hath shall be given;" or the promise by the prophet:—"Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord." She always lived up to the light she possessed, and a constant advancement was made in her acquaintance with "the truth as it is in Jesus." Her spiritual progress is perceptible in her successive publications; and this progressiveness, rather than more instant maturity, was attended with advantage, as many of those who were disposed to read *her* works could not bear everything in the Evangelical system at once. They required "milk, and not strong meat." She, therefore, laid hold of them in this degree of their knowledge, and led them on gradually by her side to the more perfect day. And in *this* view, I have met with some of more sudden and profound attainments in "the deep things of God," who have much underrated the amazing good she certainly accomplished; for her works were bought and read almost without measure.

I communicated, by request, and which may be seen in the last volume of her life, a few anecdotes concerning her, to which it would be easy to add more. Though she did not believe in absolute predestination, and loved the doctrine of universal redemption, she was peculiarly fond of perusing the works of the old Puritan and Nonconformist divines, whose sentiments, in these articles, differed from her own; and when asked how this was, she replied, "I find nothing so good as the lean of their fat." One day, as her letters came in, I saw she broke off the seals, and put them into a jar. I was anxious to know why she preserved them. "Ah," said she, "see the ingenuity of poverty; there are those who get a trifle towards their support by melting these into a secondary kind of wax." Was not this gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost? She one day wished to inform me of some very improper returns she had met with—from an afflicted pauper I had recommended to her beneficence; but she called me away from the company, lest they should hear, saying, "You know we must not speak of these things before persons, for they will make them excuses for their illiberality;" adding, "it is well, perhaps, for us to meet with such instances as these, to let us into a discovery of our motives in giving, and to remind us of our own vileness with regard to God; for what is the ingratitude of the worst of our fellow creatures towards *us*, compared with our ingratitude towards Him?"

I cannot, in fairness to Mrs. More and to myself, but notice what seems a remarkable circumstance. Towards the close of her memoirs it is said—"Mrs. More's regard for Mr. Jay is well known, and that she frequent-

ly attended his ministry for reasons which she has assigned in her address to her Diocesan, in a former volume." If a person should think it worth while to turn back to this document, they will find *no* reason assigned, or even the name of the preacher mentioned, but only a statement or defence of her true Churchism. What was inserted was correct, but the *explanation* is not found. Is this omission the effect of design? Or did it result from a presumption that no inquiry would be made? Or from an apprehension that anything she had favorably said to justify or excuse her attendance, might induce others also to offend? I hope, and would believe, that it was by mistake and oversight. However this may be, the whole of the address to his Lordship, with the addition of some extenuations of her supposed crime furnished by her sister, may be now seen in her life by the Rev. Mr. Thompson. This biographer, who has written with ability, knew not Mrs. More personally, and only came to the church at Wrigton as she was leaving the neighborhood, owing to the conduct of her servants and tradesmen, to reside at Clifton; and much of his information appears to have been derived from persons who could have known little of her earlier connections and habitudes. Yet, even with these partial accounts, Mr. Thompson finds no little difficulty in bringing her off a spotless *church-woman*; *i. e.*, in his meaning of the term. There is, therefore, as to many particulars, much misstatement.

This was the case also as to the "Blagdon Controversy." The clergyman of the parish, provoked to become her enemy, (and the less from any other cause than her evangelism and zeal, and her not exerting

herself to get him preferment,) endeavored, himself, and prevailed upon others to co-operate with him, to run her down for irregularity as a member of the Church, and encouraging sectarian practices. The case was this:—Though at length, very much by her influence, a number of evangelical clergymen surrounded her, and gladly acted with her, (they were called contemptuously by her adversaries “*Hannah More’s nine-pins*,” in allusion to their number,) yet it was not so when she began her efforts in the neighboring villages; and I have often heard her confess that what she did *then* was not only without clerical countenance and aid, but was opposed by them. But she established schools, and placed over them pious masters and mistresses, who not only taught the children to read, but to understand the simple truths of the Gospel.* They were also accustomed to pray with these children, and to address them occasionally, in plain and familiar language, concerning their souls and their duties. Sometimes, also, a hymn from Watts or Wesley was sung. During these exercises some of the ignorant rustics would now and then drop in, and listen, and feel a religious concern. When her parochial accuser published these things, with his colorings and enlargements, void of the circumstances of explanation or excuse, some took great alarm, and, eager for her defence, plunged incautiously into the dispute, and, judging only by what they knew of her *then*, they denied things which many living could not but own had been substantially true. She could not come for-

* She more than once applied to me to recommend such as, she said, would be called Methodists, adding, “I find none seem to do my poor children good beside.”

ward to contradict her injudicious friends, and she disdained entering into a conflict with her unworthy foes. In this dilemma her suffering and perplexity were great. Some of the results of this vile persecution led her to change, not her principles, but some of her movements and proceedings. She gave up her residence in Bath, and resigned her *worshipping intercourse* with some of her former connections; endeavoring by her future conduct, if possible, to cut off occasion of offence from many who were not only dear to her, but had contributed, and contributed still, largely in furtherance of her charities.

Here persons will differ in their opinions, and not a few have censured her. But she has always stood clear in my own mind. I am fully persuaded she acted conscientiously. She is to be viewed as a very extraordinary character, in a very peculiar situation, and whose duties must be judged of by circumstances. *She* only perfectly understood her own position; and, after reflection and comparison, she could not but act according to her own convictions. I well remember her saying,—“I throw myself upon the candor of that part of the religious public I as much esteem as ever, to exercise some spiritual self-denial, and which I find to be the most trying of all self-denials.” She, therefore, never withdrew her friendship; sent me, as usual, her books when they were published; and at last remembered me in her will.

My own testimony concerning her is,—and I speak advisedly, and from no little acquaintance and observation,—that her piety was equal to her talent, and that her talent was superior even to her fame. Genius is not commonly combined with a strong and hale

constitution. Mrs. More often suffered from indisposition; and often composed under aches and pains which would have entirely deterred others from the use of the pen.

Her poetical productions are few, compared with her prose, and her renown as a writer will be more derived from the latter than the former. Coleridge has remarked that, though the force of female genius might be supposed to lie chiefly in imagination, yet, into the long standard list of English poets, no female author has been thought worthy of admission, while so many of them have been distinguished as novelists and dramatists; and he asks whether this does not prove that other qualities are as necessary to good poetry as what is called imagination? But may we not venture to ask whether this non-admission of females has in no degree arisen from the empire and jealousy of the lords of the creation? Surely, some one of our females deserves a place among the canonized bards, equal to that of *some* of the poetical privileged males?

By nothing, perhaps, did Mrs. More do more good, or display her talents to more advantage, than by throwing herself into the social feelings and habits of the common people, in the series of tracts she published for their use. I remember being present when she started the proposal. It was at her own house, and at a breakfast party. The company was large and select.* They were asked by her their opinion of the

* It was on this occasion I first met with the famous John Foster. He was silent all the morning.—(The Editors think it not improbable that it was to this meeting Mr. Foster alluded in one of his letters to Dr. Fawcett, dated Bristol, Oct. 15, 1791. "Life and Correspondence of John Foster," Vol. I. p. 16: "A few days since, in

probable circulation and usefulness of a number of cheap, short, and familiar publications, especially as they might become a substitute for the poor, licentious, and injurious trash found on stalls, and vended by hawkers. When all naturally approved of the scheme, and doubted not of its success, Mrs. More, as a specimen of the sort and quality of the articles intended, produced "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," which she had composed for the purpose. I was called upon to read it. This I did, not without difficulty, being affected to tears with some of its exquisite touches. This probably was not unpleasant to the writer; but all were delighted with the simple and beautiful fictitious tale. I say "fictitious," for it was not, as often supposed, founded in fact. A multitude of these tracts

company with Mr. Hughes, I spent a day with Mrs. Hannah More. She, with four other sisters, all unmarried, reside at the distance of about ten miles from the city. They are all very sensible and agreeable, but she is quite interesting. She was familiarly acquainted with *Johnson*, and many other distinguished persons who are dead, and is equally well known to most of the geniuses of the present day. Perhaps her poetical abilities, though acknowledged very great, form one of the least of her excellences. If piety and beneficence can give lustre to a character, hers is transcendent. She lives in a kind of retirement, little noticed, except by her distant friends; and, in conjunction with her sisters, whose minds are congenial with her own, employs most of her time in benevolent undertakings, in visiting the poor, furnishing them with necessaries, and procuring instruction for their ignorant children, at the very time that she could figure among poetesses and peeresses. Some of her undertakings, in the design, conduct, difficulties, and success, are so very remarkable, and discover such evident interpositions of Divine Providence, that they almost assume the air of romance. If I ever saw the spirit of the Redeemer and his religion realized, it is in her conversation and character. I expect the pleasure of visiting her to be pretty often repeated.")

soon followed. I need not mention that many of them were not of *her* composition. Several of them were written by her sisters, Sally and Patty, and more by other friendly helpers; and though none of them can compete with her own, they were all valuable and useful.*

Did this lead, by example and reflection, to the establishment of "The Tract Society," in London, which has become so vast, and useful an institution?

In these composures, and some larger publications of a similar kind, Mrs. More has been charged with partiality; and there is some ground for it. In her sketches of good and evil characters, the excellences are almost always exemplified in members of her own Church, while defects and improprieties are found in the adherents to Methodism and Dissent. Her reading, her personal acquaintances, her judgment, her candor, should have prevented this. There is no perfection on this side heaven.

Mr. Hill, in his "Dialogues," is thought by some to have erred in the other extreme, especially in his clerical bad examples; though it should be remembered how much many of the reverends *then* differed from the same class *now*. Do not all parties need a word behind them, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it,"

* Among the private papers of Mrs. More was found an interesting record which she made on the completion of this series of useful publications:—"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, that I have been spared to accomplish this work! Do thou, oh Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many; and, if it do good, may I give to thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects. I have devoted three years to this work. Two millions of these tracts were disposed of during the first year. God works by weak instruments, to show that the glory is all His own."

when they turn to the right hand, or when they turn to the left?

I sometimes met at Mrs. More's house and table the celebrated Alexander Knox, who has more than noticed me as a preacher in one of his letters to Bishop Jebb. I remember well his once specially introducing his views of Justification; when Mrs. More, though less enlightened then than afterwards, made no scruple to express her dissent, and alleged several scriptures with great propriety. If he did not believe in baptismal regeneration, he talked very ambiguously upon it. Indeed, from my personal intercourse, and my subsequent perusal of his letters and papers, I have thought he helped to prepare the way for Puseyism.

At Mrs. More's, too, I also repeatedly met Sir James Stonehouse. He was formerly a physician of note at Northampton. At that time he was a hearer, and the intimate friend of Dr. Doddridge, in speaking of whom I recollect his observing the amazing influence and readiness of his mind. "We sometimes," said he, "for a little excursion and recreation, left home together, for a week or a fortnight; and, after exploring the sceneries and curiosities of places in the course of the day, he frequently preached in some meeting in the evening to a crowded assembly, without time for retirement, without notes, without fatigue; with an ease, an order, an accuracy, and a fervor, truly astonishing." Yet he professed to prefer Orton to Doddridge as a sermonizer, and indeed to every other English divine! I believe he much coalesced with him in sentiment.

Rather late in life, he left his professional engagements, and entered the Establishment, and became

vicar of Cheveril, in Wiltshire, where the Rev. Mr. Stedman was his curate, to whom, by his desire, Orton addressed a small volume of letters, which were afterwards published, and which are well worthy the attention of every young minister.

I first became acquainted with him while residing at Clifton, and when serving Lady Maxwell at Hope Chapel. He lived in ——— Row, and occasionally preached in a chapel-of-ease in ——— Square, where he was much followed. His access to this pulpit he assigned as the reason why he could never appear in the place I occupied, as prejudice might deprive him of much opportunity for usefulness, though he paid for the sitting of his servant, and his daughter, Mrs. Vigo, who attended my ministry. When he first came to Bath he was very schismatical himself, for I believe he always attended in our conventicle. But religion lives, and moves, and has its being in various degrees. He was a good man, with too little spirituality, and too keen an appetite for human praise; therefore Mr. Hervey, whom he attended as a physician, said to him, when dying, "Dr. Stonehouse, beware of the world! beware of the world! beware of the world!" His sentiments were the skim-milk of the Gospel; but he must be classed as belonging to the Evangelical Clergy, though very near the border that separates them from others.

As an author, he wrote only a few small, useful tracts for the afflicted and dying; but, as a preacher, he was famed for his eloquence, and still more for the admirable manner in which he read the prayers; in which, he said, he had availed himself of the dictation of Garrick. He was a very sensible and accomplished

man, yet noted for excessive egotism, but for which he would have been a more delightful and edifying companion.

I can, perhaps, be hardly excused for intruding the following letter, the last I ever received from Mrs. More; but it pleasingly displays traits of her more private character, and affords another proof her kind and constant friendship:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I know not how to express the gratitude I feel for the very excellent works you have had the goodness to bestow upon me. To feel deeply their inestimable value, and to offer my fervent prayers to the Almighty Giver of every good gift, are all I *can* do. May He enlighten and strengthen me more and more by the constant perusal. Your last bounty, the new edition of your Prayers, with the valuable additions, is a great additional treasure. We fell upon it with a keen appetite this morning, and I hope I shall be the better for it as long as I live.

My truly pious friend, Mr. Elven, who is my chief spiritual visitor, said, when I showed him your volumes, “Mr. Jay has more ideas than any man I ever knew.” I could not prevail on myself to keep this remark from you. I thought my hard necessity to leave Barley Wood was a great trial, but it has pleased my gracious God to overrule it to my great comfort and benefit. I was there almost destitute of all spiritual advantages; here I find four ministers of great piety, who are much attached to me, and who supply my want of public attendance at church.

It was a very agreeable surprise to me to see your good lady, and I was grieved that the largeness of the party (almost all strangers) prevented my attention to her, which was so justly her due. I beg to offer my most kind regards to her.

I hope you will have the goodness to remember me at the Throne of Grace; no one stands more in need of your prayers than, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful
And highly obliged
Friend and Servant,
HANNAH MORE.

Clifton.—Saturday, 1829.

The following lines have never yet appeared in print. They were addressed by Mrs. More to the celebrated and pious Miss Steel, of Broughton, Hampshire, during her visit, and after they had walked to Dansbury Hill, an ancient camp, near which, according to tradition, a battle had been fought between the Saxons and the Danes. Miss Steel having written a poem entitled "Dansbury," Mrs. More gathered there a sprig of juniper, for which she thus apologized:—

"Sylvia, forgive thy daring friend,
And do not take it ill,
If her presuming hand has plucked
A wreath from Dansbury Hill.

Yet, though I much admire the gifts
Thy genius can impart,
Far rather, Sylvia, would I steal
One virtue from thy heart.

And who, fair Sylvia, do you think,
Would blame the moral theft?
One virtue you would scarcely miss,
Who'd have so many left!"

At the time when Mrs. More was so cruelly persecuted by the Rev. Mr. B——n, and the Rev. Mr. S——n, and Mr. E——ds, (not to mention others,) Peter Pindar was in his popularity; he also insinuated his unprovoked slanders and ridicule, and endeavored to rob her of her fame as an author; upon the reading of which a member of my church wrote the following severe and deserved address, and published it in the papers:—

TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ., ON READING HIS "NIL ADMIRARI," ETC.

This is not candid in thee, Peter Pindar ;
 'Tis a fresh blot upon thy dubious name,
 To envy that applause thou canst not hinder,
 And blast a woman's literary fame.

'Tis very contradictious in thee, Peter ;
 It looks unmanly, and betrays thy spleen,
 To insult a female, and with scorn to treat her !
 It blunts the edge of satire, else so keen.

'More has no genius,' Peter says ; moreover,
 'She has no claim to merit, not the least ;'
 Yet in her style improved, thou canst discover,
 She must have been assisted by a priest.

If mental powers which Garrick could admire,—
 If talents that command a Portia's praise,
 May without arrogance to fame aspire,
 Her claim is good, whatever Peter says.

Thy judgment, Peter, comes, I guess, too late ;
 Its prompt applause a virtuous public gave her ;
 Nor will thy wicked wit reverse her fate,
 Or cancel that decision in her favor.

But, let the public as it may decide,
 There is a dread tribunal, Peter, hear—
 Where thou, and all thy actions shall be tried,
 And what thy doom will be I greatly fear.

Believe me, Peter, all thy ridicule
 Will turn to very poor account at best ;
 Thou hast for many years but played the fool,
 And prostituted genius to a jest.

That man's a simpleton who flings away
 The precious grain, and only hoards the chaff ;
 And he's no better, flout it as he may,
 Who squanders his whole life to raise a laugh.

Try to repair the past; reform thy plan;
Conscience will tell thee thou hast acted wrong;
Assume the moral dignity of man,
And give to virtue all thy powers of song.

Bath, Nov. 7, 1799.

ANYBTON.

REV. ROWLAND HILL, A.M.

“ Grant some of knowledge greater store,
More learned some in teaching ;
Yet few in life did lighten more,
Or thunder more in preaching.”

WHEN I preached the funeral sermon of this very singular, but excellent and useful man, immediately after the service, Lord Hill, to whom I dedicated the sermon, several ministers of different denominations, and some of the trustees and managers of the chapel, came into the house, and intimated that I should be expected to write a memoir of the deceased. Some of them, I found, had taken it for granted that I had long been preparing for such a work, and that I had many materials by me for the purpose. I assured them the thought had never entered into my mind; but they pressed it upon me, on the ground that I had been connected with him so long, and knew more of him than any other surviving minister. I was then (and it had affected me in the preaching) suffering under the *influenza*, and everything appeared trying; and I could not be unconscious of the difficulty of doing justice to so peculiar a character, and of giving satisfaction to many of his admirers. I, therefore, came under no other engagement than to consider the proposal. This

I did on my return home; and, as the formidableness of the affair lessened, and I knew that I was not *wholly* or *comparatively* unqualified for the performance, I yielded, and had even written a few pages, when I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Sidney, informing me that Mrs. Hill, the evening before her death, had urged him, and that Mr. Hill by will had appointed him to be his biographer. I was thus, and not ungladly, relieved from the arduous task. Mr. Sidney soon fulfilled his appointment; and, after *his* publication, Mr. Jones, of the Tract Society, also sent forth another Life. I was pleased with both these works, the latter of which had the most of specific delineation; yet the public, never very easily satisfied, seemed to think there was wanting more individuality. There can, indeed, be no character without individuality; but it should have been considered that a writer, in *this instance*, could not go all lengths, or enter into all the *particularizations* which the subject would supply, without offence. There is an idiosyncrasy in mind as well as body; and, if the one tries physical, so does the other moral, anatomy. There are persons uniquely framed and disposed, called, by a distinguished author, "unclassed anomalies," and who constitute the *corps particulier* of exceptions to general rules.

Mr. Hill's life would be written at some distance of time from his death better than near it, as in the meantime some *innocent* peculiarities and facetiousness, which many observers might deem exceptionable in a sacred character, would wane away or strike less; whilst his great excellences and usefulness would remain, and be more prominent and distinct.

It may not be amiss to mention two mistakes, or in-

advertencies, which have crept into these valuable pieces of biography. The one regards Mr. Hill's *ecclesiastics*. He much disliked strict Independency; but he could not be considered properly as an Episcopalian, in the common or prelatical acceptation of the term. He might not, with many others, have objected to such a bishop as Usher's *primus inter pares*, having nothing to do with secular affairs, appointed by the state, chosen by his brethren for his age, talent, and piety, and residing in the midst of his diocese; and he did at first *submit* to the state of things in the Establishment as they are, *partially*—I say *partially*, for he only received deacon's orders, not accepting those of priest, on the condition alone by which he could obtain them, *viz.*, *regularity*; and so, as his drollery expressed it, he ran off with only *one boot on*; nor was he an enemy to some state-provision for the instruction of the people. But from conviction he preferred Presbyterianism. I cannot be mistaken here, from my intimacy and conversations with him on the very subject. At my last interview with him, a very few weeks only before his death, he unexpectedly said, "Ah, Mr. Jay, Presbyterianism comes much nearer the original and Scriptural model than your Independency or our Episcopacy;" and, stroking his face in his usual way, added, "You *know* this was *always* my sentiment." The last time he preached in Bath, he spent the evening with a large party, before whom he explicitly made the same acknowledgment. It was hence he so much liked the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, as their plan and measures (though not in name) approximated to the system he *most* approved.

The other piece of misinformation regards his inti-

macy with Mr. Whitfield. This is everywhere admitted, as if it were a generally known fact. But when and where did any personal intercourse take place between them? The truth is, though Mr. W. wrote a letter to Mr. Hill, encouraging him to continue his field-preaching, yet they never met; and I have often heard Mrs. Hill affirm how mistaken many persons were, for that her husband had never *heard* or *seen* Mr. Whitfield. Neither of these things is of much importance, but it is better that each of them should appear as it really was.

My long acquaintance with this noted man commenced when I was yet a student at Marlborough; before I left, or ought to have left, the Academy, he engaged me to go to supply Surrey Chapel for eight weeks. I did this with the approbation of my tutor; and, as I proved acceptable, Mr. Hill much wished me to enter immediately into an entire connection with him, dividing my labors between London and Wotton-under-Edge, and Haverfordwest; and several other places which were then more or less under his management and control. This I was induced to decline; but, as he seemed disappointed, and rather displeased, at my refusal, I promised, if he desired it, to occupy his pulpit in town for eight Sabbaths annually. This was done rather thoughtlessly; as, after I became a pastor, I found the time too long to be absent at once from the people of my charge; yet, for nearly forty years, I did this; after which I was constrained to reduce my visit to six Sabbaths, and then to four, and then to three; and, upon Mr. Hill's death, with whom my engagement was originally made, I entirely gave up the connection, wishing also to afford more of my

extra services to the demands of country applications, as well as to secure, if possible, a little relaxation and leisure in the season, at the sea-side :

*“ Juniores ad labores,
Solve senectutem.”*

Mr. Hill not only built the large Surrey Chapel, where so many souls have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and such large sums raised in the cause of God and the poor, and where there is even now a vast congregation and church prospering under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Sherman;* but also a large tabernacle at Wotton-under-Edge, where God, amidst much opposition at first, had peculiarly blessed his preaching. Here several individuals of respectability were converted, and a numerous church was formed, distinguished by much spirituality and zeal, and which is now in a more thriving condition than ever, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Knill.† Adjoining the tabernacle, Mr. Hill built also a dwelling-house, in which he resided the summer half of the year. But during this season his labors were not confined to Wotton, but frequently extended to various other places in England and Wales.

My friend and tutor, Cornelius Winter, was acquainted with him years before I had seen him, and from his lips I have derived many anecdotes, especial-

* Mr. Sherman has recently resigned the charge of the congregation at Surrey Chapel, and been succeeded by the Rev. Newman Hall.

† Mr. Knill has, since Mr. Jay wrote, removed to Chester, and been succeeded at Wotton-under-Edge by the Rev. J. T. Feaston, during whose residence the Tabernacle has been rebuilt, and the cause greatly prospered.

ly concerning his earlier history; one of which, as I frequently heard him mention it, I will undeviatingly relate. Mr. Winter was laboring in Bristol when Mr. Hill first came there. He preached much out of doors; and, as he was young, and a gentleman's son, and betrayed no little wit and humor, which seemed natural to him, he awakened great attention, and crowds followed him. Mr. Winter much ministered unto him, reminding him of his engagements, and attending him in his movements. In another way he was serviceable to him. As he wished to go preaching from place to place, a horse became necessary; and Mr. Winter collected the money that bought one, which, when it was presented to him, and he would know whence it came, he naturally at first declined it, saying he could not think of being under obligation to persons who could not afford it; but Mr. Winter assured him that no one would suffer by so trifling a sacrifice; and that all would feel themselves honored by his acceptance of it for the service of Christ (and the expense was not great, for it was a poor kind of *Rosinante*). But for awhile it bore this man of God about in those neighborhoods. Mr. Winter also more than once obtained for him a little pecuniary supply for his present wants. For at this time he had straits; and was it not to his honor that he *subjected* himself to these, not by vice, but in order to do good to his perishing fellow-creatures, and when he might have been enjoying every kind of indulgence at home? For his offended father withheld for a season all support; and, to bring him back from his wild wanderings, his brother (afterwards Sir Richard Hill) was sent to Bristol. But, lo and behold! when he came, and had seen the grace of God,

he was so struck with young Rowland's spirit and usefulness, that he not only omitted the design of his mission, but Saul also was amongst the prophets, and he actually began preaching himself; and I have known many who heard him hold forth in his usual colored dress. How often have I seen cottages and chambers in which this minister of God has been satisfied to eat and sleep, which some not born gentlemen would be very unwilling to put up with!

As Mr. Hill was an educated man, so his talents were very superior to what many may imagine. He had an uncommon quickness of apprehension, which will account for the great fund of general knowledge which he possessed; though he never seemed to study anything, or to read any book attentively through,—yet there was no subject upon which he seemed unable to speak; though in discourse he could never be kept long to any one point. His sentiments were Calvinistic, but his Calvinism never ran to seed. He was not so high in doctrine as his brother, Sir Richard; nor so low as his brother, the Rev. Briant Hill. He was not afraid to address sinners; and when, in a particular place, as he was leaving the vestry to go into the pulpit, one officiously hinted to him, that they preached *there* only to the elect: "Well," said he, "neither will I, if you'll go and set a mark upon them."

There was nothing he was so anxious to prevent as the abuse of Gospel-grace. Who has not witnessed his abhorrence of Antimonianism? Of later years, indeed, he was led to notice its adherents too often, and too much. For they were unworthy of his attention; and as they were sure from prejudice not to hear

him, it was trying for others to suffer for their sakes. Never did a minister more deserve the character of a Gospel-preacher. Without being censorious, a hearer would sometimes be perplexed to characterize some men's pulpit performances. James the First, on hearing a discourse in which the preacher had much of politics, turned to Bishop Andrews, and said, "My lord, is this to be considered a sermon, or not?" To which he replied, "May it please your majesty, it may pass for one by a very charitable construction." And Louis XVI. is reported, after hearing one of his chaplains, to have said, "This preacher would have left nothing out of his sermon, if he had happened to touch upon religion."

But no candor or allowance was necessary in judging of Mr. Hill's discourse. There was not one of them but more than touched upon the sole theme of the Apostle's ministry, "Jesus Christ and him crucified"—"the Lord our righteousness and strength;" whatever his subject was, it was sure, before its close, to exhale forth something of the "savor of the Redeemer's knowledge."

As Mr. Hill is not to be tried by ordinary rules, and as he is not likely to become a precedent or example, (for who ever again is likely to be *constituted* or *circumstanced* like him?) we may the more freely speak of his character and ministry.

He has, in his own odd way, in one of his dialogues, spoken of three kinds of preachers, the *tap-cask*, the *slop-dash*, and the *slap-dash*. By the first he means preachers distinguished by tame and inert feebleness; without faults, but also destitute of all energy of thought or force of expression,—as Shakspeare would

say, fit to "chronicle small beer." By the second, he means preachers marked by strong things in doctrine, but loose, and hazardous, and extravagant in representation; aiming at great effect by the noise of manner and the conceits of folly. But by the third, the *slap-dashers*, he meant preachers whose addresses were attended by an artificial and often abrupt manner; with sudden and bold allusions and stirring anecdotes; and rough and homely familiarities of expression, and flashes of imagination and passion; preachers who, despising formality, and aiming at impressiveness, if not offending, sometimes alarming, taste; yet keep within the bounds of truth and *general* propriety. This third species, as differing from the two former, was the kind of preaching which Mr. Hill intended to recommend, and to practice. Let us see how far he exemplified it.

And here, while we would not plead for anything improper, by whatever authority it has been sanctioned; so neither shall we censure anything against which mere fastidiousness, or affectation, or prejudice, may object. There may be a negligence of style which betrays a nobleness of mind, a mind too much impressed with things to be at liberty to attend to the nicety and order of words; though here another extreme is to be avoided, and plainness of dress is not to let in the disgust of slatternliness.

The goodness (we speak now only of the goodness of their composition) of public discourses, depends much upon their adaptation to the audience addressed, and the aim the speaker has in view. Mr. Hill always wished to be considered the Apostle of the common people, in resemblance of Him whom the common

people heard gladly, and in whose teaching "the poor had the Gospel preached unto them." But he who undertakes *this* work of faith and labor of love, will find that he has not to address angels, or sometimes hardly men. He will need to learn the advice which Isocrates was wont to give his pupils,—“Study the people;” or that which Cromwell gave to his soldiers,—“Fire low.” Had his men fired high, they would have done no more execution than some of our préachers who shoot over their hearers’ heads.

The eloquence of the pulpit cannot be, in the nature of things, philosophical; but is it rhetorical? The feelings are always eloquent; but they cannot be learned in the schools. “Rhetoric,” says Coleridge, “is the creature of art, which he who *feels* less will most excel in. It is the quackery of eloquence, abounding with specious but *mere* pretensions. Eloquence was ruined after it began to be taught by sophists and grammarians in the schools.” If the wish and aim of a preacher should be mere eloquence, he would do well to remember the observation of Mr. Hall:—“A consummate orator is a character which we despair of ever seeing perfectly associated with that of a Christian teacher. The minister of the Gospel is called to declare the testimony of God, which is always weakened by a profuse employment of the ornaments of secular eloquence. The imagination is too much excited and employed by those exquisite paintings and nice touches of art, not to interfere with the awful functions of conscience;—the hearer is absorbed in admiration, and the exercise which ought to be the instrument of conviction becomes a feast of taste. It is a strong objection to a studied attempt at oratory

in the pulpit, that it naturally induces a neglect of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, where the preacher feels himself restrained, and is under the necessity of explaining texts, of obviating objections, and elucidating difficulties, which limit the excursions of imagination; and not only confine, but break his fine expatiations in the flowery field of declamation."

Hume observes, that the speaker who most powerfully affects the mass of an audience, ought to be considered the greatest orator. And Dr. Campbell says,—"We readily admit, and zealously contend, that nothing can be more opposite to a just notion of eloquence than a rule to exclude familiar and very humble objects and topics from all intervention in the illustration of great subjects." Under the direction of genius, very common, and even mean matters may be conjured up into marvellous appositeness, and dignified services.

To return :—These remarks are not impertinent. They will prepare us to go forward, and will serve in a measure to explain, and in a degree to defend, the preacher before us.

Mr. Hill was not, as many think, who have only heard of him by report, that lying tale-bearer, a mere boisterous bawler. He was sometimes loud, and occasionally even vehement; but in common his voice only rose with his subject; and it was easy to perceive that it was commonly influenced and regulated by his thoughts and feelings. He was not like those who strain and roar *always*, and *equally*, having no more energy or emphasis for one thing than another. As the parts of a subject most vary, some being more tender, some more awful, some more plain, and some

more abstruse, a uniformity of vehemence must be unnatural; it is obviously mechanical; and will, after awhile, have only a kind of automaton effect.

Mr. Hill had an assistant that erred this way, and I remember how he one day reprov'd him. "J——," said he, "you yelp like a puppy as soon as you get into the field; but I am an older hound, and do not wish to cry till I have started running."

As many things said of him were entirely false, so some that were true were much enlarged and aggravated. But he had many freedoms in the pulpit which could not be entirely justified. These were commonly the effects of his engaging with little or no premeditated preparation. He never wrote anything like an outline, or even seemed to have attempted to methodize his thoughts. Three things have often made me wonder at his continual neglect of this:—*First*. That it arose not from inability. He *could* think, and think consecutively and orderly, as appears from his Dialogues,—a species of writing in which he excelled, and which requires no small degree of reflection, forecast, and comparison. *Secondly*. That he was not urged to more previous arrangement and readiness, from his suffering so much, which I know he occasionally, if not frequently, *did*, from his embarrassments in his work, and his uneasiness after it was over. And, *Thirdly*. That his piety did not constrain him, by reflecting what a talent was given him, in having the care of a thousand people committed to him; and what a duty it was to use it to the best possible advantage.

His text seldom much confined him. I heard his brother, Sir Richard, complaining of this, and making this just remark,—“When a man gives out a text, he

raises my expectation to hear *that* text explained, and improved; and I feel disappointed if I hear as good or better things from any other words."

Yet, though I think a method, in a way of divisions, (not multiplied,) is a great aid to the preacher and the hearer, the meaning of a text may be substantially treated without it; and Mr. Hill would sometimes, by a few bold thoughts, strike out most powerfully the spirit of a passage. The most original and brilliant sentiments I ever heard him deliver, escaped from him in his loosest harangues, and when his mind was void of all sense of effort. Indeed, when a preacher who extemporizes much is in a good frame of mind, and thought flows freely and easily, he will feel more fresh and lively than one who has anticipated and familiarized his subject by premeditation; but, at other times, having nothing to support him, or to start from, he is perplexed by effort, or reduced to very commonplace. So true it is, as Lord Brougham says, that "he who studies, and is most prepared, always extemporizes best."

I have observed that, while divisions of the subject were to others only as the banks of a river, which do not hinder, but guide and accelerate the stream; all Mr. Hill's attempts at arrangement, if he had made any, would have been like throwing something across the current, which impeded and made it run astray.

He was in danger from another quarter. *Wit*, it has been said, is a quality which more instantly and irresistibly pleases and captivates than any other attribute of a speaker. We need not wonder, therefore, if the possessor of this endowment should be tempted to use it unduly and unseasonably. How hard must it have

been for Mr. Hill to leave his humor behind him when he entered the pulpit! This was, indeed, overruled for good, and the expectation of hearing something droll and witty drew many to hear him, who, though they came to laugh, returned to pray. But Mr. Hill himself was not unconscious of the danger *here*. In his sermon on the death of the Rev. Mr. Roquet of Bristol, he says,—“Amid all these amiable endowments, is it to be wondered at if one hears a distant hint, as if now and then my dear loved friend might have been supposed to have made somewhat of a small elopement from that cheerfulness which is truly Christian, towards a disposition too nearly bordering upon a turn of pleasantry, which might have needed a little more of the spirit of solemnity? With the greatest delicacy I mention this hint, and am glad to cover it with the mantle of love, *by lamenting before you all the same weakness. A lively, active disposition is too apt to lead into this mistake. In many things we offend, and it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.*”

A man should never dive who cannot swim. Mr. Hill could come up again; and we have often seen the smile which he excited soon followed by the dropping tear. Yet these outbreaks of wit and humor sometimes gave offence, and caused his good to be evil spoken of; and it must be owned that his ideas, like rich clusters of grapes, sometimes, for want of proper support, fell down and were soiled upon the ground. But, though you could not tie the wings or guide the flight of the eagle in his preaching, it was otherwise with his prayers. There was nothing eccentric, nothing of levity there. They were even singularly

solemn, serious, and devotional; and they had also two other good qualities. They were always *short*, and also free from the introduction of *very particular cases*, which endangers devotion by awakening curiosity, and embarrasses the preacher by the difficulty of properly wording them.

I do not think with some that *candor* was one of Mr. Hill's greatest qualities. Among his own immediate connections, he expected implicit submission, and his will was law. Of other parties, who differed from him, he could speak freely.* He did not always distinguish between bigotry and regularity, nor consider that persons were not to be run down as illiberal because they acted conscientiously, and did not feel themselves at liberty to tread in all his steps. Johnson

* He was commonly not very candid or courteous toward our Baptist friends, and would use severe, if not insulting things, when he administered the ordinance of infant baptism. One evening he preached at our association at Bath. On these occasions our brethren of all denominations mingle. His sermon was not only very loose and unconnected, but irritating and reflective towards the Baptists, many of whom were present; so that their minister, Mr. P——, instantly left the place, and never could be prevailed upon to hear him again. The case was, he had come down from Chippenham in the afternoon, where they had told him of the indiscretions and influence of some not very well accredited Baptist preacher. This prepossessed his mind; he could think of nothing else, and for the time speak of nothing else. And this leads me to observe how much depended always, as to his preaching, upon the company and conversation of the persons he immediately left to go into the pulpit. These would commonly give a turn or a tincture to the sermon. His wisest and best friends knew this, and would be concerned to bring forward nothing but what would rather aid than injure him. Upon this principle, he always preached best of a Sunday morning, when the bloom was not rubbed off, and he only left the company of prophets and apostles.

surprised some when he was in Scotland, by calling a man who seemed to lay stress upon nothing, "a bigot to laxness."

But too much cannot be said of his benevolence and beneficence. Tenderness and kindness seemed inherent in his very nature; and they were nourished and strengthened by the spirit of the religion which he so eminently possessed. He did good to the beast, and his feeling for the brutes sometimes showed itself in ways which many would be almost ready to ridicule; but it bespoke the sensibility of his disposition.* And not only did the enthusiast and fanatic (as some supposed him to be) regard the souls of men, but their bodies and outward estate. Hence his frequent collections for the poor, and his visiting their lowly sheds, and teaching them arts and habits of economy. Hence he built tenements for the indigent at Wotton, and alms-houses for widows in London. Hence he even learned vaccination, and always carried lymph with him, and performed upon hundreds, if not thousands, in the towns and villages he visited in preaching.

"I have seen an end of all perfection;" and my friend had failings. The greatest of these I ever observed in him was an extremely quick sense of any injury or offence, and allowing it to *linger* about his spirit. The offence, too, was sometimes supposed, rather than real, or credited on the evidence of some tattler, or busybody, who often beset him, and were not sufficiently frowned off. His high regard for mor-

* Thus he had what he called a Frogery and Toadery at the bottom of his orchard, where he said these poor creatures would marry and be given in marriage, and live an unpersecuted and merry life.

al consistency would be enough to make one impropriety, or indiscretion, undo much of an opposite quality, and where there was anything actually peccable in the character of a professor, or especially a minister, the spirituality and purity of his mind would render it more intolerable to him than it would be to many men.

With too little discrimination many of his striking sayings and allusions have been published. If I were required to add to them, I should not repeat many of his homespun, familiar, lowly, and very simple images and illustrations; but only try to distinguish the flowers he gathered off the bank from those which occasionally he drew from the ditch. Yet here it is very probable I should be too fastidious for some, and admit and admire too much for others. In one of his sermons he was speaking of the value of the Gospel from its *relative* aim and influence. "It makes," says he, "husbands better husbands, and wives better wives; parents better parents, children better children; masters better masters, and servants better servants; in a word, I would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it!" Every one could not have uttered this, but I received it from no less a person than Mr. Wilberforce, who heard it himself, and who remarked that, while probably everything else he said that evening was long ago forgotten, no one would ever forget this.

Preaching at one of our Associations, and seeing several ministers present who were belligerents, he gave an arch look towards them, and said, "I am afraid some preachers will die of the fat rot."

Not very long before his death, meeting an acquaint-

ance who was nearly as aged as himself, he said, "If you and I don't march off soon, our friends yonder" (looking upwards) "will think we have lost our way."

Reading in my pulpit the words of the woman at the well, "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans,"—looking off, as if he saw the parties themselves, he exclaimed, "But the devil has had dealings enough with both of you."

He one day said, "When I was in Scotland I found many parties all very clever and zealous in defending their own tenets, and distinguishing between their *Sibboleths* and *Shibboleths*. There were the Lifters and the anti-Lifters. These were divided by the action of the minister in the sacramental elements,—viz., whether, in the consecration of them at the table, he should lift them up or not. One of their pastors was ordained by imposition of hands; but one of the elders could not reach *his* hand far enough to impose it on the head of the candidate, and so he put along his cane. This," says he, "did equally well; it was timber to timber."

I never thought Mr. Hill particularly happy in the introduction of many of his anecdotes. As far as wit, humor, or drollery was concerned, he invariably succeeded; but sometimes they were abruptly brought in, in consequence of the failure of subject-matter to go on with; and Mr. Hill's voice, though good and strong, was not versatile and pathetic, so as to make the circumstance of the incident to "touch and tell." Herein he was inferior to Whitfield. Though he had more stoutness, and firmness, and independence of mind than Whitfield, he had not the same softness and sensibility; while Whitfield's voice was incomparable, not only distinct and loud, but abounding with every kind

of inflection, and perfectly under the power of the owner; so that he could render everything he expressed, however common or insignificant in itself, striking and affecting. How many proofs and instances of this did I receive from my friend and tutor, Mr. Winter, who related them from his own observation and hearing! I lament I did not receive more of them from his mouth. At this moment I remember two of them, which, as specimens, I will exactly relate.

On going to preach at Bristol Tabernacle, he began his series of sermons on the eve of Bristol fair. His text was Isaiah, lv. 1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The congregation was large. Thus he began:—"My dear hearers, I fear many of you are come to attend Bristol fair. So am I. You do not mean to show your goods until to-morrow; but I shall exhibit mine to-night. You are afraid purchasers will not come up to your prices; but I am afraid my buyers will not come down to mine; for mine (striking his hand on the Bible) are 'without money and without price.'"

Upon the death of his wife, he preached her funeral sermon. The text was, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—Romans, viii. 28. In noticing her character he mentioned her fortitude, and suddenly exclaimed, "Do you remember my preaching in those fields, by the old stump of the tree? The multitude was great, and many were disposed to be riotous. At first I addressed them firmly; but when a desperate gang of banditti drew near, with

the most ferocious looks and horrid imprecations and menaces, my courage began to fail. My wife was then standing behind me, as I stood on the table. I think I hear her now. She pulled my gown (he then put his hand behind him, and touched his gown), and, looking up, said 'George, play the man for your God.' My confidence returned. I again spoke to the multitude with boldness and affection; they became still; and many were deeply affected."

Mr. Hill sometimes rendered a word of rebuke equally strong and witty. Thus, when a preacher of no very good reputation was in the vestry of a place where he was going to preach, and seemed uneasy lest his servant should not arrive in time with his cassock, Mr. Hill said, "Sir, you need not be uneasy; for I can preach without my cassock, though I cannot preach without my character."

As he was coming out of a gentleman's house in Piccadilly, he met in the passage a minister with a begging case, who, though popular with some, had, it was suspected, been imposing for a good while on the religious public; who offered him his hand, but Mr. Hill drew back, and looking him in his face, said, "Ah, I thought you had been hanged long ago."

A forward and conceited young man one day calling upon him at my house, asked him if he had heard that he was going to change his sentiments? "No, sir," said Mr. Hill, "I have not; but, if you have not fixed the time, I would advise you to do it as near the change of the moon as possible."

A rather talkative woman one day said to him, "I have been a good deal of late with some papists, and they have sadly tempted me to change my religion."

“Indeed, ma’am,” he replied, “I was not aware until now you had any religion to change.”

I once heard him repeat the Lord’s Prayer, and witnessed the great effect produced when he had said, “Forgive us our trespasses,” by making a considerable pause before he added, “*as* we forgive them that trespass against us;” as if he almost feared to utter it, lest he should condemn himself and others.

I remember what an impression he made when preaching for me, by an interjective parenthesis; for when, in reading the chapter, 1 Thessalonians, v., he repeated the verse, “Abstain from all appearance of evil,” he lifted his eyes, and said in a very solemn voice, “Oh, the infinite delicacy of the Gospel!”

His brother, Sir Richard, once told me of an early instance of his adroitness, remarking that he was the same from a lad. It occurred while he was at Eton College. Even then he was under deep impression of a religious nature; and as he felt the importance of divine things himself, he was concerned and active to do good to others; and thus he did with an old female servant that frequently waited upon him. She one day rather reproved him for his zeal, saying that persons should not be righteous over-much, and should be careful to avoid extremes in religion. “Some,” she said, “were too cold, and some were too hot.” “Then,” said young Rowland, “I suppose you think that we had better be lukewarm?” “Yes,” she said, “that was the proper medium.” He then took up his Testament, and read the Saviour’s address to the Church of Laodicea;—“I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art *lukewarm*, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth;” at which

his *tepid* admonisher seemed a little surprised and aghast.

He was the intimate friend of Dr. Jenner, who introduced vaccination. To this discovery he was an admiring and practical devotee. I was one day with him when one of the company was speaking rather disrespectfully of this remedy, and said there was something very disagreeable and offensive in communicating a disease from a filthy beast into a human being. "A filthy beast, sir! why, a cow is one of the most agreeable of all animals; everything about her is wholesome and useful; we get odor from her breath; she supplies our tables with meat, and butter, and cream, and cheese; and I assure you, sir, I would rather eat a cow than a Christian."

I *know* that once at Wotton he was preaching in the afternoon, (the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him,) he saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, "I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method;" and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience.

I was one day walking with him through Bath. In the market-place we met an eminent clergyman, whom he much respected, but with whom he could be familiar, having been at college with him. He had for some weeks been in the city, where, as to *his* not having preached in any of the churches there excited no surprise; but Mr. Hill thought it became him to countenance his own creed wherever he was by his practice. He therefore began instantly: "Ah! Mr. ——— this will never do. You know the value of the Gospel; you have published, not only in favor of its truth,

but of its all-importance. You have contended that God only gives testimony to the word of his grace; and have said that those who preach any other doctrine are betrayers and destroyers of souls, condemning them as worse than Robespierre, who only murdered men's bodies, while these destroyed their souls." The divine began to explain and defend. "Nay," said Mr. Hill, "my dear brother, I may take you upon your own ground, and argue with you on your own principles and professions. How can you, with your *avowed* sentiments, turn your back upon the Gospel where it is preached, and go where you acknowledge it is not preached, owning, too, a great difference between things essential and not essential in religion; and that our preferences in subordinate matters should not amount to exclusions. What is the chaff to the wheat? I contend that always, and wherever we are, we ought to show our regard to the truth as it is in Jesus; and that this cannot be done by indifferent and indiscriminate attendance. Here you admonish people to abide where they are; praying and waiting till the Gospel comes there, without any promise when it will come, or whether it will come at all into their particular church, unless in the latter-day glory; while in the meantime they are hearing words which cause them to err, and are in danger of perishing for lack of knowledge. Can you believe that one would do this who determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified; and suffered the loss of all things for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord?" "Dear Rowland," said his friend, "I see you are Rowland still." "Yes," said his reprover, "and I hope I shall never change or skulk even to the

end. You say I go too far. You know in doctrine you go as far as I go ; but I see you have met with Nicodemus ; and the fear of men bringeth a snare." Mr. ——— was now glad to turn the conversation, and to notice the grand victory of Trafalgar, which had just been achieved. "Ah!" said Mr. Hill, "do you not admire the strain of piety in Collingwood's despatches? I declare I wish that some of our admirals were made bishops, though I could not wish that any of our bishops were made admirals—unless yellow ones."

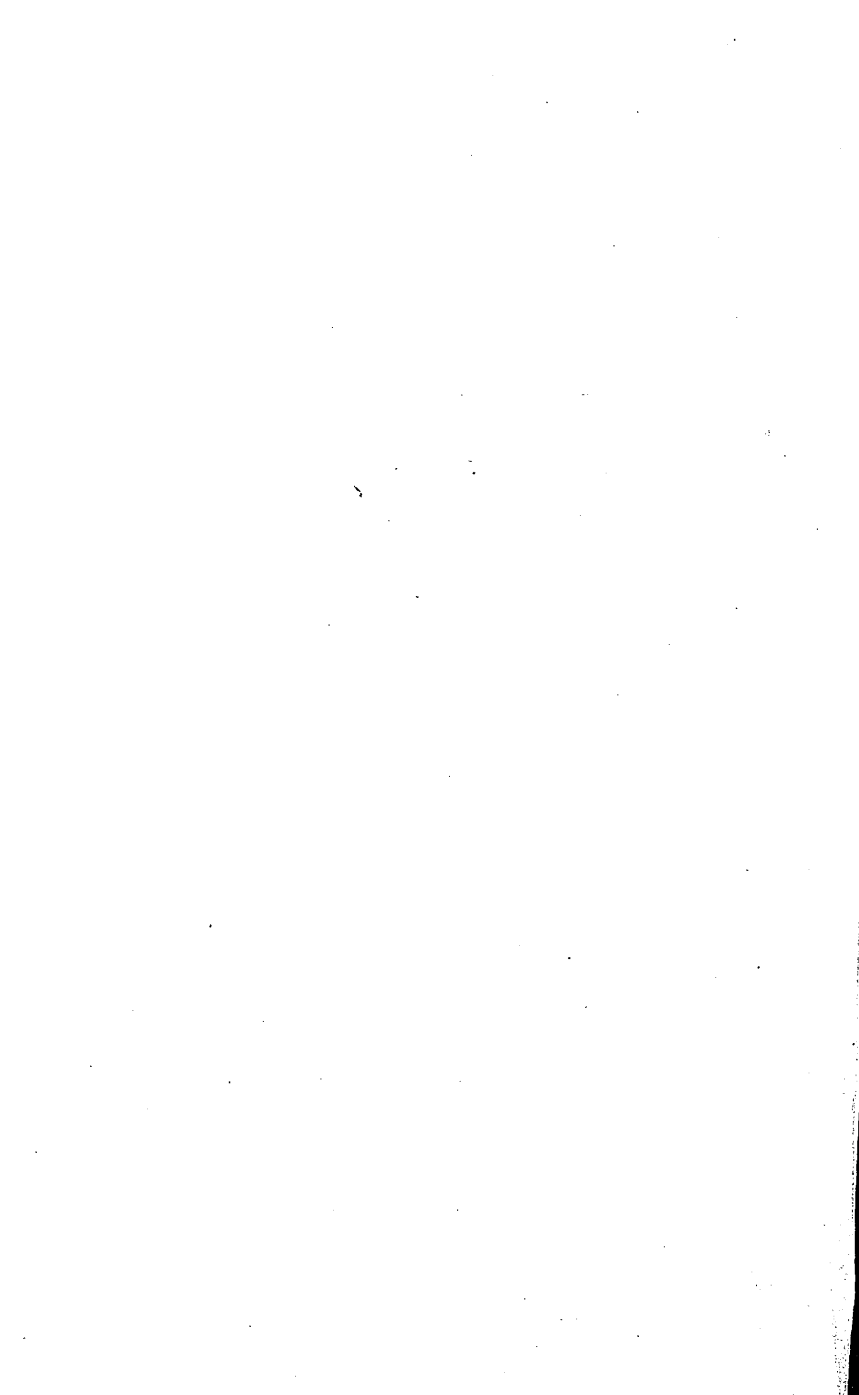
To conclude this imperfect sketch. Let us hear a voice, saying, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common;" and let us honor them whom God honors, however they may differ from us. He will do his own work in his own way; and let him do what seemeth him good. We need instruments of all kinds, and every man in his own order. Sharp-shooters may do execution, as well as the rank-and-file soldiers, and belong to the same army, though their movements are detached, and they seem to act irregularly. David essayed to go in Saul's armor, and could not; but was he inefficient with his sling and stones?

Above all, let us glorify God in him. He might well have said, "By the grace of God I am what I am; and I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." And how exceedingly abundant was that grace towards him, in the faith and love which are in Christ Jesus!

Behold the strength of a principle appearing in his ceaseless and self-denying exertions and sacrifices; bearing up the intenseness of his ardor, and allowing nothing to drive or draw him for one moment aside.

If any (for none can *accuse* him) should be disposed to *pity* him as weak, and ridicule him as fanatical, a period will soon rectify their judgment, and lead them to pass sentence on themselves:—"We fools counted his life madness, and his end to be without honor. Now is he numbered with the children of God, and his lot is with the saints!"

"They that be wise shall shine in the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever," and in that day how many princes and heroes and philosophers will envy the man who, through good report and through evil report, followed his Lord with single purpose of heart, and then hear that Saviour saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."





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